'The Americans have acted like men. Our conduct has been that of pert children: we have thrown a pebble at a mastiff and are surprised that it was not frightened. . . . If these folks will imitate both the Romans and Cromwellians in self-denial and enthusiasm, we shall be horridly plagued with them.'

Horace Walpole's England

With Sidelights on the American Revolution

'Boswell, that quintessence of busybodies, called on me last week and was let in, which he should not have been, could I have foreseen it. After tapping many topics to which I made as dry answers as an unbribed oracle, he vented his errand. "Had I seen Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*?" I said, slightly, "No, not yet"; and so overlaid his whole impertinence.'

The best of Walpole's famous letters
edited by Alfred Bishop Mason

$5.00

AMIEL'S PHILINE

By

HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL

Translated by Van Wyck Brooks

EVERY reader of Amiel's Journals, first published in 1883 under the title of 'Unfinished Fragments,' has wished to know more of the author and has marveled that the fragment published should be virtually Amiel's one literary monument. Through the enormous forest of Amiel's manuscript journal, 16,000 pages in all, the editors have sought for a relatively continuous path and have now found it in the sentimental liaison lasting over twelve years with the young woman whom he called Philine.

It is all there, the best and the worst, the sublime and the human, and it throws a singularly illuminating light over the obscure points of Amiel's life. In this journal Amiel is frank with a frankness not even equaled by Rousseau. One cannot begin to understand Amiel without having read 'Philine.' It is a piece of self-analysis, a study of the psychology of love, unequaled elsewhere in literature.

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS. *
Archive
Collection
This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024 with funding from
Boston Public Library

https://archive.org/details/horacewalpolesen00walp

HORACE WALPOLE'S ENGLAND

ABOUT WALPOLE AND HIS ENGLAND

JOURNAL OF THE PRINTING OFFICE AT STRAWBERRY HILL:

Now just printed from the MS. of Horace Walpole.
Edited by Paget Toynbee.
One Volume.
Edition limited to 650 copies.

THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO and THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

By Horace Walpole.
Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Montague Summers.
Illustrated with facsimiles of the coloured engravings in the Jeffrey's edition of 1796.
One Volume.
Edition limited to 550 copies.

A GREAT-NIECE'S JOURNALS:

Being Extracts from the Journals of Fanny Anne Burney.
Edited by her grandaughter,
Margaret S. Rolt.
Illustrated. One Volume.

THE DIARIES OF SYLVESTER DOUGLAS (LORD GLENBERVIE).

Edited by Francis Bickley.
Frontispiece. Two Volumes.

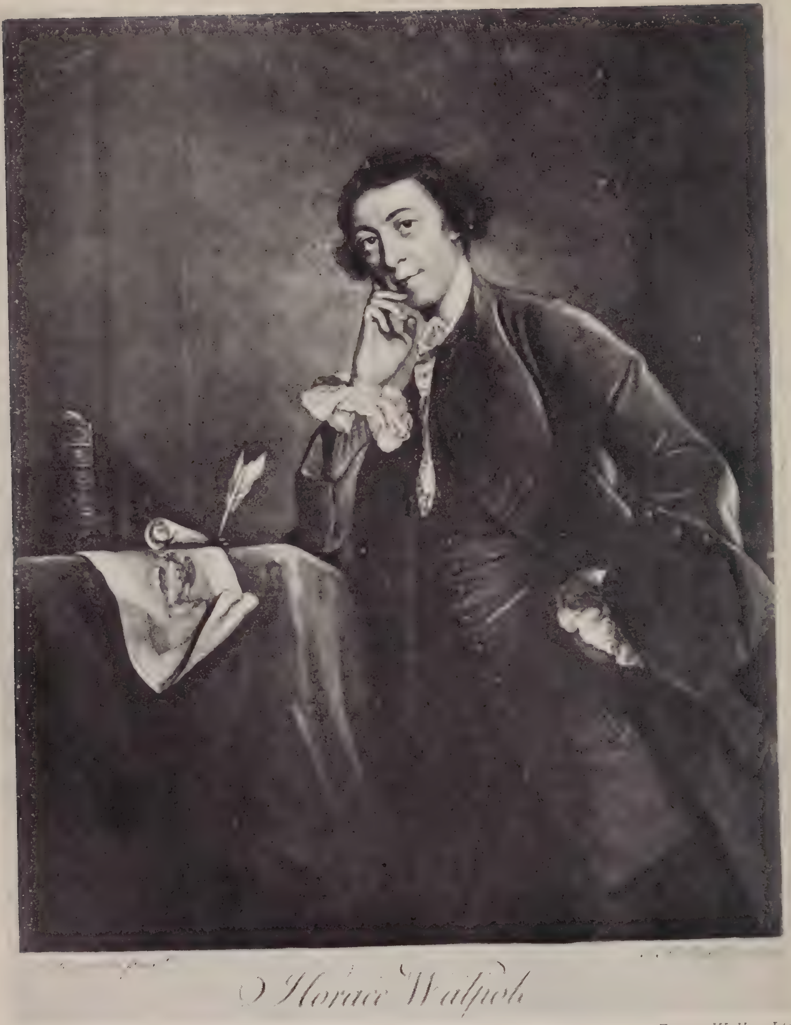

Horace Walpole

Photo : Emery Walker Ltd

HORACE WALPOLE.
From an engraving by McArdell after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

HORACE WALPOLE'S ENGLAND

as his letters picture it

EDITED BY

ALFRED BISHOP MASON

Illustrated

BOSTON · AND · NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1930

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW

DEDICATED TO

EDWARD ALLEN WILSON, Esq.

OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, U.S.A.

IN TOKEN OF A FRIENDSHIP

THAT IS SIXTY-TWO YEARS OLD

AND IS TO-DAY CLOSER THAN EVER

NOTE

I WISH to express my obligation to Dr. Paget Toynbee for kindly permitting me to make use of the text of Mrs. Toynbee's magistral edition of Walpole's "Letters" and his own Supplementary Volumes; I have also to thank Mr. F. G. Stokes for collating the extracts with this edition and adding the dates of the letters quoted.

PREFACE

Horace Walpole (1717-1797), fourth Earl of Orford, was the sixth child and fourth son of Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister of England for twenty-one years, under George I and George II. His father endowed him from the public purse. When he was still a boy, he was made Clerk of the Estreats and Comptroller of the Pipe, two posts which he held for life and which paid him £300 per annum. At eighteen he was again given an office, which he resigned a year later in order to receive a fourth, worth £900 a year. This also he held for life. His father bequeathed him £1,400 a year from the income of two other offices, given Sir Robert by George I for his own life and for that of his two older sons. Clerks, paid by the public, did the work of these offices. Horace Walpole drew the salaries. It was the custom of his times.

" It is said that latterly Sir Robert and his wife did not live happily together and that Horace, the youngest, was not the son of the great Prime Minister of England, but of Carr, Lord Hervey. . . . Horace was born eleven years after the birth of any other child that Sir Robert had by his wife; in every respect he was unlike a Walpole and in every respect, figure and formation of mind, very like a Hervey. Lady Mary Wortley divided mankind into men, women and Herveys. . . . Walpole was certainly of the Hervey class. We have no evidence whatever that a suspicion of spurious parentage ever crossed the mind of Horace Walpole. His writings, from youth to age, breathe the most affectionate love for his mother and the most unbounded filial regard for Sir Robert Walpole. In the exquisite chapel of Henry VII, where, beneath nameless stones our Stuart kings and queens lie with William of Orange, the piety of Horace Walpole erected a marble statue of his mother. The inscription, of his own writing, says she had ' Beauty and Wit, without Vice or Vanity,' . . . and when he collected his writings, he took care to record a saying of Pope's, that the mother of Horace Walpole was ' untainted by a Court.'

" His letters (his best works) are absolute jests and story-books and the exact standard of easy, engaging writing. . . . He knew the members of the Broad Bottom and the Coalition Ministries; had seen or known . . . the many mistresses of the four Georges, from the Duchess of Kendal to the Countess of Suffolk, from Miss Vane to Mrs. Fitzherbert. He was known to two kings and to their children. He lived throughout a long life in the best society and in the best clubs.

His means were ample. . . . As a boy he had kissed the hand of King George I, and as a man in years he conversed with two young men, who long after his own death succeeded King George III on the throne of England. He had seen in the flesh two of the heroines of De Grammont and the Restoration, La Belle Jennings and Arabella Churchill, and lived long enough to offer his coronet to two ladies (Mary and Agnes Berry), who lived far into the reign of Queen Victoria.

" For fifty years, over which his correspondence extends, the days and nights of Horace Walpole were very much the same. After an evening of scandal, fifty years back, spent at Marble Hill with the Countess of Suffolk, and old Lady Blandford (Windham's widow as well), or ' taking a card ' at little Strawberry Hill with Kitty Clive, he would return to his Gothic Castle, and in the Library or Blue Room write letters of news to Mann or Montagu, acknowledge cards of invitation from peers and peeresses, give life to the antiquarian notes of Vertue the engraver, paste Faithornes and Hollars into his volumes of English heads, annotate a favourite author, and retire to rest about two in the morning. He rose late, sauntered about his villa and grounds, played with his dogs, Patapan or Tonton, gave directions to the workmen employed in repairing battlements, repainting walls, or gilding his favourite Gallery. At twelve his light bodied chariot was at the door with his English coachman and his Swiss valet. He was now on his daily drive to or from his villa of Strawberry Hill to his town house on the non-ministerial side of Arlington Street, Piccadilly.

" He was born in Arlington Street, lived uninterruptedly there for thirty-six years, and died in Berkeley Square.

" The person of Horace Walpole was short and slender, but compact and neatly formed. When viewed from behind, he had, from the simplicity of his dress, somewhat of a boyish appearance. . . . His forehead was high and pale. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating. His laugh was forced and uncouth, and his smile not the most pleasing.

" His walk, for more than half his life, was enfeebled by the gout; which not only affected his feet, but attacked his hands. Latterly his fingers were swelled and deformed, having, as he would say, more chalkstones than joints in them, and adding, with a smile, that he must set up an inn, for he could chalk a score with more ease and rapidity than any man in England.

" His entrance into a room was in that style of affected delicacy, which fashion had made almost natural, chapeau bras between his hands as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent, and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor. His summer dress of ceremony was usually a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour, partridge silk stockings, gold buckles, ruffles and lace frill. In winter he wore powder. He disliked hats, and in his grounds at Strawberry would even in winter walk without one. The same antipathy extended to a great coat.

" His appearance at the breakfast-table was proclaimed, and attended, by a fat and favourite little dog, the legacy of Madame du Deffand; the dog and a favourite squirrel partook of his breakfast.

" He dined generally at four.

" He died rich, with ninety-one thousand pounds in the three-per-cents. Yet he had lived liberally, and indulged a taste for many years in what he calls expensive baubles, loving what money would purchase, not money itself.

" His pet creation of Strawberry Hill, with its patches of correct Gothic, and its bastard half-castle-half-cloister character throughout, was a romance in lath-and-plaster, very much in advance of Batty Langley and James Wyatt, and most thoroughly illustrative—Abbotsford not more so—of the tastes of its owner. This child's baby house, as he himself calls it, though a *betweenity* in its way, led to the revival of Gothic architecture. It is much to be regretted that it was ever stripped of the treasures it contained. The spoils of Strawberry are the leading attractions of many first-rate collections." [1]

Macaulay, a good hater, attacked the memory of Walpole savagely in the *Edinburgh Review*. He said he was " a gentleman-usher at heart." But he also says: " What then is the charm, the irresistible charm, of Walpole's writings? It consists, we think, in the art of amusing without exciting. . . . No man who has written so much is so seldom tiresome."

Thackeray wrote of Bath, in its bygone days of fashion: " Walpole passed many a day there; sickly, supercilious, absurdly dandified and affected; with a brilliant wit, a delightful sensibility; and for his friends a most tender, generous and faithful heart."

He sat in Parliament from 1741, the year before his father's fall, until 1767.

---

[1] *Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Peter Cunningham, I., xxiv.

Besides fugitive bits of prose and verse, epitaphs, epigrams, etc., Walpole published *Aedes Walpolianae*, an account of the collection at Houghton, Sir Robert's country-seat, *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, *Catalogue of Engravers*, *Anecdotes of Painting*, *The Castle of Otranto*, a novel, *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third*, *The Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy, *Short Notes of my Life*, written in 1779 for Miss Berry, *Essay on Modern Gardening*, and *Reminiscences*, " written in 1788 for the amusement of Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry." He lives for us most vividly in his inimitable Letters. Byron called them " incomparable." Sir Walter Scott styled him " the best letter-writer in the English language." Austin Dobson wrote of him: " For diversity of interest and perpetual entertainment, for the constant surprises of an unique species of wit, for happy and unexpected turns of phrase, for graphic characterization and clever anecdote, for playfulness, pungency, irony, persiflage, there is nothing in English like his correspondence."

It is a bold showman who blazons the outside of his booth with such advertising; but come inside and note how performance outruns promise.

ALFRED BISHOP MASON.

CONTENTS

LETTERS - - - - - - - - 1

INDEX - - - - - - - - 389

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Horace Walpole - - - - - - - *Frontispiece*
From an engraving by McArdell after Sir Joshua Reynolds

Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton - - - - - 8
From a mezzotint by Van Gought

The Royal Masquerade, Somerset House - - - - 15
From an engraving after Hogarth

Taste in High Life - - - - - - - 31
From an engraving after Hogarth

Out of Place and Unpensioned - - - - - 41
From an engraving after John Collet

Simon, Lord Lovat, counting the clans on his fingers - - 61
From an etching by Hogarth

Miss Elizabeth Chudleigh as Iphigenia at the Masquerade at Ranelagh, May 1st, 1749 - - - - - 69

The Savoyard Girl - - - - - - - 72
From an engraving after Hogarth

Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton - - - 86
From a mezzotint by Faber after Gavin Hamilton

View from the Terrace at Strawberry Hill - - - 95
From "A Description of the Villa of Mr. Horace Walpole," 1784

Kitty Clive (born Raftor) as Phillida in Cibber's *Damon and Phillida* - - - - - - - - 103
From a mezzotint after Schalken

"Facsimile of a Letter sent by the celebrated Mr. Hogarth to a Member of a Literary Society at Norwich. . . . Respecting the Comparative Proportions of Stature of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Quin - - - - - 110

Mary Bruce, Duchess of Richmond - - - - 136
From an engraving by Ryland after Angelica Kaufmann

Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry - - - - 141
From an engraving by Finlayson after Read

The Cotillion Dance - - - - - - - 149
From an engraving after John Collet

FACING PAGE

The Politician - - - - - - - - 160
From an engraving after Hogarth

The Englishman in Paris - - - - - - 187
From an engraving by Caldwall after John Collet

Kitty Clive as Mrs. Heidelberg - - - - - 196
From a print in the Burney Collection

The Flower Girl - - - - - - - - 214
From a painting by John Zoffany

The Prior's Garden at Strawberry Hill - - - - 219
From "A Description of the Villa of Mr. Horace Walpole," 1784

A Conversation - - - - - - - - 240
From a painting by Van der Puyl

A Macaroni at a Sale of Pictures - - - - - 249
From an engraving by Grignoin after Brandoin

Mrs. Abington as "Scrub" in *The Beaux' Stratagem* - - 278
From an etching in the Burney Collection

The Ladies Elizabeth Laura, Charlotte Maria, and Anne Horatia Waldegrave - - - - - - 291
From a mezzotint after Sir Joshua Reynolds

James Boswell - - - - - - - - 307
After an original sketch by George Langton

Perdita (Mrs. Robinson) - - - - - - 322
From a painting by Thomas Gainsborough

Elizabeth Farren and Robert Bensley in *The Fair Circassian* 355
From a print in the Burney Collection

Horace Walpole - - - - - - - - 382
From a crayon drawing by George Dance

The shell on the title-page is a reproduction of the shell-bench at Strawberry Hill, from "A description of the Villa of Mr. Horace Walpole," 1784.

HORACE WALPOLE'S ENGLAND AS HIS LETTERS PICTURE IT.[1]

To George Montagu:

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
March 20, 1737.

'Tis no little inducement to make me wish myself in France, that I hear gallantry is not left off there; that you may be polite, and not be thought awkward for it. You know the pretty men of the age in England use the women with no more deference than they do their coach-horses, and have not half the regard for 'em that they have for themselves. The little freedoms you tell me you use take off from formality, by avoiding which ridiculous extreme we are dwindled into the other barbarous one, rusticity.

To Richard West:

PARIS,
April 21, 1739, N.S.

Cards and eating are so universal, that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas, indeed, are much frequented three times a week; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating *maigre*: their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouse; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which, in some parts, beats ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have: but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the fashionable nights; and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Molière's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. . . . Last night I was in the Place de Louis le Grand (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houses handsome, though not so large as Golden Square), to see what they reckoned one of the finest burials that ever was in France. It was the Duke de

---

[1] The editor's additions are enclosed in brackets. Otherwise the book is written by Walpole. When two or more successive letters are written from the same place, the name of the place is not repeated.

Tresmes, governor of Paris and marshal of France. . . . I return to the burial which was a most vile thing. A long procession of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but

friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

This godly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this morning; for, each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them. The French love show; but there is a meanness reigns through it all. At the house where I stood to see this procession, the room was hung with crimson damask and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with salads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish. None, but Germans, wear fine clothes; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would laugh extremely at their signs: some live at the Y grec, some at Venus's toilette, and some at the Sucking Cat. You would not easily guess their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least an hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the duke de Gesvres' pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them ; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly.

TURIN,
Nov. 11, 1739, N.S.

So, as the song says, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for on the very highest precipice of Mount Cenis, the devil of discord, in the similitude of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a-fighting with Gray [Thomas Gray, the poet] and me in the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag, where there was scarce room for a cloven foot. The least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons; the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks, and such uncomely inhabitants! My dear West, I hope I shall never see them again! At the foot of Mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low arm-chairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top, behold the snows fallen! and such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we could never have waded through them. The descent is two leagues, but steep and rough as O——'s father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hobnails in his shoes. But the dexterity and nimbleness of the mountaineers are inconceivable: they run with you down steeps and frozen precipices, where no man, as men are now, could possibly walk. We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us, our servants, and baggage, and were above five hours in this agreeable jaunt! The day before, I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary an one, that it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel of King Charles's breed; but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory by the throat, and, before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postilion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it and screamed, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad sunshine. It was shocking to see anything one loved run away with to so horrid a death.

FLORENCE,
Jan. 24, 1740, N.S.

I recollect the joy I used to propose if I could but once see the Great Duke's gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I should into St. Paul's. The statues are a congregation of good sort of people, that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The farther I travel the less I wonder at anything: a few days reconcile one to a new spot, or an unseen custom; and men are so much the same everywhere, that one scarce perceives any change of situation. The same weaknesses, the same passions, that in England plunge men into elections, drinking, whoring, exist here, and show themselves in the shapes of Jesuits, Cicisbeos, and Corydon ardebat Alexins. The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is, that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great follies, great faults; but then they are so national, that they cease to be striking. In England, tempers vary so excessively, that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the first is changeable, and makes us queer; the latter permits our queernesses to operate as they please. If one could avoid contracting this queerness, it must certainly be the most entertaining to live in England, where such a variety of incidents continually amuse. The incidents of a week in London would furnish all Italy with news for a twelvemonth. The only two circumstances of moment in the life of an Italian, that ever give occasion to their being mentioned, are, being married, and in a year after taking a cicisbeo. Ask the name, the husband, the wife, or the cicisbeo of any person, *et voilà qui est fini*. Thus, child, 'tis dull dealing here!

SIENA,
March 22, 1740, N.S.

You can't imagine how pretty the country is between this and Florence; millions of little hills planted with trees, and tipped with villas or convents. We left unseen the Great Duke's villas and several palaces in Florence, till our return from Rome: the weather has been so cold, how could one go to them? In Italy they seem to have found out how hot their climate is, but not how cold; for there are scarce any chimneys, and most of the apartments painted in fresco; so that one has the additional horror of freezing with imaginary marble. The men hang little earthen pans of coals upon their wrists, and the women have portable stoves under their petticoats to warm their nakedness, and carry silver shovels in their pockets, with which their Cicisbeos stir them—Hush! by them, I mean their stoves.

Rome,
April 16, 1740, N.S.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists; before a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, everything is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp. At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, colossal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth:—the man that showed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia*! The Cardinal Corsini has so thoroughly pushed on the misery of Rome by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is reckoned to have amassed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I assure you, that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a testoon a day; eighteenpence: there are some extend their expense to five pauls, or half a crown: Cardinal Albani is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never have any company. The princesses and duchesses particularly lead the dismallest of lives. Being the posterity of popes, though of worse families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater respect than my ladies the countesses and marquises will pay them; consequently they consort not, but mope in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do issue forth in a vast unwieldy coach to the Corso.

Rome,
May 7, 1740, N.S.

I am persuaded that in an hundred years Rome will not be worth seeing; 'tis less so now than one would believe. All the public pictures are decayed or decaying; the few ruins cannot last long; and the statues and private collections must be sold, from the great poverty of the families. There are now selling no less than three of the principal collections, the Barberini, the Sacchetti, and Ottoboni: the latter belonged to the cardinal who died in the Conclave. I must give you an instance of his generosity, or rather ostentation. When Lord Carlisle was here last year, who is a great virtuoso, he asked leave to see the cardinal's collection of cameos and intaglios. Ottoboni gave leave, and ordered the person who showed them to observe which my Lord admired most. My Lord admired many: they were all sent him the next morning. He sent the cardinal back a fine gold repeater; who returned him an agate snuff-box, and more cameos of ten times the value. *Voilà qui est fini*! Had my Lord produced more gold repeaters, it would have been begging more cameos.

To Thomas Ashton:

Rome,
May 28, 1740, N.S.

I fear we shall not see Naples. We have been setting out for some time, and if we do not be back by the end of this month, it will be impracticable from the heats and the bad air in the Campania. But we are prevented by a great army of banditti, soldiers deserted from the King of Naples, who have taken possession of the roads and not only murdered several passengers but some Sbirri who were sent against them. . . . The poverty of the Roman States and the mutinous humour of the inhabitants, who grow desperate for want of a Pope, through decay of trade, and a total want of specie, are likely to increase the bands.

To Richard West:

Florence,
July 31, 1740, N.S.

On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the Ladies Pomfret and Walpole are to be joined by the Lady Mary Wortley Montague. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance; we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics; all, except the second, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all.

To The Hon. H. S. Conway:

Florence,
Sept. 25, 1740, N.S.

Did I tell you Lady Mary Wortley is here? She laughs at my Lady Walpole, scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side with the remains of a ——, partly covered with a plaister, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a chimney.

To Richard West :

FLORENCE,
Oct. 2, 1740, N.S.

We went to this wedding that I told you of; 'twas a charming feast: a large palace finely illuminated; there were all the beauties, all the jewels, and all the sugar-plums of Florence. Servants loaded with great chargers full of comfits heap the tables with them, the women fall on with both hands, and stuff their pockets and every creek and corner about them.

. . . I made but small collections, and have only bought some bronzes and medals, a few busts, and two or three pictures; one of my busts is to be mentioned; 'tis the famous Vespasian in touchstone, reckoned the best in Rome, except the Caracalla of the Farnese: I gave but twenty-two pounds for it at Cardinal Ottoboni's sale. One of my medals is as great a curiosity: 'tis of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre in brass; this reverse is extant on medals of his, but mine is a *medagliuncino*, or small medallion, and the only one with this reverse known in the world: 'twas found by a peasant while I was in Rome, and sold by him for sixpence to an antiquarian, to whom I paid for it seven guineas and an half : but to virtuosi 'tis worth any sum.

To Horace Mann :

SITTINBURN, [ENGLAND],
Sept. 13, 1741, O.S.

The country-town (and you will believe me, who, you know, am not prejudiced) delights me: the populousness, the ease, the gaiety, and well-dressed everybody amaze me. Canterbury, which on my setting out I thought deplorable, is a paradise to Modena, Reggio, Parma, &c. I had before discovered that there was nowhere but in England the distinction of *middling people*; I perceive now, that there is peculiar to us *middling houses*: how snug they are! . . .

Oh! a story of Mr. Pope and the Prince [of Wales]: "Mr. Pope, you don't love princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings then!" "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown." Was it possible to make a better answer to such simple questions?

Downing Street [London],
Oct. 8, 1741, O.S.

The Opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players; but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be so easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility: in short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers [boxers] from the Bear Garden to plead their defence.

Oct. 19, 1741, O.S.

[Sir Robert Walpole] was called in the morning, and was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains, now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he, who at dinner always forgot he was Minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together. Judge if this is the Sir R[obert] you knew. . . .

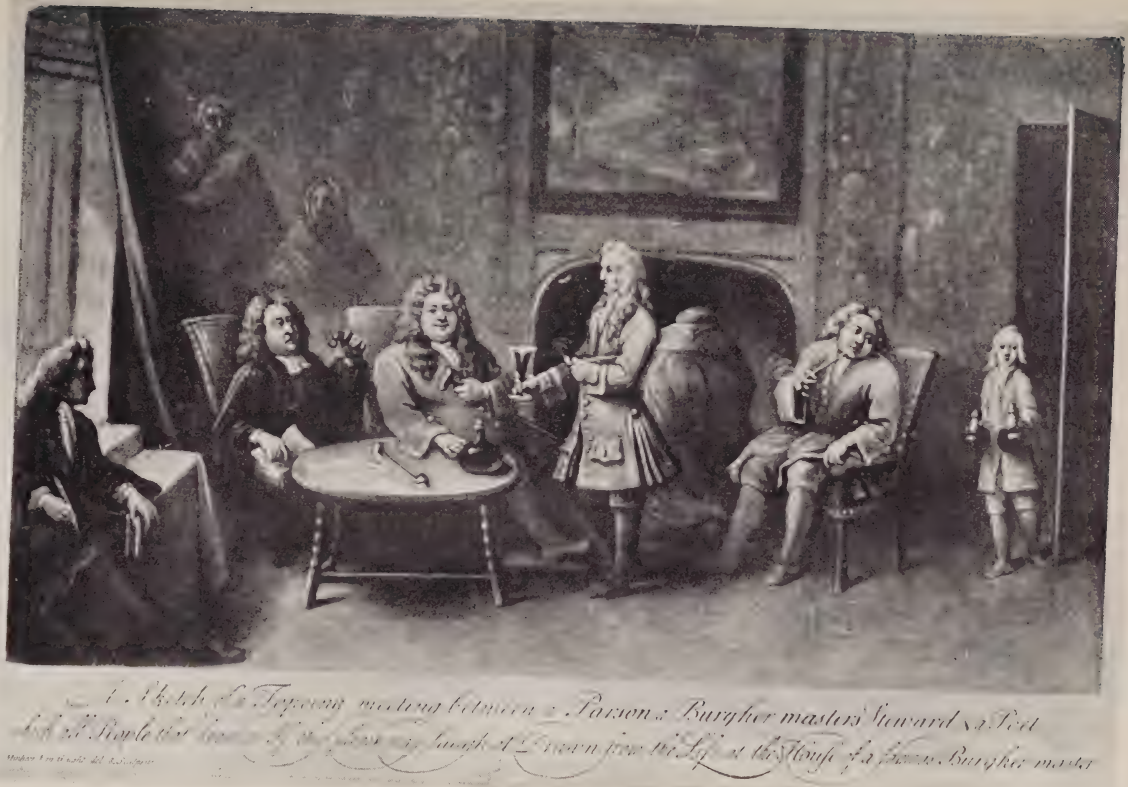
Do you love puns? A pretty man of the age came into the playhouse the other night, booted and spurred: says he, "I am come to see Orpheus."—"And [Euridice]—*You rid, I see*," replied another gentleman.

Oct. 22, 1741, O.S.

I have been two or three times at the play very unwillingly; for nothing was ever so bad as the actors, except the company. There is much in vogue a Mrs. Woffington, a bad actress; but she has life.

Nov. 2, 1741.

You shall not hear a word but of balls and public places: this one week has seen Sir T. Robinson's ball, my Lord Mayor's, the birthday, and the opera. There were an hundred and ninety-seven persons at Sir Thomas's, and yet was it so well conducted that nobody felt a crowd. He had taken off all his doors, and so separated the old and the young, that neither were inconvenienced with the other. The ball


Parson
Burgher masters Steward & a Poet
at the House of a Burgher master

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE AT HOUGHTON.
From a mezzotint by Van Gought.

began at eight; each man danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. There were four-and-twenty couple, divided into twelve and twelve: each set danced two dances, and then retired into another room, while the other set took their two ; and so alternately. Except Lady Ancram, no married woman danced; so, you see, in England, we do not foot it till five-and-fifty. The beauties were the Duke of Richmond's two daughters and their mother, still handsomer than they: the Duke sat by his wife all night, kissing her hand: how this must sound in the ears of Florentine cicisbè's, cock or hen! . . . The supper was served at twelve; a large table of hot for the lady-dancers; their partners and other tables stood round. We danced (for I country-danced) till four, then had tea and coffee, and came home. . . .

I forgot to tell you that the Prince [of Wales] was not at the Opera; I believe it has been settled that he should go thither on Tuesdays, and Majesty on Saturdays, that they may not meet.

Nov. 12, 1741.

The Opera does not succeed. . . . The dances are infamous and ordinary. Lord Chesterfield [the witty Earl] was told that the Viscontina said she was but four-and-twenty: he answered, " I suppose she means four-and-twenty stone! "

Nov. 23, 1741.

You cannot imagine what an entertaining fourth act of the opera we had the other night. Lord Vane, in the middle of the pit, making love to my lady. The Duke of Newcastle has lately given him threescore thousand pounds, to consent to cut off the entail of the Newcastle estate. The fool immediately wrote to his wife, to beg she would return to him from Lord Berkeley; that he had got so much money, and now they might live *comfortably*; but she will not live *comfortably*: she is at Lord Berkeley's house, whither go divers after her.

Dec. 3, 1741, O.S.

I write to you in defiance of a violent headache, which I got last night at another of Sir T. Robinson's balls. There were six hundred invited, and I believe above two hundred there. . . . The ball broke up at three; but Lincoln, Lord Holderness, Lord Robert Sutton, young Churchill, and a dozen more, grew jolly, stayed till seven in the morning, and drank thirty-two bottles.

Dec. 10, 1741.

We had no division, but a very warm battle between Sir R. and Pulteney. The latter made a fine speech, very personal, on the state of affairs. Sir R. with as much health, as much spirits, as much force and command as ever, answered him for an hour; said, "He had long been taxed with all our misfortunes; but did he raise the war in Germany? or advise the war with Spain? did he kill the late Emperor or King of Prussia? did he counsel this King? or was he first minister to the King of Poland? did he kindle the war betwixt Muscovy and Sweden?" For our troubles at home, he said, "all the grievances of this nation were owing to the Patriots." They laughed much at this; but does he want proofs of it? . . .

Old Marlborough [Sarah, Dowager Duchess] is dying—but who can tell! last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; her physicians said, "She must be blistered, or she will die." She called out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die." If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will.

Dec. 16, 1741.

We are metamorphosed into the minority. . . . 242 against 238—the greatest number, I believe, that ever *lost* a question. You have no idea of their huzza! unless you can conceive how people must triumph after defeats for twenty years together. . . . My dear child, we have triumphed twenty years; is it strange that fortune should at last forsake us; or ought we not always to expect it, especially in this kingdom? . . . One reflection I shall have very sweet, though very melancholy; that if our family is to be the sacrifice that shall first pamper discord, at least *the one* [his mother], *the part* of it that interested all my concerns, and must have suffered from our ruin, is safe, secure, and above the rage of confusion: nothing in this world can touch her peace now!

Dec. 16, 1741.

The Opposition, who invent every method of killing Sir R[obert], intend to make us sit on Saturdays; but how mean and dirty is it, how scandalous! when they cannot ruin him by the least plausible means, to murder him by denying him air and exercise.

There was a strange affair happened on Saturday; it was strange, yet very English. One Nourse, an old gamester, said, in the coffee-house, that Mr. Shuttleworth, a member, only pretended to be ill. This was told to Lord Windsor, his friend, who quarrelled with Nourse, and the latter challenged him. My Lord replied, he would not fight him, he was too old. The other replied, he was not too old to fight with pistols. Lord Windsor still refused: Nourse, in a rage, went home and cut his own throat. This was one of the odd ways in which men are made.

Dec. 24, 1741.

Did you ever hear what Earle said of Sandys? "that he never laughed but once, and that was when his best friend broke his thigh." . . .

Immediately after their success, Lord Gage went forth, and begged there might be no mobbing; but last night we had bonfires all over the town, and I suppose shall have notable mobbing at the new election. . . . Sir Robert is very sanguine: I hope, for his sake and his honour, and for the nation's peace, that he will get the better; but the moment he has the majority secure, I shall be very earnest with him to resign. He has a constitution to last some years, and enjoy some repose; and for my own part (and both my brothers agree with me in it), we wish most heartily to see an end of his ministry. If I can judge of them by myself, those who want to be in our situation, do not wish to see it brought about more than we do. It is fatiguing to bear so much envy and ill-will *undeservedly*.

. . . The Duchess of Buckingham, who is more mad with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam, came the other night to the Opera *en princesse*, literally in robes, red velvet and ermine. I must tell you a story of her: last week she sent for Cori, to pay him for her opera-ticket; he was not at home, but went in an hour afterwards. She said, "Did he treat her like a tradeswoman? She would teach him to respect women of her birth; said he was in league with Mr. Sheffield to abuse her, and bade him come the next morning at nine." He came, and she made him wait till eight at night, only sending him an omelet and a bottle of wine, "As it was Friday and he a Catholic, she supposed he did not eat meat." At last she received him in all the form of a princess giving audience to an ambassador. "Now," she said, "she had punished him."

In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality: you will scarce guess how Lord Brook shows his: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other, and the third time does not vote at all, and so on, regularly.

. . . We have got a new opera, not so good as the former; and we have got the famous Bettina to dance, but she is a most indifferent performer. The house is excessively full every Saturday, never on Tuesday: here, you know, we make everything a fashion.

Jan. 7, 174½, O.S.

Oh! there are a thousand other reasons I could give you, why I am not the least in fashion. I came over in an ill season: it is a million to one that nobody thinks a declining old minister's son has wit. . . .

Lady Sundon is dead, and Lady M—— disappointed: she, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness, ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the Queen [1737]. She had great power with her, though the Queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, "To be sure she is dead very rich!" She replied, with some warmth, "She never took money." When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R[obert]. "No," said he, "but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the Horse to the Queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value." One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the Duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, "How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?"—"Madam," said Lady Mary, "how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?" Sir R[obert] told me, that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together: he bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom, but the King and Queen.

Jan. 22, 1742.

You will pity me when you hear that I was shut up in the House of Commons till one in the morning. I came away more dead than alive, and was forced to leave Sir R. at supper with my brothers: he was all alive and in spirits. He says he is younger than me, and indeed I think so, in spite of his forty years more. . . .

It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides! Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him for his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away; but they concealed it from the father, that he might not absent himself. However, as we have our good-natured men too on our side, one of his own countrymen went and told him of it in the House. The old man, who looked like Lazarus at his resuscitation, bore it with great resolution, and said, he knew *why* he was told of it, but when he thought his country in danger, he would not go away. . . .

And now their plan is to persuade Sir Robert to retire with honour. All that evening there was a report about the town, that he and my uncle [*old* Horace] were to be sent to the Tower, and people hired windows in the City to see them pass by—but for this time I believe we shall not exhibit so historical a parade.

The night of the committee, my brother Walpole had got two or three invalids at his house, designing to carry them into the House through his door, as they were too ill to go round by Westminster Hall; the patriots, who have rather more contrivances than their predecessors of Grecian and Roman memory, had taken the precaution of stopping the keyhole with sand.

Feb. 4, 174½.

I sit here writing to you, and receiving all the town, who flock to this house; Sir Robert has already had three levées this morning, and the rooms still overflowing—they overflow up to me. You will think this the prelude to some victory! On the contrary, when you receive this, there will be no longer a Sir Robert Walpole: you must know him for the future by the title of Earl of Orford. That other envied name expires next week with his ministry!

Feb. 9, 174½.

You will have had my letter that told you of the great change. The scene is not quite so pleasant as it was, nor the tranquillity arrived that we expected. All is in confusion; no overtures from the Prince, who, it must seem, proposes to be King. His party have persuaded him not to make up, but on much greater conditions than he first demanded: in short, notwithstanding his professions to the Bishop, he is to insist on the impeachment of Sir R[obert], saying now, that his terms not being accepted at first, he is not bound to stick to them. He is pushed on to this violence by Argyll, Chesterfield, . . . and Lord Marchmont. The first says, " What impudence it is in Sir R. to be driving about the streets! " and all cry out, that he is still minister behind the curtain. . . . The cry against Sir R. has been greater this week than ever; first, against a grant of four thousand pounds a year, which the King gave him on his resignation, but which, to quiet them, he has given up. Then, upon making his [illegitimate] daughter a lady; their wives and daughters declare against giving her place. He and she both kissed hands yesterday, and on Friday go to Richmond for a week. He seems quite secure in his innocence—but what protection is that, against the power and malice of party! Indeed, his friends seem as firm as ever, and frequent him as much; but they are not now the strongest. As to an impeachment, I think they will not be so mad as to proceed to it: it is too solemn and too public to be attempted, without proof of crimes, of which he certainly is not guilty. For a bill of pains and penalties, they may if they will, I believe, pass it through the Commons, but will scarce get the assent of the King and Lords. In a week more I shall be able to write with less uncertainty.

[This daughter of Sir Robert was by his mistress, Maria Skerret, whom he married immediately after the death of his first wife and who died within a year.]

. . . You see I call him *Sir Robert* still! after one has known him by that name for these *three-score years*, it is difficult to accustom one's mouth to another title. . . .

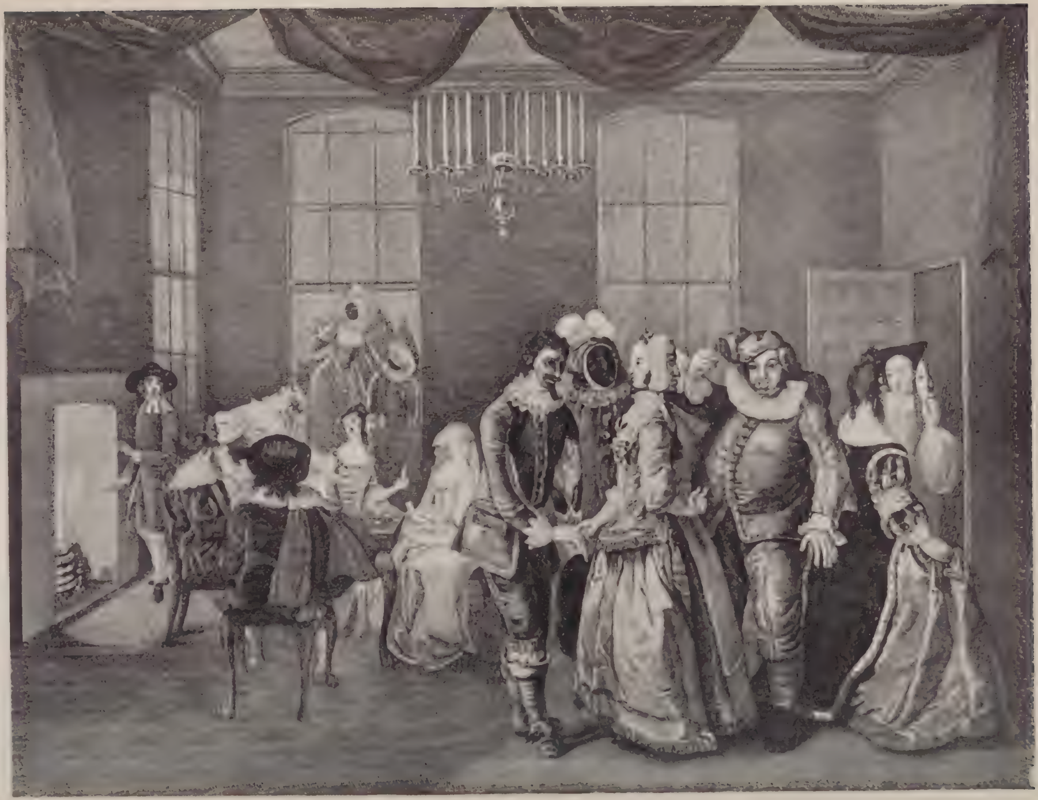
Sir Charles Wager has resigned this morning: he says, " We shall not die, but be all changed! " though he says, a parson lately reading this text in an old Bible, where the *c* was rubbed out, read it, *not die*, *but be all hanged*! . . .

I remain in town, and have not taken at all to withdrawing, which I hear has given offence, as well as my gay face in public; but as I had so little joy in the grandeur, I am determined to take as little part in the disgrace. I am looking about for a new house. . . .

Feb. 18, 174½.

I write to you more tired, and with more headache, than any one but you could conceive! I came home at five this morning from the Duchess of Norfolk's masquerade, and was forced to rise before eleven, for my father, who came from Richmond to take his seat in the Lords, for the Houses met to-day. He is gone back to his retirement. . . .

Yesterday morning the Prince, attended by two of his lords, two



THE ROYAL MASQUERADE, SOMERSET HOUSE.

From an engraving after Hogarth.

grooms of the bedchamber, and Lord Scarborough, his treasurer, went to the King's levée. The King said, "How does the Princess do? I hope she is well." The Prince kissed his hand, and this was all! He returned to Carlton House, whither crowds went to him. He spoke to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham; but would not to the three dukes, Richmond, Grafton, and Marlborough. . . . In a day or two, I shall go with my uncle and brothers to the Prince's levée.

. . . I must tell you how fine the Masquerade of last night was. There were five hundred persons, in the greatest variety of handsome and rich dresses I ever saw, and all the jewels of London—and London has some! There were dozens of ugly Queens of Scots, of which I will only name to you the eldest Miss Shadwell! The Princess of Wales was one, covered with diamonds, but did not take off her mask: none of the Royalties did, but everybody else. Lady Conway was a charming Mary Stuart: Lord and Lady Euston, man and woman huzzars. But the two finest and most charming masks were their Graces of Richmond, like Harry the Eighth and Jane Seymour: excessively rich, and both so handsome! Here is a nephew of the King of Denmark, who was in armour, and his governor, a most admirable Quixote. There were quantities of pretty Vandykes, and all kinds of old pictures walked out of their frames. It was an assemblage of all ages and nations, and would have looked like the day of judgment, if tradition did not persuade us that we are all to meet naked, and if something else did not tell us that we shall not meet then with quite so much indifference, nor thinking quite so much of *the becoming*. My dress was an Aurengzebe: but of all extravagant figures, commend me to our friend the Countess! She and my lord trudged in like pilgrims, with vast staffs in their hands; and she was so heated, that you would have thought her pilgrimage had been like Pantagruel's voyage, to the oracle of the Bottle! Lady Sophia [Fermor] was in a Spanish dress—so was Lord Lincoln; not, to be sure, by design, but so it happened. When the King came in, the Faussans were there, and danced an *entrée*. At the masquerade the King sat by Mrs. Selwyn, and with tears told her, that "the Whigs should find he loved them, as he had done the poor man that was gone!" He had sworn that he would not speak to the Prince at their meeting, but was prevailed on.

Feb. 25, 1742.

When the Princess went to St. James's, she fell at the King's feet and struggled to kiss his hand, and burst into tears. At the Norfolk masquerade she was vastly bejewelled; Frankz had lent her forty thousand pounds' worth, and refused to be paid for the hire, only desiring that she would tell whose they were. . . .

Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the Merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual. There was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost: he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after!

March 8, 1742.

We are to send sixteen thousand men into Flanders in the spring, under his Grace of Argyll; they talk of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Albemarle to command under him. . . .

Lord Oxford's famous sale begins next Monday, where there is as much rubbish of another kind as in her Grace's History. Feather bonnets presented by the Americans to Queen Elizabeth; elks'-horns converted into caudle-cups; true copies of original pictures that never existed; presents to himself from the Royal Society, &c., particularly forty volumes of prints of illustrious English personages; which collection is collected from frontispieces to godly books, bibles and poems; head-pieces and tail-pieces to Waller's works; views of King Charles's sufferings; tops of ballads, particularly earthly crowns for heavenly ones, and streams of glory. There are few good pictures, for the miniatures are not to be sold, nor the manuscripts; the books not till next year. There are a few fine bronzes, and a very fine collection of English coins. . . .

I was last week at the masquerade, dressed like an old woman, and passed for a good mask. I took the English liberty of teasing whomever I pleased, particularly old [General] Churchill. I told him I was quite ashamed of being there till I met him, but was quite comforted with finding one person in the room older than myself. The Duke, who had been told who I was, came up and said, "Je connois cette poitrine." I took him for some Templar, and replied, "Vous! vous ne connoissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usées." It was unluckily pat. The next night, at the Drawing-room, he asked me, very good humouredly, if I knew who was the old woman that had teased everybody at the Masquerade. We were laughing so much at this, that the King crossed the room to Lady Hervey, who was with us, and said, "What are those boys laughing at so?" She told him, and that I had said I was so awkward at undressing myself, that I had stood for an hour in my stays and under petticoat before my footman.

March 22, [1742].

I have made a few purchases at Lord Oxford's sale; a small Vandyke, in imitation of Teniers; an old picture of the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, and her young husband; a sweet bronze vase by Flamingo, and two or three other trifles. The things sold dear; the antiquities and pictures for about five thousand pounds, which yet, no doubt, cost him much more, for he gave the most extravagant prices.

March 24, 1742.

I have been plagued all this morning with that oaf of unlicked antiquity, Prideaux, and his great boy. He talked through all Italy, and everything in all Italy. Upon mentioning Stosch, I asked him if he had seen his collection. He replied very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he never heard so much *heathenish talk* in his days. I inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, " that the soul was only a little glue." I laughed so much that he walked off; I suppose, thinking that I believed so too. . . .

Good night, my dear child! I am just going to the ridotto; one hates those places, comes away out of humour, and yet one goes again!

April 1, 1742.

I was yesterday presented to the Prince and Princess [of Wales]; but had not the honour of a word from either: he did vouchsafe to talk to Lord Walpole the day before.

[Lord Walpole was Horace's elder brother, afterwards the second Lord Orford.]

April 8, 1742.

The ill-situation of the King, which you say is so much talked of, at the Petraia, is not true; indeed he and the Prince are not at all more reconciled for being reconciled; but I think his resolution has borne him out. All the public questions are easily carried, even with the concurrence of the Tories. Mr. Pulteney proposed to grant a large sum for assisting the Queen of Hungary, and got Sir John Barnard to move it. They have given the King five hundred thousand pounds for that purpose. The land-tax of four shillings in the pound is continued. . . .

Their object [Lord Orford] is returned from Houghton in great health and greater spirits. They are extremely angry with him for laughing at their power. The concourse to him is as great as ever; so is the rage against him. All this week the mob has been carrying about his effigies in procession, and to the Tower. The chiefs of the Opposition have been so mean as to give these mobs money for bonfires, particularly the Earls of Lichfield, Westmorland, Denbigh, and Stanhope: the servants of these last got one of these figures, chalked out a place for the heart, and shot at it. You will laugh at me, who, the other day, meeting one of these mobs, drove up to it to see what was the matter: the first thing I beheld was a mawkin, in a chair, with three footmen, and a label on the breast, inscribed "Lady Mary."

[This was Sir Robert's illegitimate daughter.]

April 15, 1742.

There is another man who has by degrees bred himself up to walk upon stilts so high, that he now stalks about and peeps into the one pair of stairs windows. If this practice should spread, dining-rooms will be as innocent as chapels.

April 22, 1742.

I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh-Garden: they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little alehouses; it is in rivalry to Vauxhall, and costs above twelve thousand pounds. The building is not finished, but they get great sums by people going to see it and breakfasting in the house: there were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at eighteen pence a-piece. You see how poor we are, when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale.

April 29, 1742.

So little gallantry is stirring, that I do not hear of so much as one Maid of Honour who has declared herself with child by any officer, to engage him not to go abroad. . . .

We had a great scuffle the other night at the Opera, which interrupted it. Lord Lincoln was abused in the most shocking manner by a drunken officer, upon which he kicked him, and was drawing his sword, but was prevented. They were put under arrest, and the next morning the man begged his pardon before the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Albemarle, and other officers, in the most submissive terms. I saw the quarrel from the other side of the house, and rushing to get to Lord Lincoln, could not for the crowd. I climbed into the front boxes, and stepping over the shoulders of three ladies, before I knew where I was, found I had lighted into Lord Rockingham's lap. It was ridiculous!

May 6, 1742.

Did I never mention the Bettina, the first dancer? It seems she was kept by a Neapolitan prince, who is extremely jealous of her coming hither. About a fortnight ago she fell ill, upon which her Neapolitan footman made off immediately. She dances again, but is very weak, and thinks herself poisoned.

May 26, 1742.

Two nights ago Ranelagh-gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be Ridottos, at guinea-tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. Our operas are almost over; there were but three-and-forty people last night in the pit and boxes. There is a little simple farce at Drury Lane, called "Miss Lucy in Town," in which Mrs. Clive mimics the Muscovita admirably, and Beard, Amorevoli tolerably. But all the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's-fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says, he is superior to Betterton. Now I talk of players, tell Mr. Chute, that his friend Bracegirdle breakfasted with me this morning. . . .

There has lately been published one of the most impudent things that ever was printed; it is called "The Irish Register," and is a list of all the unmarried women of any fashion in England, ranked in order, duchesses-dowager, ladies, widows, misses, &c., with their names at length, for the benefit of Irish fortune-hunters.

June 17, 1742.

The troops continue going to Flanders, but slowly enough. Lady Vane has taken a trip thither after a cousin of Lord Berkeley, who is as simple about her as her own husband is, and has written to Mr. Knight at Paris to furnish her with what money she wants. He says she is vastly to blame; for he was trying to get her a divorce from Lord Vane, and then would have married her himself. Her adventures are worthy to be bound up with those of my good sister-in-law [Lady Walpole], the German Princess, and Moll Flanders.

[Lady Vane's story, dictated by herself, *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, is in Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle.* Sir Walter Scott says she paid Smollett to insert it in his novel.]

DOWNING STREET,
June 30, 1742.

[This is the famous No. 10 Downing Street, the official residence of the Prime Ministers of England. George II. gave it to Sir Robert Walpole personally, but the latter had it settled upon his successors in office.]

I am writing to you in one of the charming rooms towards the park: it is a delightful evening, and I am willing to enjoy this sweet corner while I may, for we are soon to quit it. . . . Sir Robert might have had it for his own at first, but would only take it as first lord of the Treasury. He goes into a small house of his own in Arlington Street, opposite to where we formerly lived. Whither I shall travel is yet uncertain: he is for my living with him; but then I shall be cooped—and besides, I never found that people loved one another the less for living asunder.

July 7, 1742.

Monticelli dines frequently with Sir Robert, which diverts me extremely: you know how low his ideas are of music and the virtuosi; he calls them all *fiddlers.*

I have not time now to write more, for I am going to a masquerade at the Ranelagh amphitheatre: the King is fond of it, and has pressed people to go.

July 14, 1742.

I told you I was going to the masquerade at Ranelagh gardens, last week: it was miserable; there were but an hundred men, six women, and two shepherdesses. The King liked it,—and that he might not be known, they had dressed him a box with red damask! Lady Pomfret and her daughters were there, all dressed alike, that they might not be known. My Lady said to Lady Bel Finch, who was dressed like a nun, and for coolness had cut off the nose of her mask, " Madam, you are the first nun that ever I saw without a nose! "

Undated [1742].

Lord Orford had been at Court that morning, and with his usual spirits, said to the new ministers, " So! the Parliament is up, and Paxton, Bell, and I have got our liberty! " The King spoke in the kindest manner to him at his levée, but did not call him into the closet, as the new Ministry feared he would, and as, perhaps, the old Ministry expected he would. . . .

The few people that are left in town have been much diverted with an adventure that has befallen the new Ministers. Last Sunday the Duke of Newcastle gave them a dinner at Claremont, where their servants got so drunk, that when they came to the inn over against the gate of Newpark, the coachman, who was the only remaining fragment of their suite, tumbled off the box, and there they were planted. There were Lord Bath, Lord Carteret, Lord Limerick, and Harry Furnese in the coach: they asked the inn-keeper if he could contrive no way to convey them to town. " No," he said, " not he, unless it was to get Lord Orford's coachman to drive them." They demurred; but Lord Carteret said, " Oh, I dare say, Lord Orford will willingly let us have him." So they sent, and he drove them home.

Ceretesi had a mind to see this wonderful Lord Orford, of whom he has heard so much; I carried him to dine at Chelsea. You know the Earl don't speak a word of any language but English and Latin, and Ceretesi not a word of either; yet he assured me that he was very happy to have made *cosi bella conoscenza*! He whips out his pocket-book every moment, and writes description in *issimo* of everything he sees: the grotto alone took up three pages. . . .

[George I did not speak English; he and Sir Robert talked to each other in Latin.]

There has lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable; a parcel of *drunken* constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against *disorderly* persons, and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six-and-twenty, all of whom they thrust into St. Martin's round-house, where they kept them all night, with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe, screamed as long as they had any breath left, begging at least for water: one poor wretch said she was worth eighteen-pence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water, but in vain! So well did they keep them there, that in the morning four were found stifled to death, two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrid to think what the poor creatures suffered: several of them were beggars, who, from having no lodging, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest labouring women. One of the dead was a poor washerwoman, big with child, who was returning home late from washing. One of the constables is taken, and others absconded; but I question if any of them will suffer death, though the greatest criminals in this town are the officers of justice; there is no tyranny they do not exercise, no villainy of which they do not partake. These same men, the same night, broke into a bagnio in Covent-Garden, and took up Jack Spencer, Mr. Stewart, and Lord George Graham, and would have thrust them into the round-house with the poor women, if they had not been worth more than eighteen-pence!

I have just now received yours of the 15th of July, with a married letter from both Prince and Princess [Craon]: but sure nothing ever equalled the setting out of it! She says, "The generosity of your friendship for me, Sir, leaves me nothing to desire of all that is precious in England, China, and the Indies!" Do you know, after such a testimony under the hand of a princess, that I am determined, after the laudable example of the house of Medici, to take the title of *Horace the magnificent*! I am only afraid it should be a dangerous example for my posterity, who may ruin themselves in emulating the magnificence of their ancestor. It happens comically, for the other day, in removing from Downing Street, Sir Robert found an old account-book of his father, wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter as member of parliament, he spent—what do you think?—sixty-four pounds seven shillings and fivepence! There are many articles for Nottingham ale, eighteen-pences for dinners, five shillings to Bob (now Earl of Orford), and one memorandum of six shillings given in exchange to Mr. Wilkins for his wig—and yet this old man, my grandfather, had two thousand pounds a-year, Norfolk sterling! He little thought that what maintained him for a whole session would scarce serve one of his younger grandsons to buy japan and fans for princesses at Florence.

Lord Orford has been at Court again to-day: Lord Carteret came up to thank him for his coachman; the Duke of Newcastle standing by. My father said, "My lord, whenever the duke is near overturning you, you have nothing to do but to send to me, and I will save you." The Duke said to Lord Carteret, "Do you know, my lord, that the venison you eat that day came out of Newpark [Richmond]?" Lord Orford laughed and said, "So, you see I am made to kill the fatted calf for the return of the prodigals!" The King passed by all the new Ministry to speak to him, and afterwards only spoke to my Lord Carteret.

CHELSEA,
July 29, 1742.

I am quite out of humour; the whole town is melted away; you never saw such a desert. You know what Florence is in the vintage-season, at least I remember what it was: London is just as empty, nothing but half-a-dozen private gentlewomen left, who live upon the scandal that they laid up in the winter. I am going too! this day se'nnight we set out for Houghton, for three months. . . . I beg, however, that you will write constantly to me, it will be my only entertainment, for I neither hunt, brew, drink, nor reap.

HOUGHTON,
Undated [1742].

It is much thought that the King will go abroad, if he can avoid leaving the Prince in his place—imagine all this!

Aug. 20, 1742.

For it rests that without fig-leaves, as my Lord Bacon says in one of his letters, *I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge* that I like nothing so well as Italy.

Aug. 28, 1742.

I am excessively shocked at Mr. Fane's behaviour to you; but Mr. Fane *is an honourable man*! he lets poor you pay him his salary for eighteen months, without thinking of returning it! But if he had lost that sum to Jansen, or to any of the *honourable men* at White's, he would think his honour engaged to pay it. There is nothing sure, so whimsical as modern honour! You may debauch a woman upon a promise of marriage, and not marry her; you may ruin your tailor's or your baker's family by not paying them; you may make Mr. Mann maintain you for eighteen months, as a public minister, out of his own pocket, and still be a man of honour! But not to pay a common sharper, or not to murder a man that has trod upon your toe, is such a blot in your scutcheon, that you could never recover your honour, though you had in your veins *all the blood of all the Howards*!

Sept. 25, 1742.

The grand journey [of the King] to Flanders is a little at a stand: the expense has been computed at two thousand pounds a day! Many dozen of embroidered portmanteaus full of laurels and bays have been prepared this fortnight. The Regency has been settled and unsettled twenty times: it is now said, that the weight of it is *not* to be laid on the Prince. . . .

I just recollect a story, which perhaps will serve your Archbishop on his Don Pilogio—the Tartuffe was meant for the then Archbishop of Paris, who, after the first night, forbad its being acted. Molière came forth and told the audience, "Messieurs, on devoit vous donner le Tartuffe, mais Monseigneur l'Archevêque ne veut pas *qu'on le joue*." . . .

Naylor came here the other day with two coaches full of relations. . . . I must tell you a story of him. When his father married this second wife, Naylor said, "Father, they say you are to be married to-day, are you?" "Well," replied the bishop, "and what is that to you?" "Nay, nothing; only if you had told me I would have powdered my hair."

Oct. 8, 1742.

At last the mighty monarch does not go to Flanders, after making the greatest preparations that ever were made but by Harry the Eighth, and the authors of the Grand Cyrus and the illustrious Bassa: you may judge by the quantity of napkins, which were to the amount of nine hundred dozen—indeed, I don't recollect that ancient heroes were ever so provident of necessaries, or thought how they were to wash their hands and face after a victory. Six hundred horses, under the care of the Duke of Richmond, were even shipped; and the clothes and furniture of his court, magnificent enough for a bull-fight at the conquest of Granada. Felton Hervey's war-horse, besides having richer caparisons than any of the expedition, had a gold net to keep off the flies—in winter! Judge of the clamours this expense to no purpose will produce! . . .

There has been a great fracas at Kensington: one of the Mesdames [George II's daughters] pulled the chair from under Countess Deloraine at cards, who, being provoked that her Monarch was diverted with her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse, gave him just such another fall. But alas! the Monarch, like Louis XIV, is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and so angry, that the Countess is disgraced, and her German rival [Lady Yarmouth] remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's other side.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 1, 1742.

I have not felt so pleasantly these three months as I do at present, though I have a great cold with coming into an unaired house, and have been forced to carry that cold to the King's levée and the drawing-room. There were so many new faces that I scarce knew where I was; I should have taken it for Carlton House, or my Lady Mayoress's visiting-day, only the people did not seem enough at home, but rather as admitted to see the King dine in public. 'Tis quite ridiculous to see the numbers of old ladies, who, from having been wives of patriots, have not been dressed these twenty years; out they come in all the accoutrements that were in use in Queen Anne's days. Then the joy and awkward jollity of them is inexpressible! They titter, and wherever you meet them, are always going to court, and looking at their watches an hour before the time. I met several on the birth-day (for I did not arrive time enough to make clothes), and they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow: they seem to have said to themselves twenty years ago, " Well, if ever I do go to court again, I will have a pink and silver, or a blue and silver," and they keep their resolutions.

Nov. 15, 1742.

Our army is just now ordered to march to Mayence, at the repeated instances of the Queen of Hungary; Lord Stair goes with them, but almost all the officers that are in Parliament are come over, for the troops are only to be in garrison till March, when, it is said, the king will take the field with them. This step makes a great noise, for the old remains of the Opposition are determined to persist, and have termed this a *Hanoverian* measure. They begin to-morrow, with opposing the address on the King's Speech; Pitt is to be the leading man; there are none but he and Lyttelton of the Prince's Court, who do not join with the Ministry: the Prince has told them, that he will follow the advice they long ago gave him, " of turning out all his people who do not vote as he would have them."

Lord Orford is come to town, and was at the King's levée to-day; the joy the latter showed to see him was very visible: all the new Ministry came and spoke to him; and he had a long, laughing conversation with my Lord Chesterfield, who is still in Opposition.

You have heard, I suppose, of the revolution in the French Court; Madame de Mailly is disgraced, and her handsome sister De la Tournelle succeeds: the latter insisted on three conditions; first, that the Mailly should quit the palace before she entered it; next, that she should be *declared* mistress, to which post, they pretend, there is a large salary annexed, (but that is not probable), and lastly, that she may always have her own parties at supper: the last article would very well explain what she proposes to do with her *salary*. . . .

Our operas go on *au plus miserable*: all our hopes lie in a new dancer, Sodi, who has performed but once, but seems to please as much as the Fausan. Did I tell you how well they had chosen the plot of the first opera? "There was a prince who rebels against his father, who had before rebelled against his." The Duke of Montagu says, there is to be an opera of dancing, with singing between the acts.

Dec. 2, 1742.

De reste, the town is wondrous dull; operas unfrequented, plays not in fashion, amours as old as marriages—in short, nothing but whisk! I have not yet learned to play, but I find that I wait in vain for its being left off.

I agree with you about not sending home the Dominichin in an English vessel; but what I mentioned to you of its coming in a Dutch vessel, if you find an opportunity, I think will be very safe.

Dec. 9, 1742.

Lord Chesterfield says, "that if we have a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining this crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another king from thence." . . .

Whisk has spread an universal opium over the whole nation; it makes courtiers and patriots sit down to the same pack of cards. The only thing extraordinary, and which yet did not seem to surprise anybody, was the Barberina's being attacked by four men masqued, the other night, as she came out of the Opera House, who would have forced her away; but she screamed, and the guard came. Nobody knows who set them on, and I believe nobody inquired.

Dec. 23, 1742.

Our schemes succeed so well that the Opera begins to fill surprisingly; for all those who don't love music, love noise and party, and will any night give half-a-guinea for the liberty of hissing—such is English harmony!

Jan. 6, 1743.

You say, "How came I not to see Duc d'Aremberg?" I did once at the Opera; but he went away soon after; and here it is not the way to visit foreigners, unless you are of the Court, or are particularly in a way of having them at your house: consequently Sir Robert never saw him neither—we are *not* of the Court! Next, as to Arlington-street: Sir Robert is in a middling kind of house, which has long been his, and was let; he has taken a small one next to it for me, and they are laid together.

Jan. 13, 1743.

The ministry are much distressed on the ways and means for raising the money for this year: there is to be a lottery, but that will not supply a quarter of what they want. They have talked of a new duty on tea, to be paid by every housekeeper for all the persons in their families; but it will scarce be proposed. Tea is so universal, that it would make a greater clamour than a duty on wine. Nothing is determined; the new folks do not shine at expedients. Sir Robert's health is now drunk at all the clubs in the city; they are for having him made a duke, and placed again at the head of the Treasury; but I believe nothing could prevail on him to return thither. He says he will keep the twelfth of February,—the day he resigned,—with his family as long as he lives. . . .

Sir Robert has just bid me tell you to send the Dominichin by the first safe conveyance to Matthews, who has had orders from Lord Winchelsea to send it by the first man-of-war to England.

Feb. 13, 1743.

I am delighted with Goldsworthy's mystery about King Theodore!

[The Baron de Neuhoff, a German gentleman and adventurer, was elected King of Corsica, was driven out by the Genoese, became a prisoner for debt in England, and recovered his liberty by giving up his effects to his creditors, according to the act of Insolvency; and all the effects he had to give up were his right to the kingdom of Corsica, which was registered accordingly for the benefit of his creditors.—Walpole.]

Feb. 24, 1743.

Handel has set up an Oratorio against the Operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces and the singers of *Roast Beef* from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever an one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune.

March 3, 1743.

The Oratorios thrive abundantly—for my part, they give me an idea of heaven, where everybody is to sing whether they have voices or not.

March 14, 1743.

On some witness being to be examined the other day in the House upon remittances to the army, my uncle said, "He hoped they would *indemnify* him, if he told anything that affected himself." Soon after he was standing behind the Speaker's chair, and Will. Chetwynd, an intimate of Bolingbroke, came up to him, and said, "What, Mr. Walpole, are you for rubbing up old sores?" He replied, "I think I said very little, considering that you and your friends would last year have hanged up me and my brother at the lobby door without a trial." Chetwynd answered, "I would still have you both have your deserts." The other said, "If you and I had, probably I should be here and you would be somewhere else." This drew more words, and Chetwynd took him by the arm and led him out. In the lobby, Horace said, "We shall be observed, we had better put it off till to-morrow." "No, no, now! now!" When they came to the bottom of the stairs, Horace said, "I am out of breath, let us draw here." They drew; Chetwynd hit him on the breast, but was not near enough to pierce his coat. Horace made a pass, which the other put by with his hand, but it glanced along his side—a clerk, who had observed them go out together so arm-in-armly, could not believe it amicable, but followed them, and came up just in time enough to beat down their swords, as Horace had driven him against a post, and would probably have run him through at the next thrust. Chetwynd went away to a surgeon's, and kept his bed the next day; he has not reappeared yet, but is in no danger. My uncle returned to the House, and was so little moved as to speak immediately upon the *Cambric Bill*, which made Swinny say, "That it was a sign he was not *ruffled*." . . .

I have no news to tell you, but that we hear King Theodore has sent over proposals of his person and crown to Lady Lucy Stanhope, with whom he fell in love the last time he was in England.

Princess Buckingham is dead or dying: she has sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before all the pomp was come home: she said, "Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished." But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all! She made her *ladies* vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead. She has a great mind to be buried by her father [King James II] at Paris. Mrs. Selwyn says, "She need not be carried out of England, and yet be buried by her father." You know that Lady Dorchester always told her, that old Graham was her father.

[Lady Dorchester was the mother of the Duchess of Buckingham. She had been the mistress of James II. Col. Graham was a man about town. "The Duchess often went to weep over her father's body in Paris: one of the monks, seeing her tenderness, thought it a proper opportunity to make her observe how ragged the pall is that lies over the body (which is kept unburied, to be some time or other interred in England), but she would not buy a new one."—WALPOLE.]

March 25, 1743.

We have had loads of sunshine all the winter; and within these ten days nothing but snows, north-east winds, and blue plagues. The last ships have brought over all your epidemic distempers: not a family in London has escaped under five or six ill: many people have been forced to hire new labourers. Guernier, the apothecary, took two new apothecaries, and yet could not drug all his patients. It is a cold and fever. I had one of the worst, and was blooded on Saturday and Sunday, but it is quite gone: my father was blooded last night: his is but slight. The physicians say that there has been nothing like it since the year Thirty-three, and then not so bad: in short, our army abroad would shudder to see what streams of blood have been let out!

April 4, 1743.

Next Thursday we are to be entertained with a pompous parade for the burial of old Princess Buckingham. They have invited ten peeresses to walk; all somehow or other dashed with blood-royal, and rather than not have King James's daughter attended by princesses, they have fished out two or three countesses descended from his competitor Monmouth.

April 14, 1743.

Our politics, which have not always been the most in earnest, now begin to take a very serious turn. Our army is wading over the Rhine, up to their middles in snow. I hope they will be thawed before they return: but they have gone through excessive hardships. The King sends six thousand more of his Hanoverians at his own expense: this will be popular—and the six thousand Hessians march too. All this will compose an army considerable enough to be a great loss if they miscarry. The King certainly goes abroad in less than a fortnight. . . .

His Royal Highness is not Regent: there are to be fourteen. . . .

There is a new subscription formed for an Opera next year, to be carried on by the *Dilettanti*, a club, for which the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk: the two chiefs are Lord Middlesex and Sir Francis Dashwood, who were seldom sober the whole time they were in Italy. . . .

Dull as London is in summer, there is always more company in it than in any one place in the country. I hate the country.

May 4, 1743.

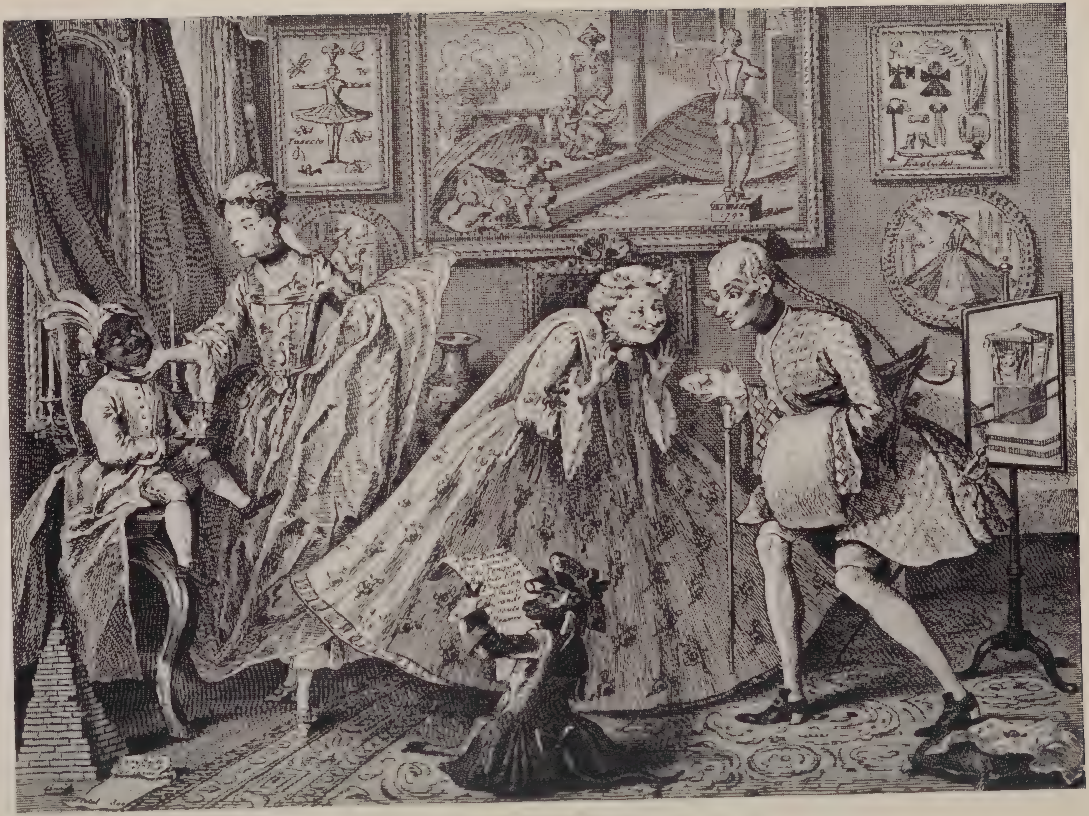
We are likely at last to have no Opera next year: Handel has had a palsy, and can't compose.

May 12, 1743.

The Duchess of Kendal is dead—eighty-five years old; she was a year older than her late King. Her riches were immense; but I believe my Lord Chesterfield will get nothing by her death but his wife: she lived in the house with the Duchess, where he had played away all his credit. . . .

[The Duchess of Kendal was one of the German mistresses of George I. She thought her lover returned to her, in the shape of a raven. The bird was always with her. Lady Chesterfield, her heiress, was called her niece and was probably her daughter by the King.]

There has happened a comical circumstance at Leicester House: one of the Prince's coachmen, who used to drive the Maids of Honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds, upon condition that he never *marries* a Maid of Honour!


Insects
1742

TASTE IN HIGH LIFE.
From an engraving after Hogarth.

Houghton,
June 20, 1743.

I have painted the Raphael to my Lord almost as fine as Raphael himself could; but he will not think of it: he will not give a thousand guineas for what he never saw. I wish I could persuade him.

June 24, 1743.

I don't know what I write—I am all a hurry of thoughts—a battle—a victory! [Battle of Dettingen]. I dare not yet be glad—I know no particulars of my friends. This instant my Lord has had a messenger from the Duke of Newcastle, who has sent him a copy of Lord Carteret's letter from the field of battle. The King was in all the heat of fire, and safe—the Duke [of Cumberland] is wounded in the calf of the leg, but slightly.

Arlington Street,
July 19, [1743].

The maiden heroes of the Guards are in great wrath with General Ilton, who kept them out of harm's way. They call him "the Confectioner," because he says he *preserved* them. . . .

I have a new Cabinet for my enamels and miniatures just come home, which I am sure you would like: it is of rose-wood; the doors inlaid with carvings in ivory. I wish you could see it!

July 31, 1743.

I must tell you a *bon-mot* of Winnington. I was at dinner with him and Lord Lincoln and Lord Stafford last week, and it happened to be a *maigre*-day, of which Stafford was talking, though, you may believe, without any scruples: "Damn it," said Winnington, "what a religion is yours! they let you eat nothing, and yet make you swallow everything!"

Aug. 14, 1743.

I was interrupted in my letter this morning by the Duke of Devonshire, who called to see the Dominichin. Nobody knows pictures better: he was charmed with it, and did not doubt its Dominichinality.

To John Chute :

HOUGHTON,
Aug. 20, 1743.

I have such lamentable proofs every day before my eyes of the stupefying qualities of beef, ale, and wine, that I have contracted a most religious veneration for your spiritual nouriture. Only imagine that I here every day see men, who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant-rock at Pratolino! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do, if yonder Alderman at the lower end of the table was to stick his fork into his neighbour's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs, or the latter is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! . . .

Oh! my dear Sir, don't you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with the tenth part ? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in town, because one can avoid it there and has more resources; but it is there too. I fear 'tis growing old; but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me.

To Horace Mann :

NEWMARKET,
Oct. 3, 1743.

I am writing to you in an inn on the road to London. What a paradise should I have thought this when I was in the Italian inns! in a wide barn with four ample windows, which had nothing more like glass than shutters and iron bars! no tester to the bed, and the saddles and portmanteaus heaped on me to keep off the cold. What a paradise did I think the inn at Dover when I came back! and what magnificence were twopenny prints, salt-cellars, and boxes to hold the knives; but the *summum bonum* was small-beer and the newspaper.

"I bless'd my stars, and call'd it luxury!"

. . . How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena. Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now, and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, &c. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back-room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country. Well, it is a tolerable place as it is! . . . Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis: the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country: questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours. . . .

I am more convinced every day, that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no decency, no practicable society —I had almost said, not a virtue.

London,
Nov. 17, 1743.

I would not write on Monday till I could tell you the King was come. He arrived at St. James's between five and six on Tuesday. We were in great fears of his coming through the city, after the treason that has been publishing for these two months; but it is incredible how well his reception was beyond what it had ever been before: in short, you would have thought that it had not been a week after the victory at Dettingen. They almost carried him into the palace on their shoulders; and at night the whole town was illuminated and bonfired. He looks much better than he has for these five years, and is in great spirits. The Duke limps a little. The King's reception of the Prince, who was come to St. James's to wait for him, and who met him on the stairs with his two sisters and the privy councillors, was not so gracious—*pas un mot*—though the Princess was brought to bed the day before, and Prince George [George III] is ill of the small-pox. It is very unpopular!

Nov. 30, 1743.

I am much pleased with the prospect you show me of the Correggio. My Lord is so satisfied with the Dominichin, that he will go as far as a thousand pounds for the Correggio. Do you really think we shall get it, and for that price?

Dec. 15, 1743.

Adieu! I am just going to Leicester House, where the Princess sees company to-day and to-morrow, from seven to nine, on her lying-in.

Dec. 26, 1743.

I knew your new brother-in-law [Mr. Foote] at school, but have not seen him since. But your sister was in love, and must consequently be happy to have him. Yet I own, I cannot much felicitate anybody that marries for love. It is bad enough to marry; but to marry where one loves, ten times worse. It is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterwards. Your sister has a thousand merits; but they don't count: but then she has good sense enough to make her happy, if her merit cannot make him so.

Feb. 9, 1744.

I have scarce time to write, or to know what I write. I live in the House of Commons. We sat on Tuesday till ten at night, on a Welsh election; and shall probably stay as long to-day on the same.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Feb. 16, 1744.

There has been some difficulty to persuade people of the imminence of our danger; but yesterday the King sent a message to both Houses to acquaint us that he has certain information of the young Pretender being in France, and of the designed invasion from thence, in concert with the disaffected here. Immediately the Duke of Marlborough, who most handsomely and seasonably was come to town on purpose, moved for an Address to assure the King of standing by him with lives and fortunes.

Feb. 23, 1744.

There is no doubt of the invasion: the young Pretender is at Calais, and the Count de Saxe is to command the embarkation. . . . Three hundred arms have been seized in a French merchant's house at Plymouth. Attempts have been made to raise the clans in Scotland but unsuccessfully.

My dear child, I write short, but it is much; and I could not say more in ten thousand words. All is at stake; we have great hopes, but they are but hopes!

London,
March 1, 1744.

The spirit of the nation has appeared extraordinarily in our favour. I wish I could say as much for that of the Ministry. Addresses are come from all parts, but you know how little they are to be depended on—King James had them. The merchants of London are most zealous: the French name will do more harm to their cause than the Pretender's service. One remarkable circumstance happened to Colonel Cholmondeley's regiment on their march to London: the public-houses on all the road would not let them pay anything, but treated them, and said, "You are going to defend us against the French." There are no signs of any rising.

March 5, 1744.

The great storm on the 25th of last month, the very day the embarkation was to have sailed from Dunkirk, destroyed twelve of their transports, and obliged the whole number of troops, which were fifteen thousand, to debark. You may look upon the invasion as at an end, at least for the present.

March 22, 1744.

As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit—I feel myself more an universal man than an Englishman! We have already lost seven millions of money and thirty thousand men in the Spanish war—and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! for my part, I would not purchase another Duke of Marlborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked, were I a hero, when I looked on my own laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans. How many such will our patriots have made!

[Admiral Vernon, when he besieged, unsuccessfully, Cartagena

(South America), had with him Lawrence Washington, who afterwards built Mount Vernon, named after his old commander.]

. . . The other day, when the Jacobites and patriots were carrying everything to ruin, and had made me warmer than I love to be, one of them said to me, " Why don't you love your country ? " I replied, " I should love my country exceedingly, if it were not for my countrymen."

May 29, 1744.

Pope is given over with a dropsy, which is mounted into his head : in an evening he is not in his senses; the other day at Chiswick, he said to my Lady Burlington, " Look at Jesus there! how ill they have crucified him! "

[Pope died the next day, May 30.]

. . . The town has been in a great bustle about a private match; but which, by the ingenuity of the Ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox [afterwards Lord Holland] fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox; asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father [Sir Stephen Fox] was a footman; her great-grandfather [Charles II.] a king: *hinc illae lachrymae*! all the blood royal have been up in arms. The Duke of Marlborough, who was a friend of the Richmonds, gave her away. If his Majesty's Princess Caroline had been stolen, there could not have been more noise made. . . .

We are now mad about tar-water, on the publication of a book that I will send you, written by Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. The book contains every subject from tar-water to the Trinity; however, all the women read, and understand it no more than they would if it were intelligible. A man came into an apothecary's shop the other day, " Do you sell tar-water ? " " Tar-water! " replied the apothecary, " why, I sell nothing else! "

June 18, 1744.

My father has asked, and with some difficulty got, his pension of four thousand pounds a-year, which the King gave him on his resignation, and which he dropped, by the wise fears of my uncle and the Selwyns. He has no reason to be satisfied with the manner of obtaining it now, or with the manner of the man [Mr. Pelham] whom he employed to ask it: yet it was not a point that required capacity—merely gratitude.

To The Hon. H. S. Conway:

ARLINGTON STREET,
June 29, 1744.

That you may not think I employ my time as idly as the great men I have been talking of, you must be informed, that every night constantly I go to Ranelagh; which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you had never seen it, I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal: there is from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital—from my Lady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin and sincere friend.

July 20, 1744.

Nothing could prevent my being unhappy at the smallness of your fortune, but its throwing it into my way to offer you to share mine. As mine is so precarious, by depending on so bad a constitution, I can only offer you the immediate use of it. I do that most sincerely. My places still (though my Lord Walpole has cut off three hundred pounds a-year to save himself the trouble of signing his name ten times for once) brings me in near two thousand pounds a-year. I have no debts, no connections indeed; no way to dispose of it particularly. By living with my father, I have little real use for a quarter of it. I have always flung it away all in the most idle manner; but, my dear Harry, idle as I am, and thoughtless, I have sense enough to have real pleasure in denying myself baubles, and in saving a very good income to make a man happy, for whom I have a just esteem and most sincere friendship. I know the difficulties any gentleman and man of spirit must struggle with, even in having such an offer made him, much more in accepting it. I hope you will allow there are some in making it. . . .

Don't deny me what I have set my heart on—the making your fortune easy to you. . . .

[The rest of this letter is wanting.]

To Horace Mann :

LONDON,
Aug. 16, 1744.

My Lady Carteret is going to Tunbridge—there is a hurry for a son: his only one is gone mad: about a fortnight ago he was at the Duke of Bedford's, and as much in his few senses as ever. At five o'clock in the morning he waked the duke and duchess all bloody, and with the lappet of his coat held up full of ears: he had been in the stable and cropped all the horses! He is shut up. . . .

I heard of an admirable dialogue, which has been written at the army on the battle of Dettingen, but one can't get a copy; I must tell you two or three strokes in it that I have heard. Pierrot asks Harlequin, "Que donne-t-on aux généraux qui ne se sont pas trouvés à la bataille ?" Harl. "On leur donne le cordon rouge." Pier. "Et que donne-t-on au général-en-chef, qui a gagné la victoire!" Harl. "Son congé." Pier. "Qui a soin des blessés ?" Har. "L'ennemi."

HOUGHTON,
Sept. 1, 1744.

I must send you a very good epigram on Bishop Berkeley's tar-water:

> "Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done ?
> The Church shall rise and vindicate her son;
> She tells us, all her Bishops shepherds are—
> And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar."

I am not at all surprised at my Lady Walpole's ill-humour to you about the messenger. If the resentments of women did not draw them into little dirty spite, their hatred would be very dangerous; but they vent the leisure they have to do mischief in a thousand meannesses, which only serve to expose themselves.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 19, 1744.

How absurdly all the Queen's haughtinesses are dictated to her by her Ministers, or by her own Austriacity! She lost all Silesia because she would not lose a small piece of it, and she is going to lose Tuscany for want of a neutrality, because she would not accept one for Naples, even after all prospect of conquering it was vanished. Every thing goes ill! the King of Sardinia beaten; and to-day we hear of Coni lost! You will see in the papers too, that the Victory, our finest ship, is lost, with Sir John Balchen and nine hundred men. The expense alone of the ship is computed at above two hundred thousand pounds. . . .

Yesterday morning carried off those two old beldams, Sarah of Marlborough and the Countess Granville. . . .

I have not seen Admiral Matthews yet, but I take him to be very mad. He walks in the Park with a cockade of three colours: the Duke [of Cumberland] desired a gentleman to ask him the meaning, and all the answer he would give was, "The Treaty of Worms! the Treaty of Worms!"

From him [the elder Somerset line] descended Sir Edward Seymour, the Speaker, who, on King William's landing, when he said to him, "Sir Edward, I think you are of the Duke of Somerset's family?" replied, "No, Sir: he is of mine."

. . . Have you heard the gentle manner of the French King's dismissing Madame de Chateauroux? In the very circle, the Bishop of Soissons told her, that, as the scandal the King had given with her was public, his Majesty thought his repentance ought to be so too, and that he therefore forbad her the court; and then turning to the monarch, asked him if that was not his pleasure, who replied, Yes. They have taken away her pension too, and turned out even laundresses that she had recommended for the future Dauphiness.

[The King soon recalled his mistress and banished the bishop.]

Nov. 9, 1744.

Nothing happens; nothing has since I wrote last, but Lord Middlesex's wedding; which was over a week before it was known. I believe the bride told it then; for he and all his family are so silent, that they would never have mentioned it: she might have popped out a child, before a single Sackville would have been at the expense of a syllable to justify her.

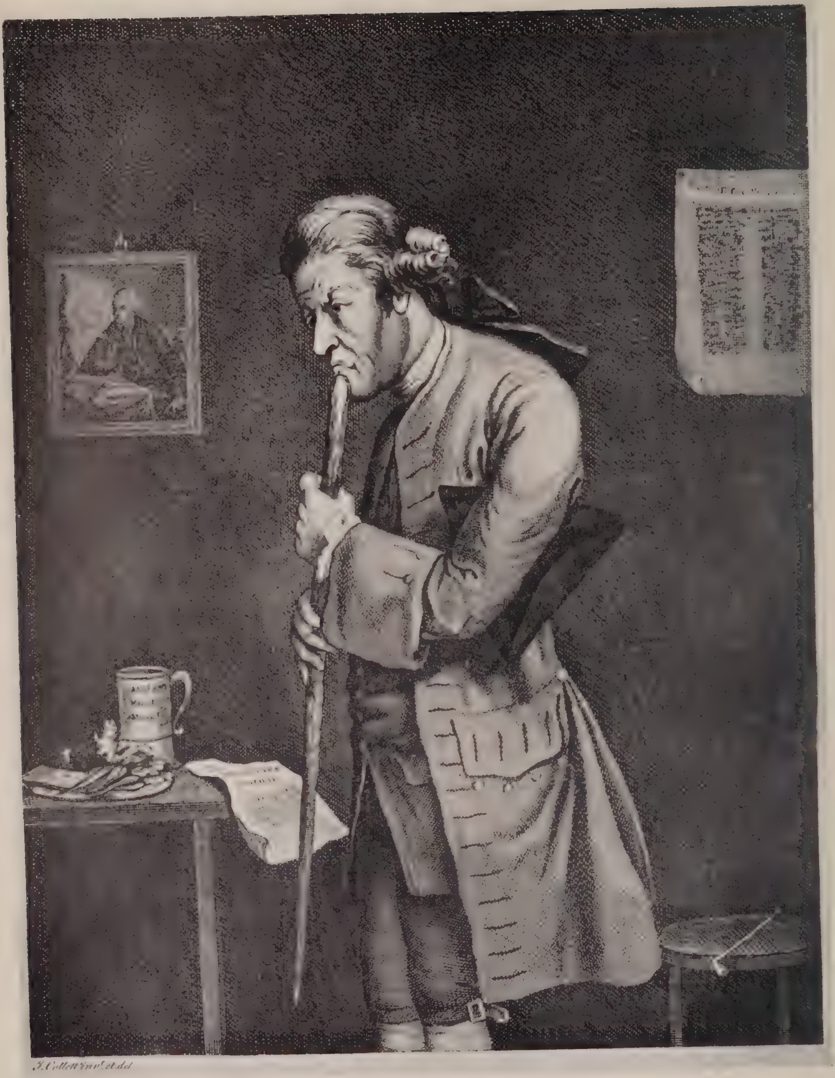
. . . You will see the particulars of old Marlborough's will in the *Evening Posts* of this week: it is as extravagant as one should have expected; but I delight in her begging that no part of the Duke of Marlborough's life may be written in verse by Glover and Mallet, to whom she gives five hundred pounds a-piece for writing it in prose.

Nov. 26, 1744.

You cannot imagine how I entertain myself, especially as all the ignorant flock hither, and conclude that my lord must be minister again.

Yesterday, three bishops came to do him homage; and who should be one of them but Dr. Thomas, the only man mitred by Lord Granville! As I was not at all mortified with *our* fall, I am only diverted with this imaginary restoration. They little think how incapable my lord is of business again. He has this whole summer been troubled with bloody water upon the least motion; and to-day Ranby assured me, that he has a stone in his bladder, which he himself believed before; so now he must never use the least exercise, never go into a chariot again; and if ever to Houghton, in a litter. Though this account will grieve you, I tell it you, that you may know what to expect; yet it is common for people to live many years in his situation.

. . . The town has been trying all this winter to beat Pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury-Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago, he let into the pit great numbers of Bear-garden *bruisers* (that is the term), to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces, and drove them out: I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden a curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar; and among the rest, who flew into a passion, but your friend the philosopher? In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, " Mr. Fleetwood—— " when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, " He is an impudent rascal! " The whole pit huzzaed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, " Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next? " It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night, the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, "Where's Mr. W.? Where's Mr. W.? " In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler.


J. Collett inv.t et del.

OUT OF PLACE AND UNPENSIONED.
From an engraving after John Collet.

Dec. 24, 1744.

I have kept a parliamentary silence, which I must explain to you. Ever since Lord Granville went out, all has been in suspense. The leaders of the Opposition immediately imposed silence upon their party: every thing passed without the least debate—in short, *all were making their bargains*. One has heard of the corruption of courtiers; but believe me, the impudent prostitution of patriots, going to market with their honesty, beats it to nothing. Do but think of two hundred men *of the most consummate virtue* setting themselves to sale for three weeks! I have been reprimanded by the wise for saying that they all stood like servants at a country statute fair to be hired. All this while nothing was certain: one day the coalition was settled; the next, the treaty broke off. . . .

By this short sketch, and it is impossible to be more explanatory, you will perceive that all is confusion: all parties broken to pieces, and the whole Opposition by tens and by twenties selling themselves for profit—power they get none! It is not easy to say where power resides at present: it is plain that it resides not in the King; and yet he has enough to hinder anybody else from having it. His new governors have no interest with him—scarce any converse with him.

The Pretender's son is owned in France as Prince of Wales; the princes of the blood have been to visit him in form.

Jan. 4, 1745.

The fashion now is to send cards to the women, and to declare that all men are welcome without being asked. This is a piece of ease that shocks the prudes of the last age.

Jan. 14, 1745.

Lord Chesterfield is set out for the Hague: I don't know what ear the States will lend to his embassy, when they hear with what difficulty the King was brought to give him a parting audience; and which, by a watch, did not last five-and-forty seconds. . . .

The Duke of Montagu has found out an old penny-history-book, called *the* Old Woman's Will of Ratcliffe Highway, which he has bound up with his mother-in-law's, Old Marlborough's, only tearing away the title-page of the latter.

March 4, [1745].

If my Lord Granville had any resentment, as he seems to have nothing but thirst, sure there is no vengeance he might not take! So far from contracting any prudence from his fall, he laughs it off every night over two or three bottles.

March 29, 1745.

How ridiculous it seems for me to renew protestations of my friendship for you, at an instant when my father is just dead, and the Spaniards just bursting into Tuscany! How empty a charm would my name have, when all my interest and significance are buried in my father's grave! All hopes of present peace, the only thing that could save you, seem vanished. We expect every day to hear of the French declaration of war against Holland. The new Elector of Bavaria is French, like his father; and the King of Spain is not dead. I don't know how to talk to you. I have not even a belief that the Spaniards will spare Tuscany. My dear child, what will become of you? whither will you retire till a peace restores you to your ministry? for upon that distant view alone I repose!

. . . The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's called *Tancred and Sigismunda*: it is very dull; I have read it. I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incorrectness of English verse, are most wofully insipid. I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than *Leonidas* or *The Seasons*; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame genius's, a Mr. Akenside, who writes Odes: in one he has lately published, he says, " Light the tapers, urge the fire." . . .

It is the present fashion to make conundrums: there are books of them printed, and produced at all assemblies: they are full silly enough to be made a fashion. I will tell you the most renowned: " Why is my uncle Horace like two people conversing?—Because he is both teller and auditor." . . .

April 15, 1745.

By this time you have heard of my Lord's death: I fear it will have been a very great shock to you. I hope your brother will write you all the particulars; for my part, you can't expect I should enter into the details of it. His enemies pay him the compliment of saying, " they do believe now that he did not plunder the public, as he was accused (as *they* accused him) of doing, he having died in such circumstances." If he had no proofs of his honesty but this, I don't think this would be such indisputable authority: not leaving immense riches would be scanty evidence of his not having acquired them, there happening to be such a thing as spending them. It is certain, he is dead very poor: his debts, with his legacies, which are trifling, amount to fifty thousand pounds. His estate, a nominal eight thousand a-year, much mortgaged. In short, his fondness for Houghton has endangered Houghton. If he had not so overdone it, he might have left such an estate to his family as might have secured the glory of the place for many years: another such debt must expose it to sale. If he had lived, his unbounded generosity and contempt of money would have run him into vast difficulties. However irreparable his personal loss may be to his friends, he certainly died critically well for himself: he had lived to stand the rudest trials with honour, to see his character universally cleared, his enemies brought to infamy for their ignorance or villany, and the world allowing him to be the only man in England fit to be what he had been; and he died at a time when his age and infirmities prevented his again undertaking the support of a government, which engrossed his whole care, and which he foresaw was falling into the last confusion. In this I hope his judgment failed! His fortune attended him to the last; for he died of the most painful of all distempers, with little or no pain.

April 29, 1745.

When you wrote your last of the 6th of this month, you was still in hopes about my father. I wish I had received your letters on his death, for it is most shocking to have all the thoughts opened again upon such a subject!—it is the great disadvantage of a distant correspondence. . . .

If it would not sound ridiculously, though I assure you, I am far from feeling it lightly, I would tell you of poor Patapan's death: he died about ten days ago.

May 11, 1745.

I stayed till to-day, to be able to give you some account of the battle of Tournay: the outlines you will have heard already. We don't allow it to be a victory on the French side: but that is, just as a woman is not called *Mrs.* till she is married, though she may have had half-a-dozen natural children. In short, we remained upon the field of battle three hours; I fear, too many of us remain there still! without palliating, it is certainly a heavy stroke. We never lost near so many officers. I pity the Duke [of Cumberland], for it is almost the first battle of consequence that we ever lost. . . . However coolly the Duke may have behaved, and coldly his father, at least his brother [the Prince of Wales] has outdone both. He not only went to the play the night the news came, but in two days made a ballad. It is in imitation of the Regent's style, and has miscarried in nothing but the language, the thoughts, and the poetry.

May 24, 1745.

All the letters are full of the Duke's humanity and bravery: he will be as popular with the lower classes of men as he has been for three or four years with the low women: he will be the soldier's *Great Sir* as well as Mother Douglas's. I am really glad; it will be of great service to the family, if any one of them come to make a figure. . . .

I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately; have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me!"—"My money," said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning, and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, "My money; give me my money!" My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too: "Give me my money!" The sermon was on avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they that heap up riches." The man groaned out, "O Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact.

To Sir Charles Hanbury Williams:

May 30, 1745.

Sir John [Bland] was most extremely drunk yesterday: he gave a vast dinner to Sir John Furness at the King's Arms, in lieu of a thousand pounds that he had forfeited to him by a tie at gaming. Rigby was forced to carry him home to put him to bed. The rest of the company finish'd the entertainment with pelting the mob in Pall-Mall with bottles and glasses.

To The Hon. H. S. Conway:

July 1, 1745.

I know of no home news but the commencement of the gaming act, for which they are to put up a scutcheon at White's for the death of play.

To Horace Mann:

July 12, 1745.

I am in great pain about your arrears: it is a bad season for obtaining payment. In the best times, they make a custom of paying foreign ministers ill; which may be very politic, when they send men of too great fortunes abroad, in order to lessen them: but, my dear child, God knows that is not your case!

To George Montagu:

July 13, 1745.

Now I have been talking of remarkable periods in our annals, I must tell you what my Lord Baltimore thinks one:—He said to the Prince [of Wales] t'other day, "Sir, your Royal Highness's marriage will be an *area* in English history."

If it were not for the life that is put into the town now and then by very bad news from abroad, one should be quite stupefied. There is nobody left but two or three solitary regents; and they are always whisking backwards and forwards to their villas; and about a dozen antediluvian dowagers, whose carcases have miraculously resisted the wet, and who every Saturday compose a very reverend catacomb at my old Lady Strafford's. She does not take money at the door for showing them, but you pay twelvepence a piece under the denomination of card-money. . . .

Of beauty, I can tell you an admirable story. One Mrs. Comyns, an elderly gentlewoman, has lately taken a house in St. James's Street: some young gentlemen went there t'other night:—"Well, Mrs. Comyns, I hope there won't be the same disturbances here that were at your other house in Air Street."—"Lord, Sir, I never had any disturbances there: mine was as quiet a house as any in the neighbourhood, and a great deal of good company came to me: it was only the ladies of quality that envied me."—"Envied you! why, your house was pulled down about your ears."—"Oh, dear, Sir! don't you know how that happened?"—"No; pray how?"—"Why, dear Sir, it was my Lady Caroline Fitzroy who gave the mob ten guineas to demolish my house, because her ladyship fancied I got women for Colonel Conway."

My dear George, don't you delight in this story? If poor Harry [Conway] comes back from Flanders, I intend to have infinite fun with his prudery about this anecdote, which is full as good as if it was true. I beg you will visit Mrs. Comyns when you come to town: she has infinite humour.

Aug 1, 1745.

For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire—I am but a passenger! If I were not so indolent, I think I should rather put in practice the late Duchess of Bolton's geographical resolution of going to China, when Whiston told her the world would be burnt in three years. Have you any philosophy? Tell me what you think. It is quite the fashion to talk of the French coming here. Nobody sees it in any other light but as a thing to be talked of, not to be precautioned against. Don't you remember a report of the plague being in the City, and everybody went to the house where it was to see it? You see I laugh about it, for I would not for the world be so unenglished as to do otherwise. I am persuaded that when Count Saxe, with ten thousand men, is within a day's march of London, people will be hiring windows at Charing-cross and Cheapside to see them pass by. 'Tis our characteristic to take dangers for sights, and evils for curiosities.

To Horace Mann:

Aug. 7, 1745.

I go to-morrow to Mount Edgecumbe. I don't think it impossible but you may receive a letter from me on the road, with a paragraph like that in Cibber's life, "Here I met the revolution." . . .

We have taken infinite riches; vast wealth in the East Indies, vast from the West; in short, we grow so fat, that we shall very soon be fit to kill.

Sept. 6, 1745.

The young Pretender, at the head of three thousand men, has got a march on General Cope, who is not eighteen hundred strong; and when the last accounts came away, was fifty miles nearer Edinburgh than Cope, and by this time is there. The clans will not rise for the

Government: the Dukes of Argyll and Athol are come post to town, not having been able to raise a man. The young Duke of Gordon sent for his uncle, and told him he must arm their clan. "They are in arms."—"They must march against the rebels."—"They will wait on the Prince of Wales." The Duke flew in a passion; his uncle pulled out a pistol, and told him it was in vain to dispute. Lord Loudon, Lord Fortrose, and Lord Panmure have been very zealous, and have raised some men; but I look upon Scotland as gone! I think of what King William said to Duke Hamilton, when he was extolling Scotland; "My Lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it!"

There are two manifestoes published, signed Charles Prince, Regent for his father, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland. By one, he promises to preserve everybody in their just rights; and orders all persons who have public monies in their hands to bring it to him; and by the other dissolves the union between England and Scotland. But all this is not the worst! Notice came yesterday, that there are ten thousand men, thirty transports, and ten men-of-war at Dunkirk. Against this force we have—I don't know what—scarce fears! Three thousand Dutch we hope are by this time landed in Scotland; three more are coming hither. We have sent for ten regiments from Flanders, which may be here in a week, and we have fifteen men-of-war in the Downs. I am grieved to tell you all this; but when it is so, how can I avoid telling you?

Sept. 13, 1745.

The Rebellion goes on; but hitherto there is no rising in England, nor landing of troops from abroad; indeed not even of ours or the Dutch. The best account I can give you is, that if the Boy has apparently no enemies in Scotland, at least he has openly very few friends. Nobody of note has joined him, but a brother of the Duke of Athol [the Marquis of Tullibardine], and another of Lord Dunmore. For cannon, they have nothing but one-pounders: their greatest resource is money; they have *force Louis-d'ors*. . . . Spirit seems to rise in London, though not in the proportion it ought; and then the *person* [the King] most concerned does everything to check its progress: when the Ministers propose any thing with regard to the Rebellion, he cries, "Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff." Lord Granville has persuaded him that it is of no consequence. . . . Lady

Granville has lain-in of a girl; though she had all the pretty boys in town brought to her for patterns.

The young Chevalier has set a reward on the King's head: we are told that his brother is set out for Ireland. However, there is hitherto little countenance given to the undertaking by France or Spain. It seems an effort of despair and weariness of the manner in which he has been kept in France. On the grenadiers' caps is written "a grave or a throne." . . . Every now and then a Scotchman comes and pulls the Boy by the sleeve; "Prence, here is another mon taken!" then with all the dignity in the world, the Boy hopes nobody was killed in the action! Lord Bath has made a piece of a ballad, the Duke of Newcastle's speech to the Regency; I have heard but these two lines of it:

"Pray consider my Lords, how disastrous a thing,
To have two Prince of Wales's and never a King!"

The merchants are very zealous, and are opening a great subscription for raising troops. . . .

The deputy governor of Edinburgh Castle has threatened the magistrates to beat their town about their ears, if they admit the rebels. . . . The *Caledonian Mercury* never calls them "the rebels," but "the Highlanders."

Sept. 20, 1745.

I was just going to tell you that the rebels are in England; but my uncle [old Horace] is this moment come in, and says, that an express came last night with an account of their being at Edinburgh to the number of five thousand. This sounds great, to have walked through a kingdom, and taken possession of the capital! But this capital is an open town; and the castle impregnable, and in our possession. There never was so extraordinary a sort of rebellion! One can't tell what assurances of support they may have from the Jacobites in England, or from the French; but nothing of either sort has yet appeared—and if there does not, never was so desperate an enterprise. One can hardly believe that the English are more disaffected than the Scotch; and among the latter, no persons of property have joined them: both nations seem to profess a neutrality. Their money is all gone, and they subsist merely by levying contributions. But, sure, banditti can never conquer a kingdom! On the other hand, what cannot any number of men do, who meet no opposition? They have hitherto taken no place but open towns, nor have they any artillery for a siege but one-pounders. . . .

Unless we have more ill-fortune than is conceivable, or the general supineness continues, it is impossible but we must get over this. You desire me to send you news: I confine myself to tell you nothing but what you may depend upon; and leave you in a fright rather than deceive you. I confess my own apprehensions are not near so strong as they were; and if we get over this, I shall believe that we never can be hurt; for we never can be more exposed to danger. Whatever disaffection there is to the present family, it plainly does not proceed from love to the other.

Sept. 27, 1745.

I can't doubt but the joy of the Jacobites has reached Florence before this letter. Your two or three Irish priests, I forget their names, will have set out to take possession of Abbey-lands here. I feel for what you will feel, and for the insulting things that will be said to you upon the battle we have lost in Scotland; but all this is nothing to what it prefaces. The express came hither on Tuesday morning, but the Papists knew it on Sunday night. Cope lay in face of the rebels all Friday; he scarce two thousand strong, they vastly superior, though we don't know their numbers. The military people say that he should have attacked them. However, we are sadly convinced that they are not such raw ragamuffins as they were represented. The rotation that has been established in that country, to give all the Highlanders the benefit of serving in the independent companies, has trained and disciplined them. Macdonald (I suppose, he from Naples), who is reckoned a very experienced able officer, is said to have commanded them, and to be dangerously wounded. One does not hear the Boy's personal valour cried up; by which I conclude he was not in the action. Our dragoons most shamefully fled without striking a blow, and are with Cope, who escaped in a boat to Berwick. I pity poor him, who with no shining abilities, and no experience, and no force, was sent to fight for a crown! He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red ribbon: Churchill, whose led-captain he was, and my Lord Harrington, had pushed him up to this misfortune. We have lost all our artillery, five hundred men taken—and *three* killed, and several officers, as you will see in the papers. This defeat has frightened everybody but those it rejoices, and those it should frighten most; but my Lord Granville still buoys up the King's spirits, and persuades him it is nothing. He uses his Ministers as ill as possible, and discourages every body that would risk their lives and fortunes with him. Marshal

Wade is marching against the rebels; but the King will not let him take above eight thousand men; so that if they come into England, another battle, with no advantage on our side, may determine our fate. Indeed, they don't seem so unwise as to risk their cause upon so precarious an event; but rather to design to establish themselves in Scotland, till they can be supported from France, and be set up with taking Edinburgh Castle, where there is to the value of a million and which they would make a stronghold. It is scarcely victualled for a month, and must surely fall into their hands. Our coasts are greatly guarded, and London kept in awe by the arrival of the guards. I don't believe what I have been told this morning, that more troops are sent for from Flanders, and aid asked of Denmark.

Prince Charles has called a Parliament in Scotland for the 7th of October; ours does not meet till the 17th, so that even in the show of liberty and laws they are beforehand with us. With all this, we hear of no men of quality or fortune having joined him but Lord Elcho, whom you have seen at Florence; and the Duke of Perth, a silly race-horsing boy, who is said to be killed in this battle. But I gather no confidence from hence: my father always said, "If you see them come again, they will begin by their lowest people; their chiefs will not appear till the end." His prophecies verify every day!

The town is still empty; on this point only the English act contrary to their custom, for they don't throng to see a Parliament, though it is likely to grow a curiosity!

I have so trained myself to expect this ruin, that I see it approach without any emotion. I shall suffer with fools, without having any malice to our enemies, who act sensibly from principle and from interest. Ruling parties seldom have caution or common sense. I don't doubt but Whigs and Protestants will be alert enough in trying to recover what they lose so supinely.

Oct. 4, 1745.

I dare say your fears made you think that the young Prince (for he is at least Prince of Scotland) had vaulted from Cope's neck into St. James's House; but he is still at Edinburgh ; and his cousin Grafton, the Lord Chamberlain, has not even given orders for fitting up this palace for his reception. The good people of England have at last rubbed their eyes and looked about them. A wonderful spirit is arisen in all counties, and among all sorts of people. The nobility are raising regiments, and everybody else is—being raised. Dr. Herring, the Archbishop of York, has set an example that would rouse the most indifferent: in two days after the news arrived at York of Cope's defeat, and when they every moment expected the victorious rebels at their gates, the Bishop made a speech to the assembled county, that had as much true spirit, honesty, and bravery in it, as ever was penned by an historian for an ancient hero.

The rebels returned to Edinburgh, where they have no hopes of taking the Castle, for old Preston, the deputy-governor, and General Guest, have obliged them to supply the Castle constantly with fresh provisions, on pain of having the town fired with red-hot bullets. They did fling a bomb on Holyrood House, and obliged the Boy to shift his quarters. Wade is marching against them, and will have a great army: all the rest of our troops are ordered from Flanders, and are to meet him in Yorkshire, with some Hessians too. That county raises four thousand men, besides a body of foxhunters, whom Oglethorpe has converted into hussars. . . .

Pray let Mr. Chute have ample accounts of our zeal to figure with at Rome; of the merchants of London undertaking to support the public credit; of universal associations; of regiments raised by the Duke of Devonshire, Bedford, Rutland, Montagu; Lords Herbert, Halifax, Cholmondeley, Falmouth, Malton, Derby, &c.; of Wade with an army of twenty thousand men; of another about London of near as many—and lastly, of Lord Gower having in person assured the King that he is no Jacobite, but ready to serve him with his life and fortune. Tell him of the whole coast so guarded, that nothing can pass unvisited; and in short, send him this advertisement out of to-day's paper, as an instance of more spirit and wit than there is in all Scotland:

TO ALL JOLLY BUTCHERS.

MY BOLD HEARTS:

The Papists eat no *meat* on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, nor during Lent.

Your friend,
JOHN STEEL.

Oct. 11, 1745.

For the rebels, they have made no figure since their victory. The Castle of Edinburgh has made a sally, and taken twenty head of cattle, and about thirty head of Highlanders. We heard yesterday, that they are coming this way. The troops from Flanders are expected to land in Yorkshire to-morrow. A privateer of Bristol has taken a large Spanish ship, laden with arms and money for Scotland. A piece of a plot has been discovered in Dorsetshire, and one Mr. Weld taken up. The French have declared to the Dutch, that the House of Stuart is their ally, and that the Dutch troops must not act against them; but we expect they shall. The Parliament meets next Thursday, and by that time, probably, the armies will too. The rebels are not above eight thousand, and have little artillery; so you may wear what ministerial spirits you will.

Oct. 21, 1745.

The rebels have not left their camp near Edinburgh, and, I suppose, will not now, unless to retreat into the Highlands. General Wade was to march yesterday from Doncaster for Scotland. By their not advancing, I conclude that either the Boy and his council could not prevail on the Highlanders to leave their own country, or that they were not strong enough, and still wait for foreign assistance, which, in a new declaration, he intimates that he still expects. One only ship, I believe, a Spanish one, is got to them with arms, and Lord John Drummond and some people of quality on board. We don't hear that the younger Boy is of the number. Four ships sailed from Corunna; the one that got to Scotland, one taken by a privateer of Bristol, and one lost on the Irish coast; the fourth is not heard of. At Edinburgh and thereabouts they commit the most horrid barbarities. We last night expected as bad here: information was given of an intended insurrection and massacre by the Papists; all the Guards were ordered out, and the Tower shut up at seven. I cannot be surprised at anything, considering the supineness of the Ministry—nobody has yet been taken up!

Nov. 15, 1745.

The rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle.

Nov. 29, 1745.

We have another very disagreeable affair, that may have fatal consequences: there rages a murrain among the cows; we dare not eat milk, butter, beef, nor anything from that species. Unless there is snow or frost soon, it is likely to spread dreadfully; though hitherto it has not reached many miles from London. At first, it was imagined that the Papists had empoisoned the pools; but the physicians have pronounced it infectious, and brought from abroad.

Dec. 9, 1745.

We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded; and for the people, the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, excepting one gentleman in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons, at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London, the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the King's going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army, under the command of Lord Chief-Justice Willes, and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the King's absence.

But the greatest demonstration of loyalty appeared on the prisoners being brought to town from the *Soleil* prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest Pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road, and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen, where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man, he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that he is the individual person condemned for last Rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

Dec. 20, 1745.

We have at last got a spring-tide of good luck. The rebels turned back from Derby, and have ever since been flying with the greatest precipitation. The Duke, with all his horse, and a thousand foot mounted, has pursued them with astonishing rapidity; and General Oglethorpe, with part of Wade's horse, has crossed over upon them. There has been little prospect of coming up with their entire body, but it dismayed them; their stragglers were picked up, and the towns in their way preserved from plunder, by their not having time to do mischief. This morning an express is arrived from Lord Malton in Yorkshire, who has had an account of Oglethorpe's cutting a part of them to pieces, and of the Duke's overtaking their rear and entirely demolishing it. We believe all this; but, as it is not yet confirmed, don't depend upon it too much. The fat East India ships are arrived safe from Ireland—I mean the prizes; and yesterday a letter arrived from Admiral Townshend in the West Indies, where he has fallen in with the Martinico fleet (each ship valued at eight thousand pounds), taken twenty, sunk ten, and driven ashore two men-of-war, their convoy, and battered them to pieces. All this will raise the pulse of the stocks, which have been exceedingly low this week, and the bank itself in danger. The private rich are making immense fortunes out of the public distress.

Jan. 3, 1746.

I deferred writing to you till I could tell you that the rebellion was at an end in England. The Duke has taken Carlisle, but was long enough before it to prove how basely or cowardly it was yielded to the rebel: you will see the particulars in the Gazette. His Royal Highness is expected in town every day; but I still think it probable that he will go to Scotland. That country is very clamorous for it. If the King does send him, it should not be with that sword of mercy with which the present family have governed those people. All the world agree in the fitness of severity to highwaymen, for the sake of the innocent who suffer; then, can rigour be ill placed against banditti who have so terrified, pillaged, and injured the poor people in Cumberland, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and the counties through which this rebellion has stalked? There is a military magistrate of some fierceness sent into Scotland with Wade's army, who is coming to town; it is General Hawley. He will not sow the seeds of future disloyalty by too easily pardoning the present.

Jan. 17, 1746.

The rebels are intrenching and fortifying themselves in Scotland; and what a despicable affair is a rebellion upon the defensive! General Hawley is marched from Edinburgh, to put it quite out. I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility. He is called *Lord Chief Justice*; frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival, was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion, to dissect: " Well," said Hawley, " but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard-room." He is very brave and able; with no small bias to the brutal. Two years ago, when he arrived at Ghent, the magistrates, according to custom, sent a gentleman, with the offer of a sum of money to engage his favour. He told the gentleman, in great wrath, that the King his master paid him, and that he should go tell the magistrates so; at the same time dragging him to the head of the stairs, and kicking him down. He then went to the town-hall; on their refusing him entrance, he burst open the door with his foot, and seated himself abruptly: told them how he had been affronted, was persuaded they had no hand in it, and demanded to have the gentleman given up to him, who never dared to appear in the town while he stayed in it. Now I am telling you anecdotes of him, you shall hear two more. When the Prince of Hesse, *our* son-in-law, arrived at Brussels, and found Hawley did not wait on him, the Prince sent to know if he expected the first visit? He replied, " He always expected that inferior officers should wait on their commanders; and not only that, but he gave his Highness but half an hour to consider of it." The Prince went to him. I believe I told you of Lord John Drummond sending drum to Wade to propose a cartel. Wade returned a civil answer, which had the King's and Council's approbation. When the drummer arrived with it at Edinburgh, Hawley opened it and threw it into the fire, would not let the drummer go back, but made him write to Lord J. Drummond, " That rebels were not to be treated with."

[Gen. Hawley's will began thus: " First, I direct and order that (as there is now a peace and I may die the common way) my carcase may be put anywhere; 'tis equal to me; but I will have no more expense or ridiculous show than if a poor soldier (who is as good a man) was to be buried from the hospital. The priest, I conclude, will have the fee; let the puppy have it. Pay the carpenter for the carcase box."]

Jan. 28, 1746.

Hawley, of whom I said so much to you in my last, has been as unsuccessful as Cope, and by almost every circumstance the same, except that Hawley had less want of skill and much more presumption. The very same dragoons ran away at Falkirk, that ran away at Preston

Pans. Though we had seven thousand men, and the rebels but five, we had scarce three regiments that behaved well. . . . Our loss is trifling; for many of the rebels fled as fast as the glorious dragoons: but we have lost some good officers, particularly Sir Robert Monroe; and seven pieces of cannon. A worse loss is apprehended, Stirling Castle, which could hold out ten days; and that term expires to-morrow. The Duke [of Cumberland] is gone post to Edinburgh, where he hoped to arrive to-night; if possible, to relieve Stirling. Another battle will certainly be fought before you receive this: I hope with the Hessians in it, who are every hour expected to land in Scotland. With many other glories, the English courage seems gone too! The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason: he has a lion's courage, vast vigilance and activity, and, I am told, great military genius.

Feb. 7, 1746.

The moment the rebel army saw the Duke's, they turned back with the utmost precipitation; spiked their cannon, blew up their magazine, and left behind them their wounded and our prisoners. They crossed the Forth, and in one day fled four-and-thirty miles to Perth, where, as they have strong intrenchments, some imagine they will wait to fight; but their desertion is too great; the whole clan of the Macdonalds, one of their best, has retired on the accidental death of their chief. In short, it looks exceedingly like the conclusion of this business, though the French have embarked Fitz-James's regiment at Ostend for Scotland. The Duke's name disperses armies, as the Pretender's raised them.

Feb. 14. 1746.

[Lord Granville came near causing a Cabinet crisis, but failed.]

Lord Granville is as jolly as ever; laughs and drinks, and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again to-morrow. It would not be quite so safe, indeed, to try it soon again, for the triumphant party are not at all in the humour to be turned out every time his lordship has drunk a bottle too much. . . . This little faction of Lord Granville goes by the name of the *Grand-villains.*

. . . It absolutely makes one laugh; as serious as the consequences might be, it is impossible to hate a politician of such jovial good-humour.

April 25, 1746.

[The rebellion was ended by the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden. His severities gave him the nickname of " the Butcher of Culloden."]

On the 16th, the Duke, by forced marches, came up with the rebels, a little on this side Inverness. . . . They seven thousand, he ten. . . . They were soon repulsed, and fled; the whole engagement not lasting above a quarter of an hour. The young Pretender escaped; Mr. Conway says, he hears, wounded: he certainly was in the rear. They have lost above a thousand men in the engagement and pursuit; and six hundred were already taken. . . . The defeat is reckoned total, and the dispersion general; and all their artillery is taken. It is a brave young Duke! The town is all blazing round me as I write, with fireworks and illuminations.

May 16, 1746.

I have had nothing new to tell you since the victory, relative to it, but that it has entirely put an end to the Rebellion. The number slain is generally believed much greater than is given out. Old Tullybardine has surrendered himself; the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Ogilvie are prisoners, and coming up to their trials. The Pretender is not openly taken, but many people think he is in their power; however, I dare say he will be allowed to escape; and some French ships are hovering about the coast to receive him. The Duke is not yet returned, but we have amply prepared for his reception, by settling on him immediately and forever twenty-five thousand pounds a-year, besides the fifteen which he is to have on the King's death. It was imagined that the Prince would have opposed this, on the reflection that fifteen thousand was thought enough for him, though heir of the Crown, and abounding in issue: but he has wisely *reflected forwards*, and likes the precedent, as it will be easy to find victories in his sons to reward, when once they have a precedent to fight with.

June 20, 1746.

Jack Spencer, old Marlborough's grandson and heir, is just dead at the age of six or seven and thirty, and in possession of near 30,000 *l.* a year, merely because he would not be abridged of those invaluable blessings of an English subject, brandy, small-beer, and tobacco.

To George Montagu:

June 24, 1746.

All the inns about town are crowded with rebel prisoners, and people are making parties of pleasure, which you know is the English genius, to hear their trials. The Scotch, which you know is the Scotch genius, are loud in censuring the Duke for his great severities in the Highlands.

To Horace Mann:

Aug. 1, 1746.

I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the Trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster-hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own House to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full*! The Chancellor [Hardwicke] was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister [Mr. Pelham] that is no peer, and consequently applying to other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of their danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. . . . Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child and very handsome: so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, " Come, come, put it with me." At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself. . . .

The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Caesar after a victory, as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, " Then let it be of the *Butchers*! "

To George Montagu :

Aug. 16, 1746.

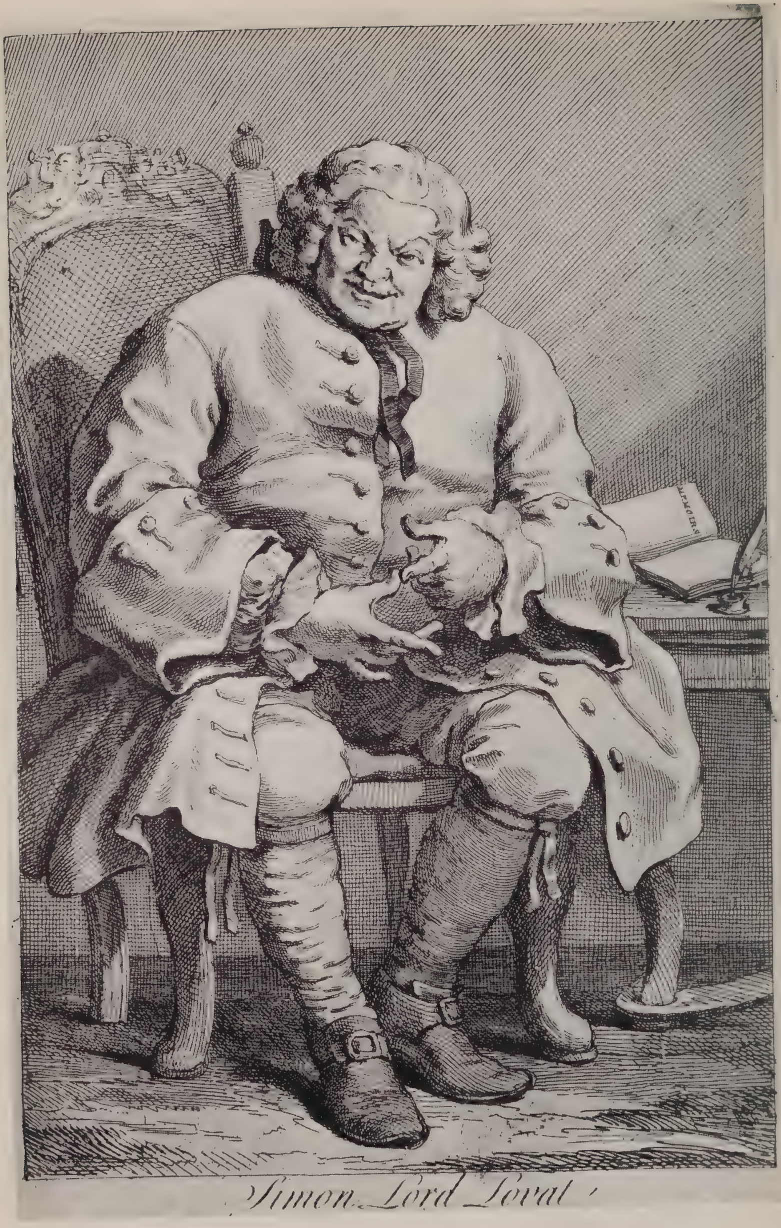
I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look.

To Horace Mann :

WINDSOR,
Aug. 21, 1746.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag. . . . Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red, (his rebellious regimentals,) a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold: the room forwards had benches for spectators, in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino: all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! . . . [Kilmarnock] then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, "No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a nightcap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock


Simon Lord Lovat
MEMOIRS

SIMON, LORD LOVAT, COUNTING THE CLANS ON HIS FINGERS.
From an etching by Hogarth.

above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!"

Dec. 5, 1746.

We have operas, but no company at them; the Prince and Lord Middlesex *impresarii*. Plays only are in fashion: at one house the best company that perhaps ever were together, Quin, Garrick, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber.

Dec. 25, 1746.

Old Lovat has been brought to the bar of the House of Lords: he is far from having those abilities for which he has been so cried up. He saw Mr. Pelham at a distance and called to him, and asked him if it were worth while to make all this fuss to take off a grey head fourscore years old?

March 20, 1747.

I have been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you of it. It lasted seven days: the evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced, he made no defence. . . . His character seems a mixture of tyranny and pride in his villainy. I must make you a little acquainted with him. In his own domain he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands and houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants who married without his consent; he said "You shall have enough of each other," and stowed them in a dungeon, that had been a well, for three weeks. . . . The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, "You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?" He replied, "You damned ugly old bitch, I believe I shall."

April 10, 1747.

I deferred writing to you as long as they deferred the execution of old Lovat, because I had a mind to send you some account of his death, as I had of his trial. He was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity; his behaviour was natural and intrepid. . . . He laid down quietly, gave the sign soon, and was despatched at a blow. I believe it will strike some terror into the Highlands, when they hear there is any power great enough to bring so potent a tyrant to the block.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

April 16, 1747.

I must tell you an excessive good story of George Selwyn: Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him, how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off? "Nay," says he, "if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends; for I went to see it sewed on again."

To Horace Mann:

May 5, 1747.

Mr. Fox gave a great ball last week at Holland House, which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements. It is a brave old house, and belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland, the lover of Charles the First's Queen.

June 5, 1747.

[I] may retire to a little new farm [Strawberry Hill] that I have taken just out of Twickenham. The house is so small, that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

[This letter is written from Strawberry Hill, Walpole's house at Twickenham, on the Thames, near London. Mrs. Chenevix sold toys.]

TWICKENHAM,
June 8, 1747.

You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set out in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. . . .

In short, all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold; though, whenever we become posterity and forefathers, we shall be in high repute for wisdom and virtue. My great-great-grandchildren will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle; and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unspotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot ploughshares, without hurting the sole of his foot. How merry my ghost will be, and shake its ears to hear itself quoted as a person of consummate prudence!

To Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
June 26, 1747.

You can have no idea of the emptiness of London, and of the tumult everywhere else. To-day many elections begin. The sums of money disbursed within this month would give anybody a very faint idea of the poverty of this undone country! . . . Lord Cornbury diverted me extremely the other day with the application of a story to the King's speech. It says, the reason for dissolving the Parliament is its being so near dissolution: Lord Cornbury said it put him in mind of a gaoler in Oxfordshire who was remarkably humane to his prisoners; one day he said to one of them, "My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday se'nnight; I want extremely to go to London; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday?"

March 11, 1748.

I have had nothing lately to tell you but illness and distempers: there is what they call a miliary fever raging, which has taken off a great many people. It was scarce known till within these seven or eight years, but apparently increases every spring and autumn. They don't know how to treat it, but think they have discovered that bleeding is bad for it. The young Duke of Bridgewater is dead of it. . . .

The Duchess of Queensberry gives a masquerade to-night, in hopes of drawing the King to it: but he will not go. I do; but must own it is wondrous foolish to dress one's self out in a becoming dress *in cold blood.* There has been a new comedy, called *The Foundling*; far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil, and with sticking plaisters; . . . but it did not come to action. Garrick was impertinent, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right. . . .

I had begun my letter before the masquerade, but had not time to finish it: there were not above one hundred persons; the dresses pretty; the Duchess [of Queensberry] as mad as you remember her. She had stuck up orders about dancing, as you see at public bowling-greens; turned half the company out at twelve; kept those she liked to supper; and, in short, contrived to do an agreeable thing in the rudest manner imaginable; besides having dressed her husband in a Scotch plaid, which just now is one of the things in the world that is reckoned most offensive; but you know we are all mad, so good night!

April 29, 1748.

We had last night the most magnificent masquerade that ever was seen: it was by subscription at the Haymarket: every body who subscribed five guineas had four tickets. There were about seven hundred people, all in chosen and very fine dresses. The supper was in two rooms, besides those for the King and Prince, who, with the foreign ministers, had tickets given them.

To George Montagu :

May 26, 1748.

Disagreeable Ranelagh . . . is so crowded, that going there t'other night in a string of coaches we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes.

To Horace Mann :

June 7, 1748.

I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from *Strawberry Hill*, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house; so pray, never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England. I sigh after Florence, and wind up all my prospects with the thought of returning there.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Strawberry Hill,
June 27, 1748.

The night before I left London, I called at the Duchess of Richmond's who has stayed at home with the apprehension of a miscarriage. The porter told me there was no drawing-room till Thursday. . . . I did not stay till Thursday to kiss hands, but went away to Vauxhall: as I was coming out, I was overtaken by a great light, and retired under the trees of Marble Hill to see what it should be. There came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz's footmen in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches; and after them the Prince [of Wales] himself, in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat fringed, leading Madame l'Ambassadrice de Venise in a green sack with a straw hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley, Wall, the private Spanish agent, the two Miss Molyneux's, and some other men. They went into one of the Prince of Wales's barges, had another barge filled with violins and hautboys, and an open boat with drums and trumpets. This was one of the *fêtes des adieux.* The nymph weeps all the morning, and says she is sure she shall be poisoned by her husband's relations when she returns, for her behaviour with this Prince.

To Horace Mann:

July 14, 1748.

I truly and seriously this winter won and was paid a *milleleva* at pharaoh; literally received a thousand and twenty-three sixpences for one: an event that never happened in the annals of pharaoh, but to Charles II.'s Queen Dowager, as the Princess herself informed me: ever since I have treated myself as Queen Dowager, and have some thoughts of being drawn so.

To George Montagu:

MISTLEY, [ESSEX],
July 25, 1748.

[Gosfield] House is vast, built round a very old court that has never been fine; the old windows and gateway left, and the old gallery, which is a bad narrow room, and hung with all the late patriots, but so ill done, that they look like caricatures done to expose them, since they have so much disgraced the virtues they pretended to. The rest of the house is all modernised, but in patches, and in the bad taste that came between the charming venerable Gothic and pure architecture. There is a great deal and plenty of good furniture, but no one room very fine: no tolerable pictures. Her dressing-room is very pretty, and furnished with white damask, china, japan, loads of easy chairs, bad pictures, and some pretty enamels. But what charmed me more than all I had seen, is the library chimney, which has existed from the foundation of the house; over it is an alto-relievo in wood, far from being ill done, of the battle of Bosworth Field. It is all white, except the helmets and trappings, which are gilt, and the shields, which are properly blazoned with the arms of all the chiefs engaged. You would adore it.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 29, 1748.

My present and sole occupation is planting, in which I have made great progress, and talk very learnedly with the nurserymen, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturns all my botany, as I have more than once taken it for a curious West-Indian flowering shrub. Then the deliberation with which trees grow, is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip-roots.

To George Montagu:

Sept. 3, 1748.

The Duke is fatter, and it is now not denied that he has entirely lost the sight of one eye. This did not surprise me so much as a *bon mot* of his. Gumley, who you know is grown Methodist, came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde Park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire; the Duke replied, he hoped it was not by *the new light.* This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my Lady Huntingdon's, at Chelsea; my Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Bath, my Lady Townshend, my Lady Thanet, and others, have been to hear him. What will you lay that, next winter, he is not run after, instead of Garrick?

. . . I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray: he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable.

[This is Thomas Gray, the poet.]

Oct. 20, 1748.

It is the year for contraband marriages, though I do not find Fanny Murray's is certain. I liked her spirit in an instance I heard t'other night: she was complaining of want of money: Sir Robert Atkins immediately gave her a twenty pound note; she said "Damn your twenty pound! what does it signify?" clapped it between two pieces of bread and butter, and eat it.

To Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Dec. 2, 1748.

I must tell you another admirable *bon mot* of Mr. Chute, now I am mentioning him. Passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitae*, he said "it ought to have been *Mors aqua vitae*."

. . . Two Oxford scholars are condemned to two years' imprisonment for treason; and their Vice-Chancellor, for winking at it, is soon to be tried.

Dec. 15, 1748.

Hogarth has run a great risk since the peace; he went to France, and was so imprudent as to be taking a sketch of the drawbridge at Calais. He was seized and carried to the governor, where he was forced to prove his vocation by producing several *caricatures* of the French; particularly a scene of the shore, with an immense piece of beef landing for the Lion-d'argent, the English inn at Calais, and several hungry friars following it. They were much diverted with his drawings, and dismissed him.

Strawberry Hill,
Dec. 26, 1748.

Lord St. John is dead; he had a place in the Custom-House of 1200 *l.* a year, which his father had bought of the Duchess of Kendal for two lives, for 4000 *l.* Mr. Pelham has got it for Lord Lincoln and his child.

[The Duchess of Kendal was one of George I.'s German mistresses.]

March 4, 1749.

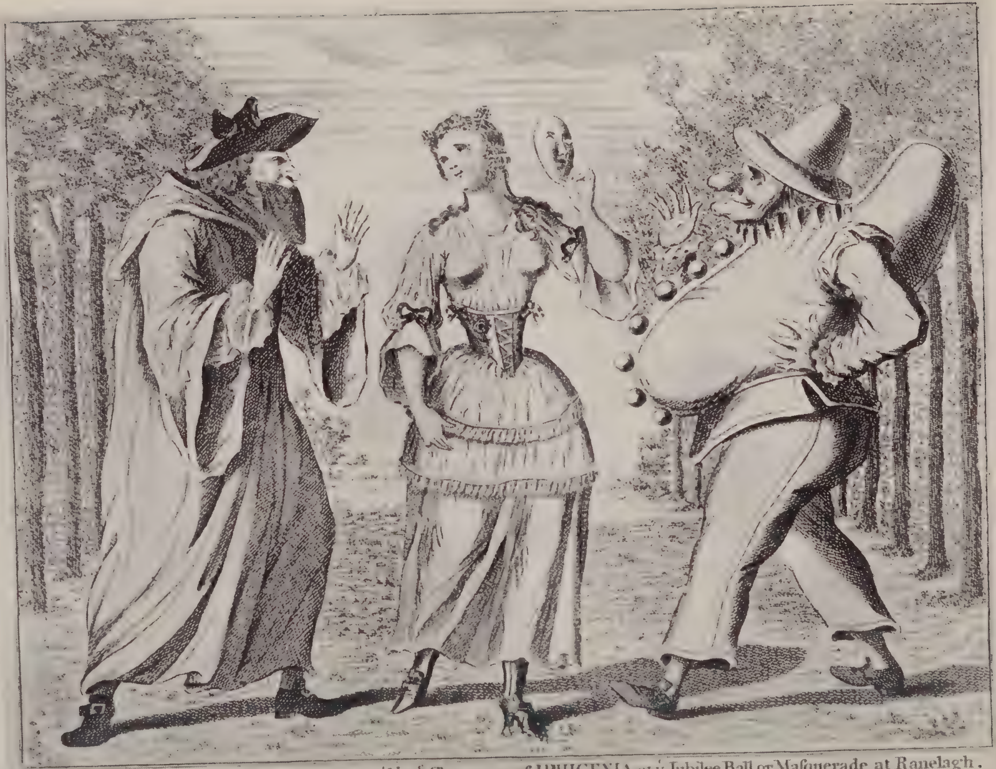
My Lady Huntingdon, the Queen of the Methodists, has got her daughter named for Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses; but it is all off again, as she will not let her play at cards on Sundays. It is equally absurd on both sides, to refuse it, or to insist upon it.

March 23, 1749.

I believe I told you that King Theodore [of Corsica] is here: I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's. . . . Methodism is more fashionable than anything but brag; the women play very deep at both—as deep, it is much suspected, as the matrons of Rome did at the mysteries of the Bona Dea.

May 3, 1749.

We have at last celebrated the Peace, and that as much in extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed: the King did not go to St. Paul's, but at night the whole town was illuminated. The next day was what was called "a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner" at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained



Miſs —— in the Actual Dreſs as ſhe appear'd in yͤ Character of IPHIGENIA at yͤ Jubilee Ball or Maſquerade at Ranelagh.

MISS ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH AS IPHIGENIA AT THE MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH.
May 1st, 1749.

all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, &c. and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. . . . We are in general so pleased with the peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in Pasquier, an old French author, who says, "that in the time of Francis I. the French used to call their creditors 'Des Anglois,' from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many." . . . On Monday there was a subscription-masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress in the time of James I.; and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lord Rochford, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford, and Mrs. Pitt, were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson [Seymour] had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont.

[Miss Chudleigh first secretly married Augustus Hervey (afterwards Earl of Bristol), and then, while she was still his wife, married the Duke of Kingston. Mrs. Montagu wrote of this masquerade to her sister: " Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable; she was Iphigenia for the sacrifice, but so naked the high priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The Maids of Honour (not of maids the strictest) were so offended they would not speak to her."]

. . . Here is another *bon-mot* of my Lady Townshend: we were talking of the Methodists; somebody said, " Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted* ? " " No, sir, he has only *canted*."

If you ever think of returning to England, as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe that by the time it will be necessary: this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. . . . The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest—I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark; and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank-bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by. . . .

I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees: " Yes," said I, " my lord, I used to love blue trees, but now I like green ones."

ARLINGTON STREET,
May 17, 1749.

I told you we were to have another jubilee-masquerade: there was one by the King's command for Miss Chudleigh, the maid of honour, with whom our gracious monarch has a mind to believe himself in love, —so much in love, that at one of the booths he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him five-and-thirty guineas,—actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list.

To George Montagu:

May 18, 1749.

Rigby . . . and Peter Bathurst t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton, added that of

Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper, that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man, three Irishmen, and a whore, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the cursedest dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs; on which he civilized.

Millar the bookseller has done very generously by him: finding *Tom Jones*, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly he has since given him another hundred.

To Horace Mann:

June 25, 1749.

Don't flatter yourself with your approaching year of jubilee; its pomps and vanities will be nothing to the shows and triumphs we have had, and are having. I talk like an Englishman: here you know we imagine that a jubilee is a season of pageants, not of devotion; but our Sabbath has really been all tilt and tournament. There have been, I think, no less than eight masquerades, the fireworks, and a public act at Oxford: to-morrow is an installation of six Knights of the Bath, and in August of as many Garters: Saturday, Sunday, and Monday next, are the banquets at Cambridge, for the instalment of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor. The whole world goes to it: he has invited, summoned, pressed the entire body of nobility and gentry from all parts of England. His cooks have been there these ten days, distilling essences of every living creature, and massacring and confounding all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish. . . . I have set my heart on their giving a doctor's degree to the Duchess of Newcastle's favourite—this favourite is at present neither a lover nor an apothecary, but a common pig, that she brought from Hanover: I am serious; and Harry Vane, the new Lord of the Treasury, is entirely employed, when he is not at the Board, in opening and shutting the door for it. Tell me, don't you very often throw away my letters in a passion, and believe that I invent the absurdities I relate!—Were not we as mad when you was in England?

The King, who has never dined out of his own palaces, has just determined to dine at Claremont to-morrow—all the cooks are at Cambridge—imagine the distress.

To George Montagu :

STRAWBERRY HILL,
July 20, 1749.

[The Duke of Cumberland's] savage temper increases every day. George Boscawen is in a scrape with him by a court-martial, of which he is one; it was appointed on a young poor soldier, who to see his friends had counterfeited a furlough of leave only for a day. They ordered him two hundred lashes; but Nolkejumskoi [Cumberland], who loves blood like a leech, insisted it was not enough—has made them sit three times, though every one adheres to the first sentence, and swears they shall sit these six months till they increase the punishment. The fair Mrs. Pitt [Atkyns] has been mobbed in the Park, and with difficulty rescued by some gentlemen, only because this bashaw is in love with her. You heard, I suppose, of his other amour with the Savoyard girl. He sent her to Windsor and offered her a hundred pounds, which she refused because he was a heretic; he sent her back on foot.

To Horace Mann :

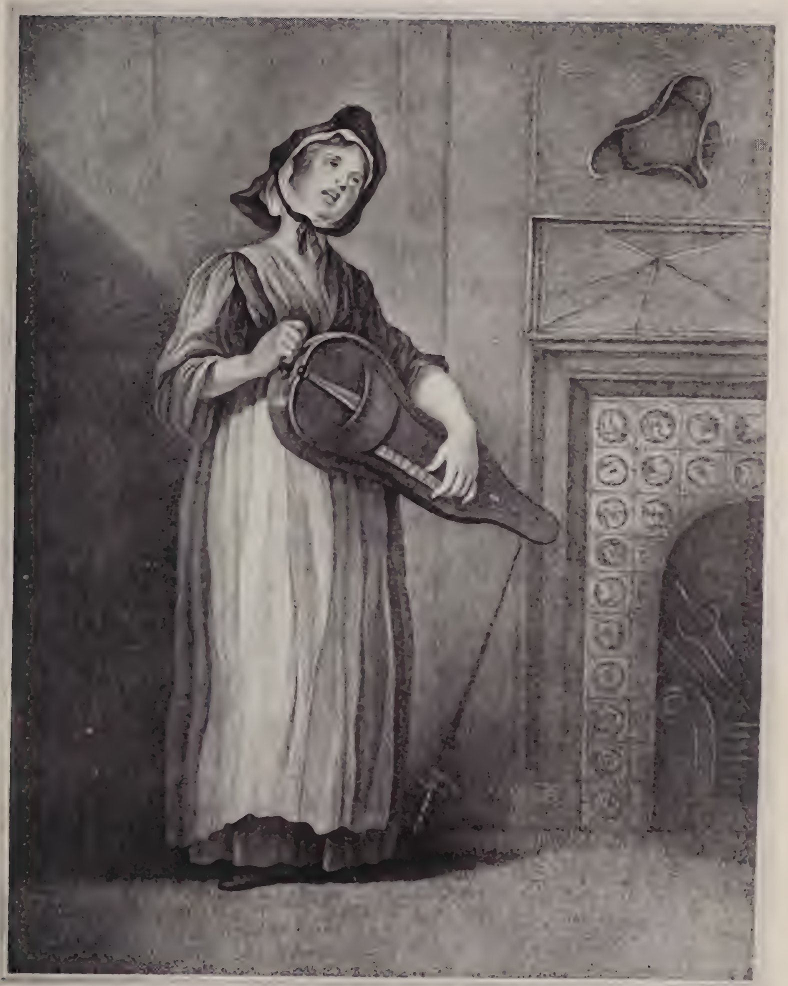
ARLINGTON STREET,
July 24, 1749.

You ask me about the principles of the Methodists: I have tried to learn them, and have read one of their books. The *visible* part seems to be nothing but stricter practice than that of our Church, clothed in the old exploded cant of mystical devotion.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 17, 1749.

[The Mirepoix] have brought a cousin of his, a Monsieur de Levi, who has a *tantino* of what I wanted to see. You know they pique themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family, where she is made to say to the founder of the house, " Couvrez vous, mon cousin." He replies, " Non pas, ma très sainte cousine, je sçai trop bien le respect que je vous dois."

[" There is said to be another equally absurd picture in the [Levi] family, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written ' Papiers de la maison de Levis.' "]



THE SAVOYARD GIRL.
From an engraving after Hogarth.

There is nothing like news: Kensington Palace had like to have made an article the other night; it was on fire: my Lady Yarmouth has an ague, and is forced to keep a constant fire in her room against the damps. When my Lady Suffolk lived in that apartment, the floor produced a constant crop of mushrooms. Though there are so many vacant chambers, the King hoards all he can, and has locked up half the palace since the Queen's death: so he does at St. James's, and I believe would put the rooms out to interest, if he could get a closet a year for them! . . .

You have been extremely misinformed about my father's writing his own history: I often pressed it, but he never once threw a thought that way. He neither loved reading nor writing; and at last, the only time he had leisure, was not well enough. He used to say, " that but few men should ever be Ministers, for it let them see too much of the badness of mankind."

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 17, 1749.

Gibberne says you will be frightened at a lamentable history that you will read of me in the newspapers; but pray don't be frightened: the danger, great as it was, was over before I had any notion of it; and the hurt did not deserve mentioning. The relation is so near the truth, that I need not repeat it; and, indeed, the frequent repetition has been much worse than the robbery. I have at last been relieved by the riots at the new French theatre, and by Lord Coke's lawsuit. The first has been opened twice; the latter to-day. The young men of fashion, who espouse the French players, have hitherto triumphed: the old ladies who countenance Lady Mary Coke, are likely to have their grey beards brought with sorrow to the grave.

[" One night in the beginning of November, 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head."—*Walpole's Short Notes.*]

Jan. 10, 1750.

Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix* . . . I think the best book that ever was written—at least I never learned half so much from all I ever read.

There is as much wit as useful knowledge. He is said to have hurt his reputation by it in France, which I can conceive, for it is almost the interest of everybody there that can understand it to decry it. . . .

Last week, Lord Crawford died too, as is supposed, by taking a large quantity of laudanum, under impatience at the badness of his circumstances, and at the seventeenth opening of the wound which he got in Hungary, in a battle with the Turks. . . . His servant, a French papist, saw him fall; watched, and carried him off into a ditch. Lord Crawford told him the Turks would certainly find them, and that, as he could not live himself, it was in vain for him to risk his life too, and insisted on the man making his escape. After a long contest, the servant retired, found a priest, confessed himself, came back, and told his lord that he was now prepared to die, and would never leave him. The enemy did not return, and both were saved.

. . . General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuffbox, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company. He did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him: there the man told him, that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. "At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed; here it is! Now, Sir, you may search me." Wade was so struck, that he gave the man a hundred pounds; and immediately the genius of generosity, whose province is almost a sinecure, was very glad of the opportunity of making him find his own snuff-box, or another very like it, in his own pocket again.

. . . I am going to build a little gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. If you can pick me up any fragments of old painted glass, arms, or anything, I shall be excessively obliged to you.

Jan. 31, 1750.

You will hear little news from England, but of robberies; the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road, or rather to the street: people are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle was robbed the other night in Great Russell Street, by nine men: the King gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says, "the manner was all"—and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present; especially considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth's friend. The monarch is never less generous than when he has a mind to be so: the only present he ever made my father was a large diamond, cracked quite through. Once or twice, in his younger and gallant days, he has brought out a handful of maimed topazes and amethysts, and given them to be raffled for by the Maids of Honour. . . .

The Westminster election is still hanging in scrutiny; the Duke of Bedford paid the election, which he owns to have cost seven thousand pounds; and Lord Gower pays the scrutiny, which will be at least as much.

. . . Among the robberies, I might have told you of the eldest Miss Pelham leaving a pair of diamond earrings, which she had borrowed for the birth-day, in a hackney chair; she had put them under the seat for fear of being attacked, and forgot them. The chairmen have sunk them.

Feb. 25, 1750.

You will be delighted with a *bon-mot* of a chair-maker, whom [the Prince of Wales] has discarded for voting for Lord Trentham; one of his black-caps was sent to tell this Vaughan that the Prince would employ him no more; " I am going to bid another person make his Royal Highness a chair."—" With all my heart," said the chair-maker; " I don't care what they make him, so they don't make him a throne." . . .

" We spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." This is a new fashionable proverb which I must construe to you. About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's assembly, Lord Hervey was leaning over a chair talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it—yes, spit in it!—and then with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, " Pay me my wager." In short, he had laid a guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any farther occasion for his hat ?—" Oh! I see you are angry! "—" Not very well pleased." Lord Cobham took the hat, and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the Spitter, (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'em,) to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. . . .

The Duchess of Richmond takes care that house shall not be extinguished: she again lies in, after having been with child seven-and-twenty times: but even this is not so extraordinary as the Duke's fondness for her, or as the vigour of her beauty: her complexion is as fair and blooming as when she was a bride. . . .

We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company: *we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone!—it chills one's blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it for the continent of America! . . .

I despise your *literati* enormously for their opinion of Montesquieu's book. Bid them read the glorious chapter on the subject I have been mentioning, the selling of African slaves. Where did he borrow that? In what book in the world is there half so much wit, sentiment, delicacy, humanity?

March 11, 1750.

I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and a great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. . . . The only visible effect it has had, was on the ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgement."

. . . The Middlesex election is carried against the Court: the Prince, in a green frock, (and I won't swear, but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat,) sat under the Park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford.

[Frederick, Prince of Wales, was on the worst of terms with his father, George II., whom he opposed in every possible way.]

April 2, 1750.

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgements*; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls for a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations: Secker, the jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock, who has much better sense, and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions. . . . I told you the women talked of going out of town: several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. . . .

I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and fifty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day;

> " On Monday next will be published (*price* 6*d.*) A true and exact List of all the Nobility and Gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another Earthquake."

Several women have made earthquake gowns; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose: she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them.

May 19, 1750.

I did not doubt but you would be diverted with the detail of absurdities that were committed after the earthquake: I could have filled more paper with such relations, if I had not feared tiring you. We have swarmed with sermons, essays, relations, poems, and exhortations on that subject. One Stukely, a parson, has accounted for it, and I think prettily, by electricity—but that is the fashionable cause, and everything is resolved into electrical appearance, as formerly everything was accounted for by Descartes's vortices, and Sir Isaac's gravitation. But they all take care, after accounting for the earthquake systematically, to assure you that still it was nothing less than a judgement. Dr. Barton, the Rector of St. Andrews, was the only sensible, or at least honest divine, upon the occasion. When some women would have had him pray to them in his parish church against the intended shock, he excused himself on having a great cold. "And besides," said he, "you may go to St. James's church; the Bishop of Oxford is to preach there all night about earthquakes." Turner, a great china-man, at the corner of the next street, had a jar cracked by the shock: he originally asked ten guineas for the pair: he now asks twenty, "because it is the only jar in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake." But I have quite done with this topic. The Princess of Wales is lowering the price of princes, as the earthquake has raised old china; she has produced a fifth boy. . . .

The famous Westminster election is at last determined, and Lord Trentham returned: the mob were outrageous, and pelted Colonel Waldegrave (whom they took for Mr. Leveson), from Covent Garden to the Park, and knocked down Mr. Offley, who was with him.

To George Montagu:

June 23, 1750.

Lord Granby's temper had been a little ruffled the night before: the Prince had invited him and Dick Lyttelton to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pounds of the latter, and eight of the former, then cut, and told them he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly, that they were capable of *losing more than they would like.*

To Horace Mann:

July 25, 1750.

I believe I told you that one of your sovereigns, and an intimate friend of yours, King Theodore, is in the King's Bench prison. . . . He lived in a privileged place; his creditors seized him by making him believe Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance; he bit at it, and concluded they were both to be reinstated at once. I have desired Hogarth to go and steal his picture for me; though I suppose one might easily buy a sitting of him.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 2, 1750.

I wish you could see the villas and seats here! the country wears a new face; everybody is improving their places, and as they don't fortify their plantations with entrenchments of walls and high hedges, one has the benefit of them even in passing by. The dispersed buildings, I mean, temples, bridges, &c., are generally Gothic or Chinese, and give a whimsical air of novelty that is very pleasing. You would like a drawing-room in the latter style that I fancied and have been executing at Mr. Rigby's in Essex; it has large and very fine Indian landscapes, with a black fret round them, and round the whole entablature of the room, and all the ground of hanging is of pink paper. . . .

I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about McLean, a fashionable highwayman, who is just taken, and who robbed me among others; as Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl, a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice's table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses everything, and is so little of a hero, that he cries and begs, and I believe, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish Dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. He himself was a grocer, but losing a wife that he loved extremely about two years ago, and by whom he has one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary, my other friend, whom he has impeached, but who is not taken. McLean had a lodging in St. James's Street, over against White's . . . There was a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. . . .

Since I began my letter, the King of Portugal's death is contradicted: for the future, I will be as circumspect as one of your Tuscan residents was, who being here in Oliver's time, wrote to his court, "Some say the Protector is dead; others that he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other."

Sept. 1, 1750.

I have had the old Vere pedigree lately in my hands, which derives that house from Lucius Verus; but I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope*; the ridicule is admirable. . . .

[As for Sir Thomas Bootle, Chancellor of the Prince of Wales,] to give you a sufficient instance of his absurdity, the first time he went with the Prince of Wales to Cliefden, he made a night-gown, cap, and slippers of gold brocade, in which he came down to breakfast the next morning. . . .

They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Sept. 20, 1750.

McLean is condemned, and will hang. I am honourably mentioned in a Grub-street ballad for not having contributed to his sentence. There are as many prints and pamphlets about him as about the earthquake. His profession grows no joke: I was sitting in my own dining-room on Sunday night, the clock had not struck eleven, when I heard a loud cry of " Stop thief! " a highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of this house: the fellow was pursued, rode over the watchman, almost killed him, and escaped.

Dec. 19, 1750.

Poor Lord Lempster . . . has lost twelve thousand pounds at hazard to an ensign of the Guards—but what will you think of the folly of a young Sir Ralph Gore, who took it into his head that he would not be waited on by drawers in brown frocks and blue aprons, and has literally given all the waiters at the King's Arms rich embroideries and laced clothes!

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Dec. 22, 1750.

Two days ago, at the Drawing-room, the gallant Orondates [George II.] strode up to Miss Chudleigh, and told her he was glad to have an opportunity of obeying her commands, that he appointed her mother housekeeper at Windsor, and hoped she would not think a kiss too great a reward—against all precedent he kissed her in the circle. He has had a hankering these two years. Her life, which is now of thirty years' standing, has been a little historic. Why should not experience and a charming face on her side, and near seventy years on his, produce a title ? . . .

A citizen had advertised a reward for the discovery of a person who had stolen sixty guineas out of his scrutoire. He received a message from a condemned criminal in Newgate, with the offer of revealing the thief. Being a cautious grave personage, he took two friends along with him. The convict told him that he was the robber; and when he doubted, the fellow began with these circumstances: "You came home such a night, and put the money into your bureau: I was under your bed: you undressed, and then went to the foot of the garret stairs, and cried, 'Mary, come to bed to me——'" "Hold, hold," said the citizen, "I am convinced." "Nay," said the fellow, "you shall hear all, for your intrigue saved your life. Mary replied, 'If any body wants me, they may come up to me:' you went: I robbed your bureau in the mean time, but should have cut your throat, if you had gone into your own bed instead of Mary's."

ARLINGTON STREET,
Feb. 9, 1751.

Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him anything: yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body.

March 13, 1751.

There have been two events, not political, equal to any absurdities or follies of former years. My Lady Vane has literally published the Memoirs of her own life, only suppressing part of her lovers, no part of the success of the others with her: a degree of profligacy not to be accounted for; she does not want money, none of her stallions will raise her credit; and the number, all she had to brag of, concealed! The other is a play that has been acted by people of some fashion at Drury Lane, hired on purpose. They really acted so well, that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. . . . The rage was so great to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose: the footman's gallery was strung with blue ribands. What a wise people! what an august Senate! yet my Lord Granville once told the Prince, I forget on occasion of what folly, "Sir, indeed your Royal Highness is in the wrong to act thus; the English are a grave nation."

March 21, 1751.

The Prince died last night between nine and ten. . . . He had had a pleurisy, and was recovered. Last Tuesday was se'nnight he went to attend the King's passing some bills in the House of Lords; from thence to Carlton House, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light unaired frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and lay down for three hours, upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton House, that opens into the garden. Lord Egmont told him how dangerous it was, but the Prince did not mind him. My father once said to this King, when he was ill and royally untractable, "Sir, do you know what your father died of? of thinking he could not die." In short, the Prince relapsed that night, has had three physicians ever since, and has never been supposed out of danger till yesterday. . . . The cough continued; the Prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, "Je sens la mort!" The page who held him up, felt him shiver, and cried out, "The Prince is going!" The Princess was at the feet of the bed; she catched up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head of the bed, he was dead.

Lord North was immediately sent to the King, who was looking over a table, where Princess Emily, the Duchess of Dorset, and Duke of Grafton were playing. He was extremely surprised, and said, "Why, they told me he was better!" He bid Lord North tell the Princess he would do everything she could desire; and has this morning sent her a very kind message in writing. He is extremely shocked—but no pity is too much for the Princess; she has eight children, and is seven months gone with another. She bears her affliction with great courage and sense. They asked her if the body was to be opened; she replied, what the King pleased.

[A London epitaph on the Prince of Wales was this:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead—
There's no more to be said."]

April 1, 1751.

The King and Princess are grown as fond as if they had never been of different parties, or rather as people who always had been of different. She discountenances all opposition, and he *all ambition.* Prince George, who, with his two eldest brothers, are to be lodged at St. James's, is speedily to be created Prince of Wales. . . .

The most extraordinary reflections on his [Frederick's] death were set forth in a sermon at Mayfair chapel. "He had no great parts, (pray mind, this was the parson said so, not I,) but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices: he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people: and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company."

April 22, 1751.

Prince George [the future George III.] is created Prince of Wales and his household is settled. . . .

The other learned Italian Countess [Lady Pomfret] is disposing of her fourth daughter, the fair Lady Juliana, to Penn, the wealthy sovereign of Pennsylvania; but the nuptials are adjourned till he recovers of a wound in his thigh, which he got by his pistol going off as he was overturned in his post-chaise.

To George Montagu:

May 30, 1751.

I was diverted with two relics of St. Charles the Martyr; one, the pearl you see in his pictures, taken out of his ear after his foolish head was off; the other, the cup out of which he took his last sacrament. They should be given to that nursery of nonsense and bigotry, Oxford.

To Horace Mann:

June 18, 1751.

The two Miss Gunnings, and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers [Newcastle and Pelham] and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two so handsome and both such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense: one article was a tart made of Duke cherries from a hot-house; and another, that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of champagne. The bill of fare is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. . . .

[Maria and Elizabeth Gunning were so poor that they borrowed clothes from Peggy Woffington, the actress, for their presentation at the Irish Court. Maria married the sixth Earl of Coventry in 1752 and died in 1760. Elizabeth married in 1752 the sixth Duke of Hamilton and in 1759 the fifth Duke of Argyll, after refusing the Duke of Bridgewater. She was the mother of two Dukes of Hamilton and two Dukes of Argyll. She died in 1790.]

We have already begun to sell the pictures that have not found place at Houghton: the sale gives no great encouragement to proceed (though I fear it must come to that!); the large pictures were thrown away; the whole-length Vandykes went for a song! I am mortified now at having printed the catalogue. Gideon the Jew, and Blakiston the independent grocer, have been the chief purchasers of the pictures sold already—there, if you love moralizing!

MISTLEY,
Aug. 31, 1751.

As you talk of our beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, have yet been *teterrima belli causa.* They went the other day to see Hampton Court; as they were going into the Beauty-room, another company arrived; the housekeeper said, "This way, ladies; here are the Beauties." The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; that they came to see the palace, not to be showed as a sight themselves.

[The Beauty-room contained Godfrey Kneller's portraits of the beautiful women of William III.'s reign.]

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Oct. 14, 1751.

We dispose of Corsica! Alas! I believe there is but one island that we shall ever have power to give away; and that is Great Britain—and I don't know but we may exert our power. . . .

[Walpole had borrowed fifty letters written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.]

Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villany of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line,

> Who starves a sister or denies a debt.

In one of her letters she says, "We all partake of father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel." . . . This is character, at least, if not very delicate; but in most of them, the wit and style are superior to any letters I ever read but Madame Sévigné's. It is very remarkable, how much better women write than men.

Arlington Street,
Nov. 22, 1751.

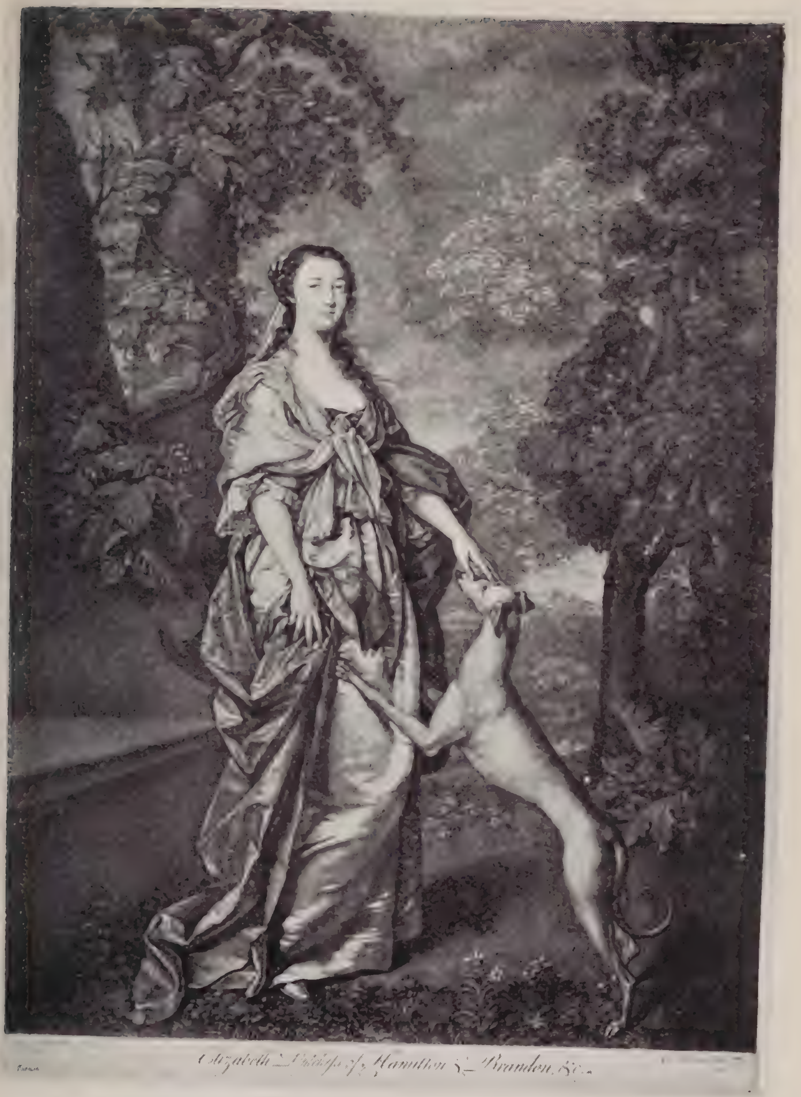
A certain King, that, whatever airs you may give yourself, you are not at all like, was last week at the play. The Intriguing Chambermaid in the farce says to the old gentleman, "You are villainously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years." The old gentleman in the stage-box turned about in a passion, and said, "This is d——d stuff!"

Dec. 12, 1751.

The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded that the most incredible discoveries will be made, and that, about the time, or a little after, I die, the secret will be found out of how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician.

Feb. 27, 1752.

The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young Lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant. and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the Masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring: the Duke swore he would send


Elizabeth Dutchess of Hamilton & Brandon, &c.

ELIZABETH GUNNING, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.
From a mezzotint by Faber after Gavin Hamilton.

for the Archbishop—at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.

Poor Lord Lempster has just killed an officer in a duel, about a play-debt, and I fear was in the wrong. There is no end of his misfortunes and wrong-headedness!

STRAWBERRY HILL,
March 23, 1752.

The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than these two beauties.

There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of, a Miss Jefferies and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances; the first, having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring, and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.

May 13, 1752.

The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flock to see the Duchess Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see her get into her post-chaise next morning.

I saw lately at Mr. Barret's a print of Vallombrosa, which I should be glad to have, if you please; though I don't think it gives much idea of the beauty of the place: but you know what a passion there is for it in England, as Milton has mentioned it.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 23, 1752.

The Speaker told me t'other day, that he had received a letter from Lord Hyde, which confirms what Mr. Churchill writes me, the distress and poverty of France and the greatness of their divisions. Yet the King's expenses are incredible; Madame de Pompadour is continually busied in finding out new journeys and diversions, to keep him from falling into the hands of the clergy. The last party of pleasure she made for him, was a stag-hunting; the stag was a man in a skin and horns, worried by twelve men dressed like bloodhounds! I have read of Basilowitz, a Czar of Muscovy, who improved on such a hunt, and had a man in a bearskin worried by real dogs; a more kingly entertainment! . . .

I must conclude, as my Lady Gower did very well t'other day in a letter into the country, *Since the two Misses* [Blandy and Jefferies] *were hanged, and the two Misses* [the Gunnings] *were married, there is nothing at all talked of.*

To Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
June 27, 1752.

Our beauties are travelling Paris-ward: Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Coventry are just gone thither. It will scarce be possible for the latter to make as much noise there as she and her sister have in England. It is literally true that a shoemaker at Worcester got two guineas and a half by showing a shoe that he was making for the Countess, at a penny a-piece. I can't say her genius is equal to her beauty: she every day says some new *sproposito.* She has taken a turn of vast fondness for her lord: Lord Downe met them at Calais, and offered her a tent-bed, for fear of bugs in the inns. "Oh!" said she, "I had rather be bit to death, than lie one night from my dear Cov.!"

To Richard Bentley:

BATTELL,
Aug. 5, 1752.

From Sevenoaks we went to Knowle. The park is sweet, with much old beech, and an immense sycamore before the great gate, that makes me more in love than ever with sycamores. The house is not near so extensive as I expected: the outward court has a beautiful decent simplicity that charms one. The apartments are many, but not large. The furniture throughout, ancient magnificence; loads of portraits, not good nor curious; ebony cabinets, embossed silver in vases, dishes, &c., embroidered beds, stiff chairs, and sweet bags lying on velvet tables, richly worked in silk and gold. There are two galleries, one very small; an old hall, and a spacious great drawing-room. There is never a good staircase. The first little room you enter has sundry portraits of the times; but they seem to have been bespoke by the yard, and drawn all by the same painter: one should be happy if they were authentic; for among them there is Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Gardiner of Winchester, the Earl of Surrey the poet, when a boy, and a Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; but I don't know which. The only fine picture is of Lord Goring and Endymion Porter by Vandyke. There is a good head of the Queen of Bohemia, a whole-length of Duc d'Espernon, and another good head of the Clifford, Countess of Dorset, who wrote that admirable haughty letter to Secretary Williamson, when he recommended a person to her for member for Appleby: " I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand. Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery." . . .

Now begins our chapter of woes. The inn was full of farmers and tobacco; and the next morning, when we were bound for Penshurst, the only man in the town who had two horses would not let us have them, because the roads, as he said, were so bad. We were forced to send to the Wells for others, which did not arrive till half the day was spent—we all the while up to the head and ears in a market of sheep and oxen. . . .

Here our woes increase. The roads grew bad beyond all badness, the night dark beyond all darkness, our guide frightened beyond all frightfulness. However, without being at all killed, we got up, or down,—I forgot which, it was so dark,—a famous precipice called Silver Hill, and about ten at night arrived at a wretched village called Rotherbridge. We had still six miles hither, but determined to stop, as it would be a pity to break our necks before we had seen all we intended. But, alas! there was only one bed to be had: all the rest were inhabited by smugglers, whom the people of the house called mountebanks; and with one of whom the lady of the den told Mr. Chute he might lie. We did not at all take to this society, but, armed with links and lanthorns, set out again upon this impracticable journey. At two o'clock in the morning we got hither to a still worse inn, and that crammed with excise officers, one of whom had just shot a smuggler.

TUNBRIDGE,
[*Aug.* 7, 1752.]

This morning we have been to Penshurst—but, oh! how fallen! . . . The apartments are the grandest I have seen in any of these old palaces, but furnished in a tawdry modern taste. There are loads of portraits; but most of them seem christened by chance, like children at a foundling hospital. . . . But the measure of our woes was not full, we could not find our way, and were forced to return; and again lost ourselves in coming from Penshurst, having been directed to what they call a better road than the execrable one we had gone.

Since dinner we have been to Lord Westmorland's at Mereworth, which is so perfect in a Palladian taste, that I must own it has recovered me a little from Gothic. . . . The gallery is eighty-two feet long, hung with green velvet and pictures, among which is a fine Rembrandt and a pretty La Hire. The ceilings are painted, and there is a fine bed of silk and gold tapestry. . . . The hospitality of the house was truly Gothic; for they made our postilion drunk, and he overturned us close to a water, and the bank did but just save us from being in the middle of it. Pray, whenever you travel in Kentish roads, take care of keeping your driver sober.

ROCHESTER,
[*Aug.* 9, 1752.]

We have finished our progress sadly! Yesterday, after twenty mishaps, we got to Sissinghurst to dinner. There is a park in ruins, and a house in ten times greater ruins. . . . From thence we went to Bocton-Malherbe, where are remains of a house of the Wottons, and their tombs in the church; but the roads were so exceedingly bad that it was dark before we got thither, and still darker before we got to Maidstone.

To Horace Mann :

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Oct. 28, 1752.

Our Beauties [the Countess of Coventry and Lady Caroline Petersham] are returned, and have done no execution. The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham ever had been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now. Indeed all the travelled English allow that there is a Madame de Brionne handsomer, and a finer figure. Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages; for besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty; her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to show how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my Lord replied, " Vous avez fort bien fait." He is jealous, prude, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England. They were pressed to stay for the great *fête* at St. Cloud; he excused himself, " because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester; " and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, " because it was her dancing-master's hour." I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Maréchale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my lord made her write for it again next morning, " because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach," and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to everybody she meets, " How odd it is that my lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling! " Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the Duchess at their own house walk into dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of Earl—would not one wonder how they could get anybody either above or below that rank to dine with them at all ? I don't know whether you will not think all these very trifling histories; but for myself, I love anything that marks a character strongly.

I told you how the younger Crébillon had served me, and how angry I am; yet I must tell you a very good reply of his. His father one day in a passion with him, said, " Il y a deux choses que je voudrois n'avoir jamais fait, mon *Catilina* et vous!" He answered, "Consolez-vous, mon père, car on prétend que vous n'avez fait ni l'un ni l'autre!" . . . The Duke of Richelieu's son . . . (he is a boy of ten years old), was reproached for not minding his Latin: he replied, "Eh! mon père n'a jamais sçû le Latin, et il a eu les plus jolies femmes de France!" My sister was exceedingly shocked with their indecorums: the night she arrived at Paris, asking for the Lord knows what utensil, the footman of the house came and showed it her himself, and everything that is related to it. Then, the footman who brought messages to her, came into her bedchamber in person; for they don't deliver them to your servants, in the English way. She amused me with twenty other new fashions, which I should be ashamed to set down, if a letter was at all upon a higher or wiser foot than a newspaper. Such is their having a knotting-bag made of the same stuff with every gown; their footmen carrying their lady's own goblet wherever they dine; the King carrying his own bread in his pocket to dinner; the etiquette of the Queen and the Mesdames not speaking to one another cross him at table, and twenty other such nothings; but I find myself gossiping and will have done, with only two little anecdotes that pleased me. Madame Pompadour's husband has not been permitted to keep an opera-girl, because it would too frequently occasion the reflection of his not having his wife—is not that delightful decorum? and in that country! The other was a most sensible trait of the King. The Count Charolois shot a President's dogs, who lives near him: the President immediately posted to Versailles to complain: the King promised him justice; and then sent to the Count to desire he would give him two good dogs. The Prince picked out his two best: the King sent them to the President, with this motto on their collars, *J'appartiens au Roi*! "There," said the King, "I believe he won't shoot them now!"

Dec. 11, 1752, N.S.

Keene, Bishop of Chester, and brother of your brother minister, has been talked of. He is a man that will not prejudice his fortune by any ill-placed scruples. My father gave him a living of seven hundred pounds a year to marry one of his natural daughters: he took the living; and my father dying soon after, he dispensed with himself from taking the wife, but was so generous as to give her very near one year's income of the living. He then was the Duke of Newcastle's tool at Cambridge, which university he has half turned Jacobite, by cramming down new ordinances to carry measures of that Duke; and being rewarded with the bishopric, he was at dinner at the Bishop of Lincoln's when he received the nomination. He immediately rose from the table, took his host into another room, and begged he would propose him to a certain great fortune, to whom he had never spoke, but for whom he now thought himself a proper match.

To George Montagu:

White's [Club],
Dec. 14, 1752, N.S.

It would be odd to conclude a letter from White's without a *bon mot* of George Selwyn's; he came in here t'other night, and saw James Jeffries playing at piquet with Sir Everard Falkener, "Oh!" says he, "now he is robbing the mail."

[Falkener was joint Postmaster-General.]

To Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
Feb. 14, 1753.

In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age: it is more fashionable to go to church than to either House of Parliament. Even the æra of the Gunnings is over: both sisters have lain in, and have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned, that in Ireland the beggarwomen bless you with, "The luck of the Gunnings attend you!" . . .

I give you my word, the first new book that takes, the first murder, the first revolution, you shall have, with all the circumstances. In the meantime, do be assured that there never was so dull a place as London, or so insipid an inhabitant of it as

Yours, &c.

Strawberry Hill,
March 4, 1753.

Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase, which is so pretty and so small, that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter. As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air, and say, that as Chiswick is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry Hill is to be so of Gothic. . . .

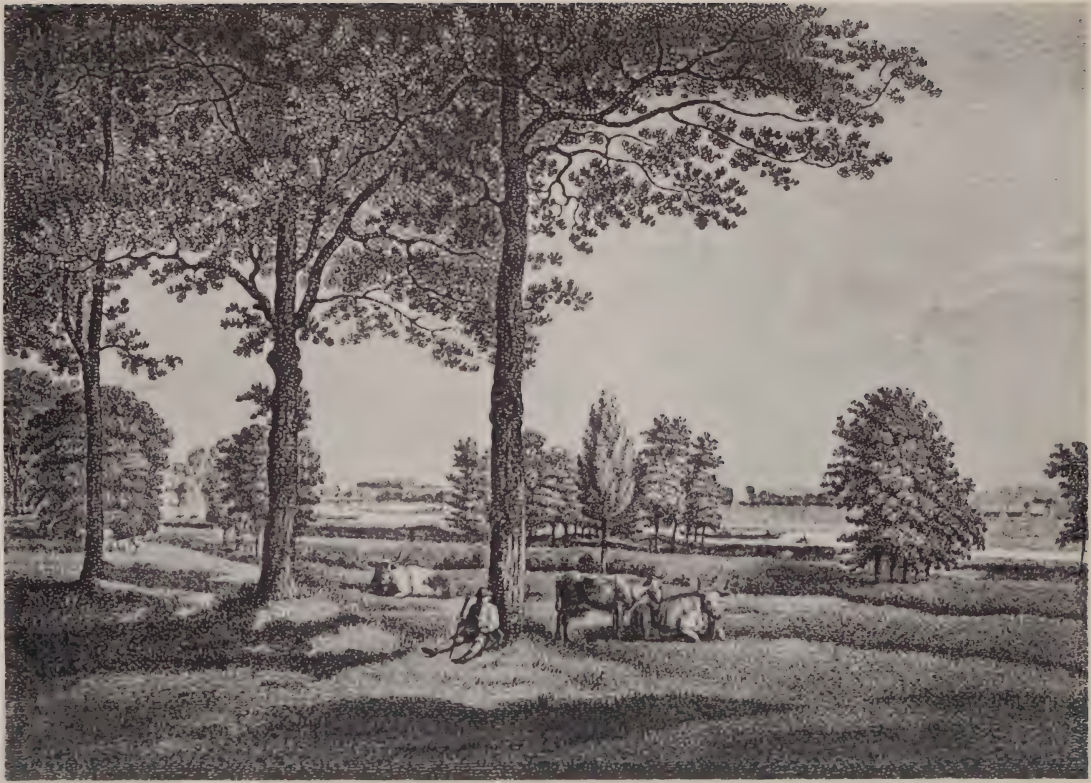
Liotard, the painter, is arrived. . . . Liotard is a Génévois; but from having lived at Constantinople, he wears a Turkish habit, and a beard down to his girdle : this, and his extravagant prices, which he has raised even beyond what he asked at Paris, will probably get him as much money as he covets, for he is avaricious beyond imagination. His crayons and his water-colours are very fine; his enamel, hard: in general, he is too Dutch, and admires nothing but excess of finishing.

April 27, 1753.

In town there are so many idle people besides oneself, that one has not a minute's time: here I have whole evenings, after the labours of the day are ceased. Labours they are, I assure you; I have carpenters to direct, plasterers to hurry, paper-men to scold, and glaziers to help: this last is my greatest pleasure: I have amassed such quantities of painted glass, that every window in my castle will be illuminated with it: the adjusting and disposing it is vast amusement. I thank you a thousand times for thinking of procuring me some Gothic remains from Rome; but I believe there is no such thing there; I scarce remember any morsel in the true taste of it in Italy. Indeed, my dear Sir, kind as you are about it, I perceive you have no idea what Gothic is; you have lived too long amidst true taste, to understand venerable barbarism. You say, " You suppose my garden is to be Gothic too." That can't be; Gothic is merely architecture; and as one has a satisfaction in imprinting the gloomth of abbeys and cathedrals on one's house, so one's garden, on the contrary, is to be nothing but *riant*, and the gaiety of nature. I am greatly impatient for my altar, and so far from mistrusting its goodness, I only fear it will be too good to expose to the weather, as I intend it must be, in a recess in the garden. I was going to tell you that my house is so monastic, that I have a little hall decked with long saints in lean arched windows and with taper columns which we call the Paraclete, in memory of Eloisa's cloister. . . .

Nobody troubles their head about anything but Newmarket, where the Duke [of Cumberland] is at present making a campaign, with half the nobility and half the money of England attending him: they really say, that not less than a hundred thousand pounds have been carried thither for the hazard of this single week. The palace has been furnished for him from the great wardrobe, though the *chief person concerned* flatters himself that his son is at the expense of his own amusement there. . . .

Your brother has sent you some weekly papers that are much in fashion, called, *The World*; three or four of them are by a friend of



VIEW FROM THE TERRACE AT STRAWBERRY HILL.
From "A Description of the Villa of Mr. Horace Walpole," 1784.

yours; one particularly I wrote to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His Majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name—take notice too, that he had accepted the money! . . .

Since I came to town, I hear that my Lord Granville has cut another colt's tooth—in short, they say he is going to be married again; it is to Lady Juliana Collier, a very pretty girl, daughter of Lord Portmore; there are not above two or three-and-forty years difference in their ages, and not above three bottles difference in their drinking in a day, so it is a very suitable match!

To The Hon. H. S. Conway:

May 5, 1753.

His Royal Highness has won as many hearts at Newmarket as he lost in Scotland; he played deep and handsomely; received everybody at his table with the greatest good humour, and permitted the familiarities of the place with ease and sense.

There have been balls at the Duchess of Norfolk's, at Holland House, and Lord Granville's, and a subscription masquerade: the dresses were not very fine, not much invention, nor any very absurd.

May 24, 1753.

Miss Chudleigh says, there is some sense in belonging to a king who turns off an old mistress when he has got a new one.

To Horace Mann:

June 12, 1753.

The enclosed enchanted little landscape, then, is Strawberry Hill. . . . The opposite shore is a most delicious meadow, bounded by Richmond Hill, which loses itself in the noble woods of the park to the end of the prospect on the right, where is another turn of the river, and the suburbs of Kingston as luckily placed as Twickenham is on the left: and a natural terrace on the brow of my hill, with meadows of my own down to the river, commands both extremities. Is not this a tolerable prospect? You must figure that all this is perpetually enlivened by a navigation of boats and barges, and by a road below my terrace, with coaches, post-chaises, waggons, and horsemen constantly in motion, and the fields speckled with cows, horses, and sheep. Now you shall walk into the house. The bow-window below leads into a little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, &c., but when I gave them this air of barbarous bas-reliefs, they succeeded to a miracle: it is impossible at first sight not to conclude that they contain the history of Attila or Tottila, done about the very æra. From hence, under two gloomy arches, you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork: the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros's hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears—all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart in the holy wars. [Sir Terry Robsart, K.G., was an ancestor of Walpole.] . . . The room on the ground-floor nearest to you is a bedchamber, hung with yellow paper and prints, framed in a new manner, invented by Lord Cardigan; that is, with black and white borders printed. Over this is Mr. Chute's bedchamber, hung with red in the same manner. The bow-window room one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows; the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each glutted with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass. . . . Out of the closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons, and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow-window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep blue glass. Under this room is a cool little hall, where we generally dine, hung with paper to imitate Dutch tiles.

I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the rooms are. The only two good chambers I shall have are not yet built: they will be an eating-room and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post. The Chinese summer-house, which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor. We pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity, and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses. . . .

The match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded: his rampant flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others. . . .

Dr. Cameron is executed, and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife the night before was heroic and tender: he let her stay till the last moment, when being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, "Madam, this was not what you promised me," and embracing her, forced her to retire: then with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn: he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, or at the fire to burn his bowels. The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution; but what will you say to the minister or priest who accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where, not content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled!

To George Montagu:

July 17, 1753.

Tom Hervey, who always obliges the town with a quarrel in a dead season, has published a delightful letter to Sir William Bunbury, full of madness and wit. He had given the Doctor a precedent for a clergyman's fighting a duel, and I furnished him with another story of the same kind, that diverted him extremely. A Dr. Suckling, who married a niece of my father, quarrelled with a country squire, who said, "Doctor, your gown is your protection."—"Is it so?" replied the parson: "but, by God! it shall not be yours;" pulled it off, and thrashed him—I was going to say *damnably*, at least, *divinely*. Do but think, my Lord Coke and Tom Hervey are both bound to the peace, and are always going to fight together: how comfortable for their sureties!

To Horace Mann:

July 21, 1753.

Lord Pomfret is dead. . . . The new Earl has about two thousand four hundred pounds a-year in present, but deep debts and post-obits. He has not put on mourning, but robes; that is, in the middle of this very hot summer, he has produced himself in a suit of crimson velvet, that he may be sure of not being mistaken for being in weepers.

To Richard Bentley:

Arlington Street,
Sept. 1753.

I have made my visit at Hagley, as I intended. On my way I dined at Park-place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to see anything; but as soon as it was dark, I ventured out, and the moon rose as I was wandering among the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic scene, which was not lessened by the monkish appearance of the old fellows stealing to their pleasures. . . .

You will be diverted with my distresses at Worcester. I set out boldly to walk down the high-street to the cathedral: I found it much more peopled than I intended, and, when I was quite embarked, discovered myself up to the ears in a contested election. A new candidate had arrived the night before, and turned all their heads. Nothing comforted me, but that the opposition is to Mr. Trevis; and I purchased my passage very willingly with crying, "No Trevis! No Jews!" However, the inn where I lay was Jerusalem itself, the very head-quarters where Trevis the Pharisee was expected; and I had scarce got into my room, before the victorious mob of his enemy, who had routed his advanced guard, broke open the gates of our inn, and almost murdered the ostler—and then carried him off to prison for being murdered. . . .

[At Gloucester cathedral] is a *modernity*, which beats all antiquities for curiosity: just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask, with curtains of the same; a small corner cupboard, painted, carved, and gilt, for books in one corner, and two troughs of a bird-cage, with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to enclose herself in this tabernacle, or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary, I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton, who, having lost a favourite daughter, is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin-redbreast; for which reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester. The chapter indulge this whim, as she contributes abundantly to glaze, whitewash, and ornament the church. . . .

All I will tell you more of Oxford is, that Fashion has so far prevailed over her collegiate sister, Custom, that they have altered the hour of dinner from twelve to one. Does not it put one in mind of reformations in religion? . . . I think it is at the South Sea House, where they have been forced to alter the hours of payment, instead of from ten to twelve, to from twelve to two; so much do even monied citizens sail with the current of idleness!

Was not I talking of religious sects? Methodism is quite decayed in Oxford, its cradle. In its stead, there prevails a delightful fantastic system, called the sect of the Hutchinsonians, of whom one seldom hears any thing in town.

Dec. 19, 1753.

There are two more volumes come out of *Sir Charles Grandison*. I shall detain them till the last is published, and not think I postpone much of your pleasure. For my part, I stopped at the fourth; I was so tired of sets of people getting together, and saying, "Pray, Miss, with whom are you in love?" and of mighty good young men that convert your Mr. M——'s in the twinkling of a sermon! You have not been much more diverted, I fear, with Hogarth's book—'tis very silly!

[Hogarth's book was *The Analysis of Beauty.*]

To Horace Mann:

Jan. 28, 1754.

We abound in diversions, which flourish exceedingly on the demise of politics. There are no less than five operas every week, three of which are burlettas; a very bad company, except the Niccolina, who beats all the actors and actresses I ever saw for vivacity and variety.

We had a good set four years ago, which did not take at all; but these being at the playhouse, and at play prices, the people, instead of resenting it, as was expected, are transported with them, call them their own operas, and I will not swear that they do not take them for English operas. They huzzaed the King twice the other night, for bespeaking one on the night of the Haymarket opera.

To Miss Anna Pitt:

Feb. 10, 1754.

The House of Commons is become a mere quarter sessions, where nothing is transacted but turnpikes and poor rates. . . . All the spirit or wit or poetry on which we subsist comes from Dublin.

To Richard Bentley:

March 2, 1754.

T'other night they danced minuets for the entertainment of the King at the masquerade; and then he sent for Lady Coventry to dance: it was quite like Herodias—and I believe if he had offered her a boon, she would have chosen the head of *St. John.*—I believe I told you of her passion for the young Lord Bolingbroke.

March 6, 1754.

There are two more new plays: *Constantine*, the better of them, expired the fourth night at Covent-garden. *Virginia*, by Garrick's acting and popularity, flourishes still: he has written a remarkably good epilogue to it.

March 17, 1754.

On Friday this august remnant of the Pelhams [the Duke of Newcastle] went to court for the first time [since the death of Mr. Pelham, his brother]. At the foot of the stairs he cried and sunk down: the yeomen of the guard were forced to drag him up under the arms. When the closet-door opened, he flung himself at his length at the King's feet, sobbed, and cried, "God bless your Majesty! God preserve your Majesty!" and lay there howling and embracing the King's knees, with one foot so extended, that my Lord Coventry, who was *luckily* in waiting, and begged the standers-by to retire, with—"For God's sake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in distress," endeavouring to shut the door, caught his grace's foot, and made him roar out with pain.

March 18, [1754].

Almost as extraordinary news as our political, is, that it has snowed ten days successively, and most part of each day. It is living in Muscovy, amid ice and revolutions; I hope lodgings will begin to let a little dear in Siberia!

To John Chute:

April 30, 1754.

The only event since you left London was the tragi-comedy that was acted last Saturday at the Opera. One of the dramatic guards fell flat on his face and motionless in an apoplectic fit. The Princess [of Wales] and her children were there. Miss Chudleigh, who *apparemment* had never seen a man fall on his face before, went into the most theatric fit of kicking and shrieking that ever was seen. Several other women, who were preparing their fits, were so distanced that she had the whole house to herself; and indeed such a confusion for half an hour I never saw!

May 14, 1754.

T'other night, a description was given me of the most extraordinary declaration of love that ever was made. Have you seen young Poniatowski? He is very handsome. You *have* seen the figure of the Duchess of Gordon, who looks like a raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water. One day at the drawing-room, having never spoken to him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite Poniatowski to dinner with her for the next day. He bowed and went. The moment the door opened, her two little sons, attired like Cupids, with bows and arrows, shot at him; and one of them literally hit his hair, and was very near putting his eye out, and hindering his casting it to the couch,

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

The only company besides this Highland goddess were two Scotchmen, who could not speak a word of any language but their own Erse; and, to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table; a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profusion of kindness by his great-grandmother being a Gordon; but I believe it is to be accounted for by . . .

[Young Poniatowski was the brother of Stanislaus, who became, ten years later, King of Poland. When Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, became tired of him as a lover, she gave him the throne of Poland as a consolation-prize.]

May 21, 1754.

When the rich citizens, who get out of their coaches *backwards*, used to dine with my father, my mother called them *rump days.*

To Horace Mann :

STRAWBERRY HILL,
July 5, 1754.

The French are encroaching extremely upon us in all the distant parts of the world, especially in Virginia, from whence their attempts occasion great uneasiness here.

To Richard Bentley :

July 9, 1754.

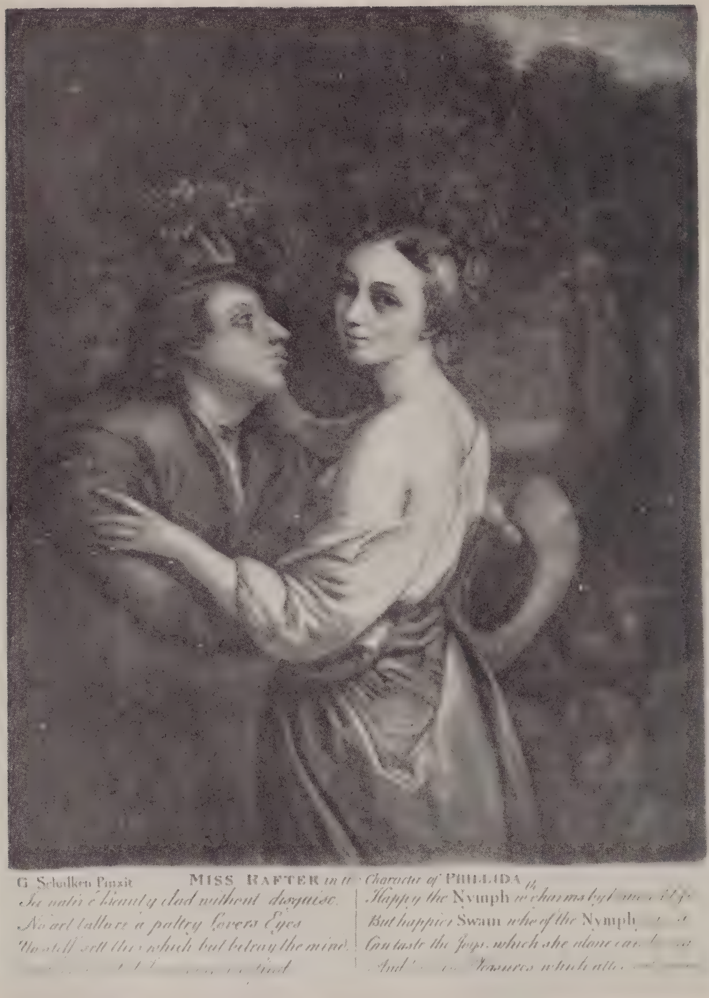
The monument for my mother is at last erected: it puts me in mind of the manner of interring the Kings of France: when the reigning one dies, the last before him is buried. Will you believe that I have not yet seen the tomb ? None of my acquaintance were in town, and I literally had not courage to venture alone among the Westminster boys at the Abbey: they are as formidable to me as the ship-carpenters at Portsmouth. . . .

I was reading t'other day the Life of Colonel Codrington, who founded the library at All Souls: he left a large estate for the propagation of the Gospel, and ordered that three hundred negroes should constantly be employed upon it. Did one ever hear a more truly Christian charity, than keeping up a perpetuity of three hundred slaves to look after the Gospel's estate ? How could one intend a religious legacy, and miss the disposition of that estate for delivering three hundred negroes from the most shocking slavery imaginable ?

To Horace Mann :

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 6, 1754.

At present we begin to think that the world may be roused again, and that an East Indian war and a West Indian war may beget such a


G Schalken Pinxit
MISS RAFTER in the Character of PHILLIDA
In native beauty clad without disguise.
No art to allure a paltry Lovers Eyes
Happy the Nymph
But happier Swain who of the Nymph
Can taste the Joys, which she alone can
And Pleasures which atte

KITTY CLIVE (BORN RAFTOR) AS PHILLIDA IN CIBBER'S *DAMON AND PHILLIDA*

From a mezzotint after Schalken.

thing as an European war. In short, the French have taken such cavalier liberties with some of our forts, that are of great consequence to cover Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia, that we are actually despatching two regiments thither.

. . . The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, a Major Washington, whom they took, and engaged not to serve for a year. In his letter, he said, "Believe me, as the cannon-balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound." When your relation, General Guise, was marching up to Carthagena, and the pelicans whistled round him, he said, "What would Chloe give for some of these to make a pelican pie ?"

To Richard Bentley :

Strawberry Hill,
Nov. 3, 1754.

My chief employ in this part of the world, except surveying my library, which has scarce anything but the painting to finish, is planting at Mrs. Clive's, whither I remove all my superabundances. I have lately planted the green lane, that leads from her garden to the common: "Well," said she, "when it is done, what shall we call it ?"—"Why," said I, "what would you call it but Drury Lane ?" . . . I never come up the stairs without reflecting how different it is from its primitive state, when my Lady Townshend all the way she came up the stairs, cried out, "Lord God! Jesus; what a house! It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the feet of the bed!" I can't say that to-day it puts me much in mind of another speech of my lady's, "That it would be a very pleasant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it and make it so hot!" The sun and Mrs. Clive seem gone for the winter.

The West Indian war has thrown me into a new study: I read nothing but American voyages, and histories of plantations and settlements.

Arlington Street,
Nov. 11, 1754.

Lady Betty Waldegrave was robbed t'other night in Hyde Park, under the very noses of the lamps and the patrol.

Nov. 20, 1754.

We have operas, burlettas, cargoes of Italian dancers, and none good but the Mingotti, a very fine figure and actress. I don't know a single *bon-mot* that is new; George Selwyn has not waked yet for the winter. You will believe that, when I tell you, that t'other night having lost eight hundred pounds at hazard, he fell asleep upon the table with near half as much more before him, and slept for three hours, with everybody stamping the box close at his ear.

To Horace Mann:

Dec. 1, 1754.

You will expect that I should mention the progress of the West Indian war; but the Parliamentary campaign opening so warmly, has quite put the Ohio upon an obsolete foot. All I know is, that the Virginians have disbanded all their troops and say they will trust to England for their defence.

To Richard Bentley:

Dec. 13, 1754.

You will not be undiverted to hear that the mob of Sudbury have literally sent a *card* to the mob of Bury, to offer their assistance at a contested election there.

Strawberry Hill,
Dec. 24, 1754.

When Lord Bath was told of the first determination of turning out Pitt, and letting Fox remain, he said it put him in mind of a story of the Gunpowder Plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vaults under the Parliament House, and, returning with his report, said he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm. Was ever anything so well and so just?

Arlington Street,
Jan. 9, 1755.

[Lord Montford killed himself.] He played at whisk till one in the morning; it was New Year's morning: Lord Robert Bertie drank to him a happy New Year; he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes! In the morning he had a lawyer and three witnesses, and executed his will, which he made them read twice over, paragraph by paragraph;

and then asking the lawyer if that will would stand good, though a man were to shoot himself? and being assured it would; he said, "Pray stay while I step into next room;"—went into next room and shot himself. He clapped the pistol so close to his head, that they heard no report. The housekeeper heard him fall, and, thinking he had a fit, ran up with drops, and found his skull and brains shot about the room! . . . He was asked, soon after his daughter's marriage, if she was with child: he replied, "Upon my word I don't know; I have no bet upon it." . . .

On the occasion of Montford's story, I heard another more extraordinary. If a man insures his life, this killing himself vacates the bargain. This (as in England almost everything begets a contradiction) has produced an office for insuring in spite of self-murder; but not beyond three hundred pounds. I suppose voluntary deaths were not then the *bon-ton* of people in higher life. A man went and insured his life, securing this privilege of a *free-dying* Englishman. He carried the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner he said to the life-and-death brokers, "Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company: these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying, but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant!" He pulled out a pistol and shot himself. Did you ever hear of such a mixture of honesty and knavery? . . .

You love new nostrums and inventions: there is discovered a method of inoculating the cattle for the distemper—it succeeds so well that they are not even marked. How we advance rapidly in discoveries, and in applying everything to everything!

To Horace Mann:

Jan. 9, 1755.

You will have heard long before you receive this, of Lord Albemarle's sudden death at Paris: everybody is so sorry for him!—without being so: yet as sorry as he would have been for anybody, or as he deserved. . . . Lord Bury was at Windsor with the Duke when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. "Lord! child," said my Lady Albemarle, "what brings you to town so early?" He said he had been sent for. Says she, "You are not well!" "Yes," replied Lord Bury, "I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard." "Let me feel your pulse," said Lady Albemarle: "Oh!" continued she, "your father is dead!" "Lord! Madam," said Lord Bury, "how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William" (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health). "No," said my Lady Albemarle, "I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!" and immediately swooned.

To Richard Bentley:

Feb. 8, 1755.

In few words, there were all the beauties, and all the diamonds, and not a few of the uglies of London. The Duke [of Cumberland], like Osman the Third, seemed in the centre of his new seraglio, and I believe my Lady and I thought that my Lord Anson was the chief eunuch. My Lady Coventry was dressed in a great style, and looked better than ever. Lady Betty Spencer, like Rubens's wife (not the common one with the hat), had all the bloom and bashfulness and wildness of youth, with all the countenance of all the former Marlboroughs. Lord Delawar was an excellent mask, from a picture at Kensington of Queen Elizabeth's porter. Lady Caroline Petersham, powdered with diamonds and crescents for a Turkish slave, was still extremely handsome. The hazard was excessively deep, to the astonishment of some Frenchmen of quality who are here, and who I believe, from what they saw that night, will not write to their court to dissuade their armaments, on its not being worth their while to attack so beggarly a nation.

Feb. 23, 1755.

The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has *flirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds. The citizens put on their double-channelled pumps and trudge to St. James's Street, in expectation of seeing judgments executed on White's— angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes like the prints in Sadeler's Hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission.

Garrick has produced a detestable English opera, which is crowded by all true lovers of their country. To mark the opposition to Italian operas, it is sung by some cast singers, two Italians and a French girl, and the chapel boys; and to regale us with sense, it is Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is forty times more nonsensical than the worse translation of any Italian opera-books.—But such sense and such harmony are irresistible!

I am at present confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the snow, two days ago. About five in the morning Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, " Pray, your honour, don't be frightened! "—" No, Harry, I am not: but what is it that I am not to be frightened at ? "—" There is a great fire here in St. James's Street."—I rose, and indeed thought all St. James's Street was on fire, but it proved in Bury Street. However, you know I can't resist going to a fire; for it is certainly the only horrid sight that is fine. I slipped on my slippers, and an embroidered suit that hung on the chair, and ran to Bury Street, and stepped into a pipe that was broken up for water.—It would have made a picture—the horror of the flames, the snow, the day breaking with difficulty through so foul a night, and my figure, party per *pale*, mud and gold. It put me in mind of Lady Margaret Herbert's providence, who asked somebody for a *pretty* pattern for a nightcap. " Lord! " said they, " what signifies the pattern of a nightcap ? "—" Oh! child," said she, " but you know, in case of fire." There were two houses burnt, and a poor maid; an officer jumped out of window, and is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the same way in their shifts. There have been two more great fires. Alderman Belchier's house at Epsom, that belonged to the Prince [of Wales], is burnt, and Beckford's fine house [Fonthill] in the country, with pictures and furniture to a great value. He says, " Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer: I will build it up again: it won't be above a thousand pounds a-piece difference to my thirty children."

March 6, 1755.

Yet by my busy, hurried, amused, irregular way of life, you would not imagine that I had much time to care for my friends. You know how late I used to rise: it is worse and worse: I stay late at debates and committees; for, with all our tranquillity and my indifference, I think I am never out of the House of Commons: from thence, it is the fashion of the winter to go to vast assemblies, which are followed by vast suppers, and those by balls. Last week I was from two at noon till ten at night at the House: I came home, dined, new-dressed myself entirely, went to a ball at Lord Holdernesse's, and stayed till five in the morning. What an abominable young creature! But why may not I be so?

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 10, 1755.

Elections, very warm in their progress, very insignificant in their consequence, very tedious in their attendance, employ the Parliament solely. The King wants to go abroad, and consequently to have the Houses prorogued: the Oxfordshire election says *no* to him: the war says *no* to him: the town says we shall sit till June. Balls, masquerades, and diversions don't trouble their heads about the Parliament or the war: the righteous, who hate pleasures, and love prophecies, (the most unpleasant things in the world, except their completion,) are finding out parallels between London and Nineveh, and other goodly cities of old, who went to operas and ridottos when the French were at their gates,—yet, if Arlington Street were ten times more like to the most fashionable street in Tyre or Sidon, it should not alarm me: I took all my fears out in the Rebellion: I was frightened enough then: I will never have another panic. I would not indeed be so pedantic as to sit in St. James's Market in an armed chair to receive the French, because the Roman consuls received the Gauls in the forum. They shall be in Southwark before I pack up a single miniature.

To Richard Bentley:

March 27, 1755.

I must tell you a piece of fortune: I supped the first night of the sale at Bedford House, and found my Lord Gower dealing at silver pharoah to the women. "Oh!" said I laughing, "I laid out six-and-twenty pounds this morning, I will try if I can win it back," and threw a shilling upon a card: in five minutes I won a five-hundred leva, which was twenty-five pounds eleven shillings. I have formerly won a thousand leva, and another five-hundred leva. With such luck, shall not I be able to win you back again?

April 17, 1755.

I went t'other morning to see the sale of Mr. Pelham's plate, with George Selwyn—"Lord!" says he, "how many toads have been eaten off those plates!"

May 6, 1755.

The Duke [of Cumberland] is at the head of the Regency—you may guess if we are afraid! Both fleets are sailed. The night the King went there was a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House. The Duke was there: he was playing at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf both. In the dessert was a model of Walton Bridge in glass.

To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 15, 1755.

All we hear from France is, that a new madness reigns there, as strong as that of *Pantins* was. This is *la fureur des cabriolets; Anglicè*, one-horse chairs, a mode introduced by Mr. Child: they not only universally go in them, but wear them; that is, everything is to be *en cabriolet*; the men paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the women, who have gone all the winter without anything on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of, and scarce less than the wheels of chaises.

To Richard Bentley:

July 17, 1755.

To be sure, war is a dreadful calamity, &c.! But then it is a very comfortable commodity for writing letters and writing history; and as one did not contribute to make it, why there is no harm in being a little amused with looking on; and if one can but keep the Pretender on t'other side Derby, and keep Arlington Street and Strawberry Hill from being carried to Paris, I know nobody that would do more to promote peace, or that will bear the want of it, with a better grace than myself. . . .

I dined yesterday at Wanstead: many years have passed since I saw it. The disposition of the house and the prospect are better than I expected, and very fine: the garden, which they tell you cost as much as the house, that is, 100,000 *l*. . . . is wretched; the furniture fine, but totally without taste: such continences and incontinences of Scipio and Alexander, by I don't know whom! such flame-coloured gods and goddesses, by Kent! such family-pieces, by—I believe the late Earl himself, for they are as ugly as the children that he really begot! The whole great apartment is of oak, finely carved, unpainted, and has a charming effect. The present Earl is the most generous creature in the world; in the first chamber I entered he offered me four marble tables that lay in cases about the room: I compounded, after forty refusals of every thing I commended, to bring away only a haunch of venison: I believe he has not had so cheap a visit a good while. I commend myself, as I ought; for, to be sure, there were twenty ebony chairs, and a couch, and a table, and a glass, that would have tried the virtue of a philosopher of double my size!

Aug. 4, 1755.

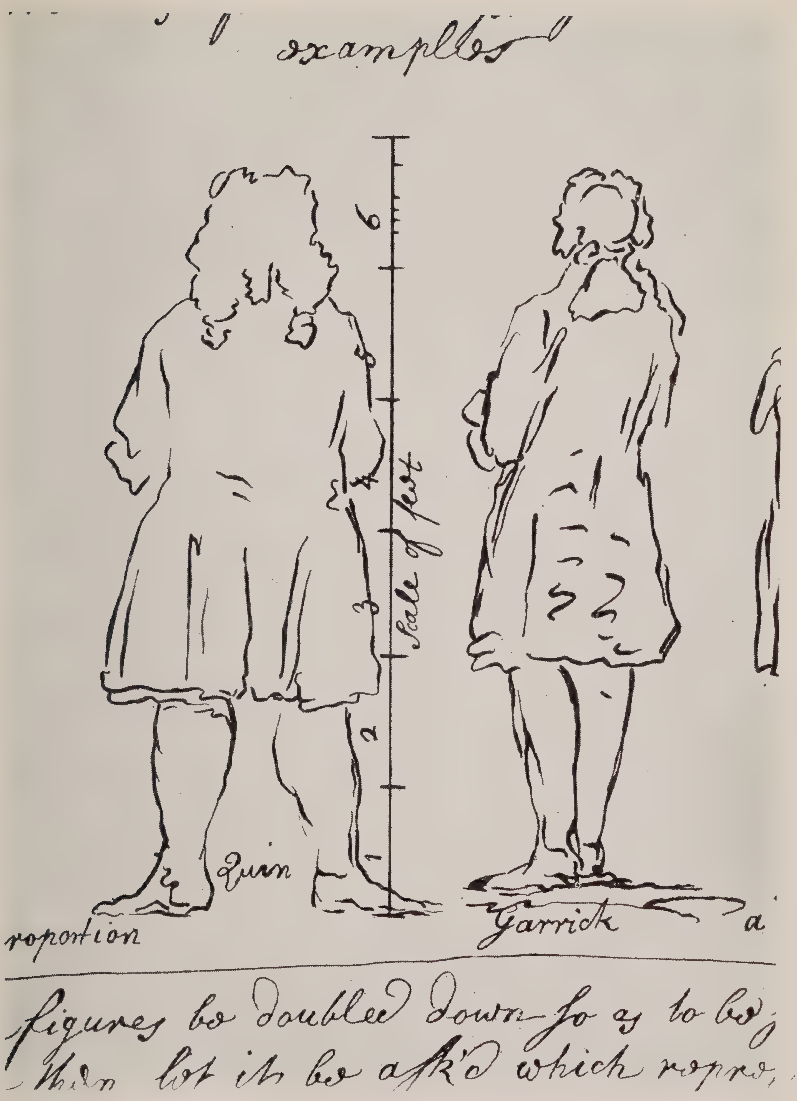
I came from London to-day, and am just come from supping at Mrs. Clive's, to write to you by the fire-side. . . .

At present my chief study is West Indian history. You would not think me very ill-natured if you knew all I feel at the cruelty and villainy of European settlers: but this very morning I found that part of the purchase of Maryland from the savage proprietors (for *we* do not massacre, *we* are such good Christians as only to cheat) was a quantity of vermilion and a parcel of Jews'-harps!

. . . I have contracted a sort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbour. He affects to study my taste: I lay it all upon you—he admires you. He is building a grateful temple to Shakespeare: I offered him this motto: "Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo tuum est!" Don't be surprised if you should hear of me as a gentleman coming upon the stage next winter for my diversion.—The truth is, I make the most of this acquaintance to protect my poor neighbour at *Cliveden*—you understand the conundrum, *Clive's den.*

Aug. 15, 1755.

I dined to-day at Garrick's: there were the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holdernesse, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu the Spanish minister; two regents, of which one is Lord Chamberlain, the other Groom of the Stole; and the wife of a Secretary of State. This being *sur un assez bon ton* for a player! Don't you want to ask me how I like him? Do want, and I will tell you.—I like her exceedingly; her behaviour is all sense, and all sweetness too. I don't know how, he does not improve so fast upon me: there is a great deal of parts, and vivacity, and variety, but there is a great deal too of mimicry and burlesque. I am very ungrateful, for he flatters me



Scale of feet
1
2
3
4
6
Quin
Garrick

examples

roportion

a

figures be doubled down ſo as to be;

then let it be aſk'd which repre,

"Facsimile of a Letter sent by the celebrated Mr. Hogarth to a Member of a Literary Society at Norwich, . . . Respecting the Comparative Proportions of Stature of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Quin."

abundantly; but unluckily I know it. I was accustomed to it enough when my father was first minister: on his fall I lost it all at once: and since that I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all disputation; with Sir Charles Williams, who has no time from flattering himself; with Gray, who does not hate to find fault with me; with Mr. Conway, who is all sincerity; and with you and Mr. Rigby, who have always laughed at me in a good-natured way. . . .

The war, which began with such a flirt of vivacity, is I think gone to sleep. General Braddock has not yet sent over to claim the surname of Americanus.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Mistley,
Aug. 21, 1755.

But don't you begin to be impatient for the events of all our West Indian expeditions? The Duke [of Cumberland], who is now the soul of the Regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped. It is said for him, that he has had bad guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley, that the Duke has found that brutality did not necessarily consummate a general. I love to give you an idea of our characters as they rise upon the stage of history. Braddock is a very Iroquois in disposition. He had a sister, who having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table with those lines "To die is landing on some silent shore," &c. When Braddock was told of it, he only said, "Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced *to tuck herself up*!" But a more ridiculous story of him, and which is recorded in heroics by Fielding in his *Covent-Garden Tragedy*, was an amorous discussion he had formerly with a Mrs. Upton, who kept him. He had gone the greatest lengths with her pin-money, and was still craving. One day that he was very pressing, she pulled out her purse and showed him that she had but twelve or fourteen shillings left; he twitched it from her, "Let me see that." Tied up at the other end he found five guineas; he took them, tossed the empty purse in her face, saying, "Damn you for a bitch! [or . . .]. Did you mean to cheat me?" and never went near her more:—now you are acquainted with General Braddock.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Aug. 28, 1755.

My last letter to you could not be got out of England, before I might have added a melancholy supplement. Accounts of a total defeat of Braddock and his forces are arrived from America; the purport is, that the General having arrived within a few miles of Fort du Quesne, (I hope you are perfect in your American geography?) sent an advanced party, under Lord Gage's brother: they were fired upon, invisibly, as they entered a wood; Braddock heard guns, and sent another party to support the former; but the first fell back in confusion on the second, and the second on the main body. The whole was in disorder, and it is said, the General himself, though exceedingly brave, did not retain all the *sang froid* that was necessary. The common soldiers in general fled; the officers stood heroically and were massacred: our Indians were not surprised, and behaved gallantly. The General had five horses shot under him, no bad symptoms of his spirit, and at last was brought off by two Americans, no English daring, though Captain Orme, his aide-de-camp, who is wounded too, and has made some noise here by an affair of gallantry, offered sixty guineas to have him conveyed away. We have lost twenty-six officers, besides many wounded, and ten pieces of artillery. Braddock lived four days, in great torment. What makes the rout more shameful is, that instead of a great pursuit, and a barbarous massacre by the Indians, which is always to be feared in these rencontres, not a black or white soul followed our troops, but we had leisure two days afterwards to fetch off our dead. In short, our American laurels are strangely blighted! . . .

I have already given you some account of Braddock; I may complete the poor man's history in a few words: he once had a duel with Colonel Gumley, Lady Bath's brother, who had been his great friend: as they were going to engage, Gumley, who had good-humour and wit, (Braddock had the latter), said, "Braddock, you are a poor dog! here take my purse; if you kill me you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you." Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask his life. However, with all his brutality, he has lately been governor of Gibraltar, where he made himself adored, and where scarce any Governor was endured before.

To Richard Bentley:

Aug. 28, 1755.

Our piratic laurels, with which the French have so much reproached us, have been exceedingly pruned! Braddock is defeated and killed, by a handful of Indians and by the baseness of his own troops, who sacrificed him and his gallant officers. Indeed, there is some suspicion that cowardice was not the motive, but resentment at having been draughted from Irish regiments. Were such a desertion universal, could one but commend it? Could one blame men who should refuse to be knocked on the head for sixpence a day, and for the advantage and dignity of a few ambitious? . . .

Returning in a one-horse chair over the wild vast heath, I went out of the road to see the remains of Buttley Abbey; which however I could not see: for, as the keys of Orford Castle were at Sudborn, so the keys of Buttley were at Orford! By this time it was night; we lost our way, were in excessive rain for above two hours, and only found our way to be overturned into the mire the next morning going into Ipswich.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Sept. 18, 1755.

Gray has lately been here. He has begun an Ode, which, if he finishes equally, will, I think, inspirit all your drawing again. It is founded on an old tradition of Edward I putting to death the Welsh bards. Nothing but you, or Salvator Rosa, and Nicolo Poussin, can paint up to the expressive horror and dignity of it. Don't think I mean to flatter you; all I would say is, that now the two latter are dead, you must of necessity be Gray's painter.

To Sir Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Sept. 29, 1755.

We do all we can; we take, from men-of-war and Domingo-men, down to Colliers and cock-boats, and from California into the very Bay of Calais. The French have taken but one ship from us, the *Blandford*, and that they have restored—but I don't like this drowsy civil lion; it will put out a talon and give us a cursed scratch before we are aware. Monsieur de Seychelles, who grows into power, is labouring at their finances and marine: they have struck off their *sous-fermiers*, and by a reform in what they call the King's pleasures, have already saved 1,200,000 *l.* sterling a year. Don't go and imagine that 1,200,000 *l.* was all sunk in the gulph of Madame Pompadour, or even in suppers and hunting; under the word the King's pleasures, they really comprehended his civil list; and in that light I don't know why our civil list might not be called *another King's pleasures* too, though it is not all entirely squandered. In short, the single article of coffee for the Mesdames amounted to 3,000 *l.* sterling a year—to what must their rouge have amounted ?—but it is high time to tell you of other wars, than the old story of France and England. . . .

As England grows turbulent again, Ireland grows calm again. Mr. Conway, who has gone thither secretary to Lord Hartington, has with great prudence and skill pacified that kingdom; you may imagine that I am not a little happy at his acquiring renown. . . .

You know I don't dislike to see the Kings and Queens and *Knaves* of this world shuffled backwards and forwards; consequently I look on, very well amused, and very indifferent whatever is trumps!

To Richard Bentley :

Sept. 30, 1755.

You will want to know something of the war, and of America; but, I assure you, it is not the *bon-ton* to talk of either this week. We think not of the former, and of the latter we should think to very little purpose, for we have not heard a syllable more; Braddock's defeat still remains in the situation of the longest battle that ever was fought with nobody. Content your English spirit with knowing that there are very near three thousand French prisoners in England, taken out of several ships.

To Sir Horace Mann :

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Oct. 27, 1755.

What can I tell you more than that an invasion is threatened ? that sixteen thousand men are about Dunkirk, and that they are assembling great quantities of flat-bottomed boats ! Perhaps they will attempt some landing; they are certainly full of resentment.

To Richard Bentley:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 31, 1755.

An account came yesterday, that General Johnson had defeated the French near the lake St. Sacrement, had killed one thousand, and taken the lieutenant-general who commanded them prisoner; his name is Dieskau, a Saxon, an esteemed *élève* of Marshal Saxe. By the printed account, which I enclose, Johnson showed great generalship and bravery. As the whole business was done by irregulars, it does not lessen the faults of Braddock, and the panic of his troops. . . .

I did not doubt but that you would be struck with the death of poor Bland. I, t'other night, at White's, found a very remarkable entry in our very—very remarkable wager-book: "Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash outlives Cibber!" How odd that these two old creatures, selected for their antiquities, should live to see both their wagerers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to see him look so well: "'Faith," said he, "it is very well that I look at all!"

[This betting-book can still be seen by the favoured visitor at White's. It contains the autographs of many well-known men. Some of the wagers have been carefully blotted out. If we are to judge them from some of those left unblotted, they must have been indeed monstrous.]

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 15, 1755.

Then there was a young Mr. Hamilton who spoke for the first time, and was at once perfection. . . . You will ask, what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond what ever was, and that was Pitt! He spoke at past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes: there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections, than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not abusive, yet very attacking on all sides; he ridiculed my Lord Hillsborough, crushed poor Sir George, terrified the Attorney, lashed my Lord Granville, painted my Lord of Newcastle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke [of Cumberland].

To Richard Bentley:

Nov. 16, 1755.

England seems *returning*: for those who are not in Parliament, there are nightly riots at Drury Lane, where there is an anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being Opera night, the galleries were victorious.

To George Montagu:

Nov. 25, 1755.

There is a most dreadful account of an earthquake in Lisbon, but several people will not believe it. There have been lately such earthquakes and waterquakes, and rocks rent, and other strange phenomena, that one would think the world exceedingly out of repair.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Dec. 4, 1755.

Long before you receive this, my dear Sir, you will have learned general, if not particular accounts of the dreadful desolation at Lisbon: the particulars indeed are not yet come hither; all we have heard hitherto is from France, and from Sir Benjamin Keene at Madrid. The catastrophe is greater than ever happened even in your neighbourhood, Naples. Our share is very considerable, and by some reckoned at four millions. We are dispatching a ship with a present of an hundred thousand pounds in provisions and necessaries, for they want everything. . . .

There are flying reports that General Johnson, our only hero at present, has taken Crown Point, but the report is entirely unconfirmed by any good authority.

Dec. 21, 1755.

I must mention the case of my Lord Fitzwalter, which all the faculty say exceeds anything known in their practice: he is past eighty-four, was an old beau, and had scarce ever more sense than he has at present; he has lived many months upon fourteen barrels of oysters, four-and-twenty bottles of port, and some, I think seven, bottles of brandy per week.

To Richard Bentley:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Jan. 6, 1756.

Every post brings new earthquakes; they have felt them in France, Sweden and Germany: what a convulsion there has been in nature!...

I expect to find George Montagu in town to-morrow: his brother has at last got a regiment. Not content with having deserved it, before he got it, by distinguished bravery and indefatigable duty, he persists in meriting it still. He immediately, unasked, gave the chaplainship (which others always sell advantageously) to his brother's parson at Greatworth.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Jan. 22, 1756.

We were to have had a masquerade to-night, but the Bishops, who you know have always persisted in God's hating dominos, have made an earthquake point of it, and postponed it till after the fast.

Feb. 12, 1756.

The House of Commons is dwindled into a very dialogue between Pitt and Fox. . . . Sometimes it is a little *piquant*; in which though Pitt has attacked, Fox has generally had the better. . . .

The French have promised letters of *noblesse* to whoever fits out even a little privateer. . . .

The Duchess of Norfolk has opened her new house: all the earth was there last Tuesday. You would have thought there had been a comet, everybody was gaping in the air and treading on one another's toes. In short, you never saw such a scene of magnificence and taste. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and novelty of the ornaments, and the ceilings, are delightful. She gives three Tuesdays, would you could be at one! Somebody asked my Lord Rockingham afterwards at White's what was there? He said, " Oh! there was all the company afraid of the Duchess, and the Duke afraid of all the company."—It was not a bad picture.

P.S.— . . . I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 23, 1756.

You will have heard, before you receive this, that the King of France and Madame Pompadour are gone into devotion. Some say, that D'Argenson, finding how much her inclinations for peace with us fell in with the monarch's humanity, (and which indeed is the only rational account one can give of their inactivity), employed the Cardinal de la Rochfoucault and the Confessor to threaten the most Christian King with an earthquake if he did not communicate at Easter; and that his Majesty accordingly made over his mistress to his wife, by appointing the former *dame du palais*: others, who refine more, pretend that Madame Pompadour, perceiving how much the King's disposition veered to devotion, artfully took the turn of humouring it, desired to be only his soul's concubine, and actually sent to ask pardon of her husband, and to offer to return to him, from which he begged to be excused—the point in dispute is whether she has or has not left off rouge.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

March 4, 1756.

I have nothing worth telling you; we are hitherto conquered only in threat: for my part, I have so little expectation of an invasion, that I have not buried a single enamel, nor bought a pane of painted glass the less: of the two panics in fashion, the French and the earthquake, I have not even made my option yet.

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 18, 1756.

I have nothing more to tell you but a *naïveté* of my Lady Coventry; the King asked her if she was not sorry that there are no Masquerades this year—(for you must know we have sacrificed them to the idol earthquake)—she said, no, she was tired of them; she was surfeited with most sights; there was but one left that she wanted to see—and that was a coronation! The old man told it himself at supper to his family with a great deal of good-humour.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

March 25, 1756.

The Duchess of Norfolk gives a great ball next week to the Duke [of Cumberland]: so you see that she does not expect the Pretender, at least this fortnight. Last night, at my Lady Hervey's, Mrs. Dives was expressing great panic about the French: my Lady Rochford, looking down on her fan, said with great softness, " I don't know: I don't think the French are a sort of people that women need be afraid of."

To George Montagu:

April 20, 1756.

What do you think of young Sir James Lowther, who not of age becomes master of one or two and forty thousand pounds a-year? England will become a Heptarchy, the property of six or seven people! The Duke of Bedford is fallen to be not above the fourth rich man in the island. . . .

The Duke [of Cumberland] has appeared in form on the causeway in Hyde Park with my Lady Coventry; it is the new office, where all lovers now are entered. How happy she must be with Billy and Bully!

[Billy was " Billy the Butcher," the Duke of Cumberland, the " hero of Culloden." Bully was young Lord Bolingbroke.]

I hope she will not mistake, and call the former by the nickname of the latter. At a great supper t'other night at Lord Hertford's, if she was not the best-humoured creature in the world, I should have made her angry: she said in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be *muckibus*. " Lord! " said Lady Mary Coke, " what is that ? "—" Oh! it is Irish for *sentimental*."

May 12, 1756.

Don't imagine I write to you for anything but form; there is nothing like news, except the Prussian victories, which you see in the papers: by next courier we expect he will send us at least a leg or an arm of the Empress Queen.

To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
May 16, 1756.

I have read the poem you mention, the *Pucelle*, and am by no means popular, for I by no means like it—it is as tiresome as if it was really an heroic poem. The four first cantos are by much the best, and throughout there are many vivacities; but so absurd, perplexed a story is intolerable; the humour often missed, and even the parts that give most offence, I think very harmless.

[This was Voltaire's famous poem.]

To George Montagu:

ARLINGTON STREET,
May 19, 1756.

They say, that the night the Hanover troops were voted, *he* that is *a King* sent for his German cook, and said, "Get me a very good supper; get me all de rarities; I don't mind expense." . . .

My Lord Denbigh is going to marry a fortune, I forget her name; my Lord Gower asked him how long the honey-moon would last? He replied, "Don't tell me of the honey-moon; it is harvest moon with me."

To the Earl of Strafford:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 6, 1756.

If you have not got the new Letters and Memoirs of Madame Maintenon, I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the Letters, I think you will find them very curious, and some very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion; and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored Madame de Sévigné. I am quite glad to find they do *not* continue equally agreeable. The extreme misery to which France was reduced at the end of Queen Anne's war, is more striking than one could conceive.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
June 14, 1756.

General Isemberg of the Hessians has already diverted us: he never saw the tide till he came to Southampton; he was alarmed, and seeing the vessel leaning on the shore, he sent for his master of the horse, and swore at him for overturning the ship in landing the horses. Another of them has challenged a Hampshire justice, for committing one of his soldiers; but hitherto both Hessians and Hanoverians are rather popular.

To George Montagu:

Aug. 28, 1756.

I did get to Strawberry on Wednesday night, but it was half an hour past ten first—besides floods the whole day, I had twenty accidents with my chaise, and once saw one of the postillions with the wheel upon his body; he came off with making his nose bleed.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 29, 1756.

Since the conquest of Minorca, France seems to have taken the wisest way for herself, and a sure one too of ruining us, by sitting still, and yet keeping us upon our guard, at an outrageous expense. . . . The dearness of corn has even occasioned insurrections: some of these the Chief Justice Willes has quashed stoutly.

To George Montagu:

Strawberry Hill,
Oct. 14, 1756.

On each side of my bed I have hung *Magna Charta*, and the warrant for King Charles's execution, on which I have written *Major Charta*; as I believe, without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. . . .

The King of Prussia has sent us over a victory, which is very kind, as we are not likely to get any of our own.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 17, 1756.

My Lord Rockingham and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? . . .

Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish Speaker Mr. Ponsonby has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket*: George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table said, "How easily the Speaker passes the money bills!"

To George Montagu:

Arlington Street,
Oct. 28, 1756.

The Duchess of Hamilton has brought her beauty to London at the only instant when it would not make a crowd. I believe we should scarce stare at the King of Prussia, so much are we engrossed by the ministerial ferment.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 4, 1756.

Minorca is gone; Oswego gone; the nation is in a ferment; some very great indiscretions in delivering a Hanoverian soldier from prison by a warrant from the Secretary of State have raised great difficulties; instructions from counties, boroughs, especially from the city of London, in the style of 1641, and really in the spirit of 1715 and 1745, have raised a great flame.

Strawberry Hill,
Dec. 8, 1756.

Is it true what we see in the Gazettes, that the Pantheon is tumbled down? Am not I a very Goth, who always thought it a dismal clumsy performance, and could never discover any beauty in a strange mass of light poured perpendicularly into a circle of obscurity?

Arlington Street,
Jan. 6, 1757.

There is another paper, called *The Monitor*, written by one Dr. Shebbeare, who made a pious resolution of writing himself into a place or the pillory, but having miscarried in both views, is wreaking his resentment on the late Chancellor [Hardwicke], who might have gratified him in either of his objects.

[Dr. Shebbeare was put into the pillory under George II and was given a pension by George III, about the time Dr. Johnson was pensioned. The King was said to have pensioned a He Bear and a She Bear.]

. . . Your old royal guest King Theodore is gone to the place which it is said levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from the one to the other: I think he died somewhere in the liberties of the Fleet.

Jan. 17, 1757.

Mr. Pitt, as George Selwyn says, has again taken to his *lit de justice*; he has been once with the King, but not at the House; the day before yesterday the gout flew into his arm, and has again laid him up: I am so particular in this, because all our transactions, or rather our inactivity, hang upon the progress of his distemper. Mr. Pitt and everything else have been forgot for these five days, obscured by the news of the assassination of the King of France. . . . As soon as Theodore was at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese minister, but did not find him at home: not having sixpence to pay, he prevailed on the chairman to carry him to a tailor he knew in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three more.

Byng's trial continues; it has gone ill for him, but mends; it is the general opinion that he will come off for some severe censure. . . .

Jan. 30, 1757.

We are quite in the dark still about that history: it is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time, that one never knows the truth of it till one is dead!

[" That history " was Damien's attempt to assassinate Louis XV.]

Old Fontenelle is dead at last; they asked him as he was dying, " s'il sentoit quelque mal ? " He replied, " Oui, je sens le mal d'être." . . .

Sir Charles Williams is returning, on the bad success of our dealings with Russia. The French were so determined to secure the Czarina, that they chose about seven of their handsomest young men to accompany their ambassador.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Feb. 13, 1757.

The confusions in France seem to thicken with our mismanagements: we hear of a total change in the Ministry there, and of the disgrace both of Machault and D'Argenson, the chiefs of the Parliamentary and Ecclesiastic factions. That the King should be struck with the violence of their parties, I don't wonder: it is said, that as he went to hold the *lit de justice*, no mortal cried *Vive le Roi!* but one old woman, for which the mob knocked her down, and trampled her to death.

ARLINGTON STREET,
March 3, 1757.

I never knew poor Byng enough to bow to; but the great doubtfulness of his crime and the extraordinariness of his sentence, the persecution of his enemies, who sacrifice him for their own guilt and the rage of a blinded nation, have called forth all my pity for him. His enemies triumph; but who can envy the triumph of murder? . . .

We have had a few French symptoms; papers were fixed on the Exchange, with these words, "Shoot Byng, or take care of your King."

March 17, 1757.

Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, "Which of us is tallest?" He replied, "Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners?

[Byng was court-martialled and shot for failing to relieve Minorca. Voltaire said the Admiral was shot " pour encourager les autres."]

April 7, 1757.

Mr. Fox was very desirous of bargaining for a peerage for Lady Caroline; the King has positively refused it, but has given him the reversion for three lives of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, which Dodington has now.

[" Mr. Fox " was afterwards the first Lord Holland, the father of Charles James Fox.]

April 20, 1757.

You will have heard all the torments exercised on that poor wretch Damien, for attempting the least bad of all murders, that of a King. They copied with a scrupulous exactness horrid precedents, and the dastardly monarch permitted them!

June 1, 1757.

What a King is our Prussian! how his victories come out doubled and trebled above their very fame! My Lady Townshend says, " Lord! how all the Queens will go to see this Solomon! and how they will be disappointed! "

To the Earl of Strafford:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
July 5, 1757.

There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you: I almost like it the best of his works.

To John Chute:

July 12, 1757.

I found him [Gray] in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first-fruits of my press.

July 26, 1757.

We have given ourselves for a day or two the air of an earthquake, but it proved an explosion of the powder-mills at Epsom. I asked Louis [his servant] if it had done any mischief: he said, " Only blown a man's head off; " as if that was a part one could spare!

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 4, 1757.

I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage here into a printing-office. My abbey is a perfect college or academy. I keep a painter [Müntz] in the house, and a printer [Robinson]—not to mention Mr. Bentley, who is an academy himself. I send you two copies (one for Dr. Cocchi) of a very honorable opening of my press—two amazing Odes of Mr. Gray; they are Greek, they are Pindaric, they are sublime! consequently I fear a little obscure; the second particularly, by the confinement of the measure and the nature of prophetic vision, is mysterious. I could not persuade him to add more notes; he says whatever wants to be explained, don't deserve to be.

Sept. 3, 1757.

We had a torrent of bad news yesterday from America. Lord Loudon has found an army of twenty-one thousand French, gives over the design on Louisbourg, and retires to Halifax. Admiral Holbourn writes, that they have nineteen ships to his seventeen, and he cannot attack them. It is time for England to slip her own cables, and float away into some unknown ocean.

Sept. 29, 1757.

I am putting up a stone in St. Anne's churchyard [Soho] for your old friend King Theodore: in short, his history is too remarkable to be let perish. Mr. Bentley says that I am not only an antiquarian, but prepare materials for future antiquarians. You will laugh to hear that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown exactly copied from his coin:

NEAR THIS PLACE IS INTERRED
THEODORE KING OF CORSICA,
WHO DIED IN THIS PARISH DEC. 11, 1756,
IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING THE KING'S BENCH PRISON,
BY THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT OF INSOLVENCY,
IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HE REGISTERED
HIS KINGDOM OF CORSICA
FOR THE USE OF HIS CREDITORS.

The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this lesson learn'd, ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread.

Oct. 12, 1757.

To add to the ill-humour, our papers are filled with the new loss of Fort William-Henry, which covered New York. That opulent and proud colony between their own factions and our folly is in imminent danger; but I will have done—nay, if we lose another dominion, I think I will have done writing to you, I cannot bear to chronicle so many disgraces.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 20, 1757.

The people are dissatisfied, mutinous, and ripe for insurrections, which indeed have already appeared on the Militia and on the dearness of corn, which is believed to be owing to much villainy in the dealers. But the other day I saw a strange sight, a man crying corn, "Do you want any corn?" as they cry knives and scissors. To add to the confusion, the troubles in Ireland, which Mr. Conway had pacified, are broke out afresh, by the imprudence of the Duke of Bedford and the ambition of the Primate [Stone]. . . .

Somebody asked me at the play the other night what was become of Mrs. Woffington; I replied, she is taken off by Colonel Caesar. Lord Tyrawley said, "I suppose she was reduced to *aut Caesar aut Nullus*."

To George Montagu:

December.

Mr. Pitt's gout has laid up the nation; we adjourn to-morrow for the holidays, and have not had a single division. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, France, and the King of Prussia will not leave us idle much longer.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 11, 1758.

The King of Prussia is quite idle; I think he has done nothing this fortnight but take Breslau, and Schweidnitz, and ten or a dozen generals, and from thirty to fifty thousand prisoners.

Feb. 9, 1758.

Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout, and the King of Prussia writing sonnets to Voltaire; but his Majesty's lyre is not half so charming as his sword: if he does not take care, Alexander will ride home upon his verses. All England has kept his birthday; it has taken its place in our calendar next to Admiral Vernon's and my Lord Blakeney's; and the people, I believe, begin to think that Prussia is some part of *Old England*. We had bonfires and processions, illuminations and French horns playing out of windows all night. . . . The simple Duke of St. Albans, who is retired to Brussels for debt, has made a most sumptuous funeral in public for a dab of five months old that he had by his cook-maid. But our glaring extravagance is the constant high price given for pictures: the other day at Mr. Furnese's auction a very small Gaspar sold for seventy-six guineas; and a Carlo Maratti, which too I am persuaded was a Giuseppe Chiari, Lord Egremont bought at the rate of two hundred and sixty pounds. Mr. Spencer gave no less than two thousand two hundred pounds for the Andrea Sacchi and the Guido from the same collection. The latter is of very dubious originality: my father, I think, preferred the Andrea Sacchi to his own Guido, and once offered seven hundred pounds for it, but Furnese said, "Damn him, it is for him; *he* shall pay a thousand." There is a pewterer, one Cleave, who some time ago gave one thousand pounds for four very small Dutch pictures.

Feb. 10, 1758.

I have heard a good answer of one of the Duke of Marlborough's generals, who dining with him at a city feast, and being teazed by a stupid alderman, who said to him, "Sir, yours must be a very laborious employment!" replied, "Oh, no; we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves." . . .

Mr. Pitt is again laid up with the gout, as the Duke of Bedford is confined in Ireland by it. His grace, like other Kings I have known, is grown wonderfully popular there since he was taken prisoner and tied hand and foot. To do faction justice, it is of no cowardly nature: it abuses while it attacks, and loads with panegyric those it defeats.

March 21, 1758.

I forgot in my last to say a word of our East Indian hero, Clive, and his victories: but we are growing accustomed to success again!

There is Hanover retaken!—if to have *Hanover* again is to have success! . . .

A frantic Earl of Ferrers has for this twelvemonth supplied conversation by attempting to murder his wife, a pretty, harmless young woman, and everybody that took her part. Having broken the peace, to which the House of Lords tied him last year, the cause was trying again there on Friday last. Instead of attending it, he went to the assizes at Hertford to appear against a highwayman, one Page, of extraordinary parts and escapes. The Earl had pulled out a pistol, but trembled so that the robber laughed, took it out of his hand quietly, and said, "My lord, I know you always carry more pistols about you; give me the rest." At the trial, Page pleaded that my lord was excommunicated, consequently could not give evidence, and got acquitted.

April 14, 1758.

You have been much misinformed about the King's health—and had he been ill, do you think that the recovery of Hanover would not cure him? Yesterday the new convention with the King of Prussia was laid before the Houses, and is to be considered next week: I have not yet read it, and only know that he is to receive from us two millions in three years, and to make no peace without us. I hope he will make one for us before these three years are expired. . . .

The Earl and Countess of Northumberland have diverted the town with a supper, which they intended should make their court to my Lady Yarmouth; the dessert was a *chasse* at Herenhausen, the rear of which was brought up by a chaise and six containing a man with a blue riband and a lady sitting by him! Did you ever hear such a vulgarism! The person complimented is not half so German, and consequently suffered martyrdom at this clumsy apotheosis of her concubinage.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
July 21, 1758.

The only private history of any freshness is, my Lady Dalkeith's christening; the child had *three* godfathers: and I will tell you why: they had thought of the Duke of Newcastle, my Lord and George Townshend: but of two Townshends and his Grace, God could not take the word of any two of them, so all three were forced to be bound.

To George Montagu :

Aug. 20, 1758.

I am just now returned from Ragley. . . .

You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward, a learned clergyman, was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber room with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture: and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk into dinner dressed and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttelton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of man I really was, for he had never met with anything of the kind.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Aug. 24, 1758.

Our expedition has taken Cherbourg shamefully—I meant the French lost it shamefully, and then stood looking on while we destroyed all their works, particularly a basin that had cost vast sums. But, to balance their awkwardness with ours, it proved to be an open place, which we might have taken when we were before it a month ago. . . . Prince Edward gave the ladies a ball, and told them he was too young to know what was good-breeding in France, therefore he would behave as he should if meaning to please in England—and kissed them all. Our next and greatest triumph is the taking of Cape Breton, the account of which came on Friday. The French have not improved like their wines by crossing the sea; but lost their spirit at Louisbourg as much as on their own coast. The success, especially in the destruction of their fleet, is very great: the triumphs not at all disproportionate to the conquest, of which you will see all the particulars in the *Gazette*. Now for the chapter of cypresses. The attempt on Crown Point has failed; Lord Howe was killed in a skirmish; and two days afterward by blunders, rashness, and bad intelligence, we received a great blow at Ticonderoga.

Sept. 9, 1758.

I am again got into the hands of builders, though this time to a very small extent; only the addition of a little cloister and bed-chamber. A day may come that will produce a gallery, a round tower, a larger cloister, and a cabinet, in the manner of a little chapel: but I am too poor for these ambitious designs yet, and I have so many ways of dispersing my money, that I don't know when I shall be richer. However, I amuse myself infinitely; besides my printing-house, which is constantly at work, besides such a treasure of taste and drawing as my friend Mr. Bentley, I have a painter [Mr. Müntz] in the house, who is an engraver too, a mechanic, and everything. He was a Swiss engineer in the French service; but his regiment being broken at the peace, Mr. Bentley found him in the isle of Jersey and fixed him with me. He has an astonishing genius for landscape, and added to that, all the industry and patience of a German. We are just now practising, and have succeeded surprisingly in a new method of painting, discovered at Paris by Count Caylus, and intended to be the encaustic method of the ancients. My Swiss has painted, I am writing the account, and my press is to notify our improvements. As you will know that way, I will not tell you here at large. In short, to finish all the works I have in hand, and all the schemes I have in my head, I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more. . . .

P.S.—I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of Windsor. We are very happy with the match. The bride is very agreeable, and sensible, and good; not so handsome as her sisters, but farther from ugliness than beauty. It is the second, Maria, who is beauty itself! her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is, when her only fault, if one must find one, is, that her face is rather too round. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 27, 1758.

The King caught cold on coming to town, and was very ill, but the gout, which had never been at Court above twice in his reign, came, seized his foot a little, and has promised him at least five or six years more—that is, if he will take care of himself; but yesterday, the coldest day we have felt, he would go into the drawing-room, as if he was fond of showing the new stick he is forced to walk with.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Jan. 28, 1759.

You and M. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle—I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota.* It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry, Queen of Prussia.

To John Chute:

Feb. 1, 1759.

Colonel Campbell marries the Duchess of Hamilton forthwith. The house of Argyle is content, and think that the head of the Hamiltons had purified the blood of Gunning; but I should be afraid that his Grace was more likely to corrupt blood than to mend it.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 9, 1759.

The expedition, called to Quebec, departs on Tuesday next, under Wolfe, and George Townshend, who has thrust himself again into the service, and as far as wrongheadedness will go, very proper for a hero. Wolfe, who was no friend of Mr. Conway last year, and for whom I consequently have no affection, has great merit, spirit, and alacrity, and shone extremely at Louisbourg.

[Walpole once described Wolfe as "a commander whom a child might outwit, or terrify with a pop-gun."]

. . . I talked of *our sultry* weather, and this is no air. While Italy, I suppose, is buried in snow, we are extinguishing fires, and panting for breath. In short, we have had a wonderful winter—beyond an earthquake winter—we shall soon be astonished at frost, like an Indian.

Shrubs and flowers and blossoms are all in their pride; I am not sure that in some counties the corn is not cut.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
March 4, 1759.

Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister [Lady Mary Churchill], who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards of a fifth boy: she has had two girls too.

To the Rev. Henry Zouch:

ARLINGTON STREET,
March 15, 1759.

At present, even my press is at a stop; my printer, who was a foolish Irishman, and who took himself for a genius, and who grew angry when I thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter, has left me, and I have not yet fixed upon another.

To Sir Horace Mann:

April 11, 1759.

I have married, that is, am marrying, my niece Maria, my brother's second daughter, to Lord Waldegrave. What say you? A month ago I was told he liked her—does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit, he is the first match in England—for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming. A warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity. Two things are odd in this match; he seems to have been doomed to a Maria Walpole—if his father had lived, he had married my sister [Lady Maria Churchill]; and this is the second of my brother's daughters that has married into the house of Stuart. Mr. Keppel comes from Charles,—Lord Waldegrave from James II. My brother has luckily been tractable and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage, when they let me dispose of them—a Knight of the Garter for my Niece; 150,000 *l.* for my Lord Orford if he would have taken her; these are not trifling establishments.

To George Montagu:

April 26, 1759.

I, . . . who never rise in the morning, have two balls on my hands this week to keep me in bed the next day till dinner-time. Well, it is charming to be so young! the follies of the town are so much more agreeable than the wisdom of my brethren the authors, that I think for the future I shall never write beyond a card, nor print beyond Mrs. Clive's benefit tickets. Our great match approaches; I dine at Lord Waldegrave's presently, and suppose I shall then hear the day. I have quite reconciled my Lady Townshend to the match (saving her abusing us all), by desiring her to choose my wedding clothes; but I am to pay the additional price of being ridiculous, to which I submit; she has chosen me a white ground with purple and green flowers. I represented that, however young my spirits may be, my bloom is rather past; but the moment I declared against juvenile colours, I found it was determined I should have nothing else: so be it. . . . T'other night I had an uncomfortable situation with the Duchess [of Bedford]: we had played late at loo at Lady Jane Scot's; I came down stairs with their two Graces of Bedford and Grafton: there was no chair for me: I said, I will walk till I meet one. "Oh!" said the Duchess of Grafton, "the Duchess of Bedford will set you down:" there were we charmingly awkward and complimenting; however, she was forced to press it, and I to accept it; in a minute she spied a hackney chair—"Oh! there is a chair,—but I beg your pardon, it looks as if I wanted to get rid of you, but indeed I don't; only I am afraid the Duke will want his supper." You may imagine how much I was afraid of making him wait.

The ball, at Bedford-house, on Monday, was very numerous and magnificent. The two Princes were there, deep hazard, and the Dutch deputies, who are a proverb for their dulness: they have brought with them a young Dutchman who is the richest man of Amsterdam. . . .

The ball at Mr. Conolly's was by no means delightful. The house is small, it was hot, and was composed of young Irish. I was retiring when they went to supper, but was fetched back to sup with Prince Edward and the Duchess of Richmond, who is his present passion. He had chattered as much love as would serve ten balls.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Strawberry Hill,
May 10, 1759.

The laurels we began to plant in Guadaloupe do not thrive—we have taken half the island, and despair of the other half which we are gone to take. General Hobson is dead, and many of our men—it seems all climates are not equally good for conquest—Alexander and Caesar would have looked wretchedly after a yellow fever. A hero that would have leaped a rampart, would perhaps have shuddered at the thought of being scalped. Glory will be taken in its own way, and cannot reconcile itself to the untoward barbarism of America. In short, if we don't renounce expeditions, our history will be a journal of miscarriages. What luck must a general have that escapes a flux, or being shot abroad—or at home! How fatal a war has this been! From Pondicherry to Canada, from Russia to Senegal, the world has been a great bill of mortality! The King of Prussia does not appear to have tapped his campaign yet—he was slow last year; it is well if he concludes this as thunderingly as he did the last.

To George Montagu:

Arlington Street,
May 16, 1759.

Well! Maria was married yesterday. Don't we manage well? the original day was not once put off: lawyers and milliners were all ready canonically. It was as sensible a wedding as ever was. There was neither form nor indecency, both which generally meet on such occasions. They were married at my brother's in Pall-Mall, just before dinner, by Mr. Keppel; the company, my brother, his son, Mrs. Keppel, and Charlotte, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lady Betty Waldegrave, and I. We dined there; the Earl and new Countess got into their post-chaise at eight o'clock, and went to Navestock [in Essex] alone, where they stay till Saturday night: on Sunday she is to be presented, and to make my Lady Coventry distracted, who, t'other day, told Lady Anne Connolly how she dreaded Lady Louisa's arrival; "But," said she, "now I have seen her, I am easy."

Maria was in a white silver nightgown, with a hat very much pulled over her face; what one could see of it was handsomer than ever; a cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world. . . .

Lord Weymouth is to be married on Tuesday, or, as he said himself, to be *turned off*. George Selwyn told him he wondered that he had not been *turned off* before, for he still sits up drinking all night and gaming. . . .

Dr. Young has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent for the young Lord Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die—unluckily he died of brandy—nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin!

June 2, 1759.

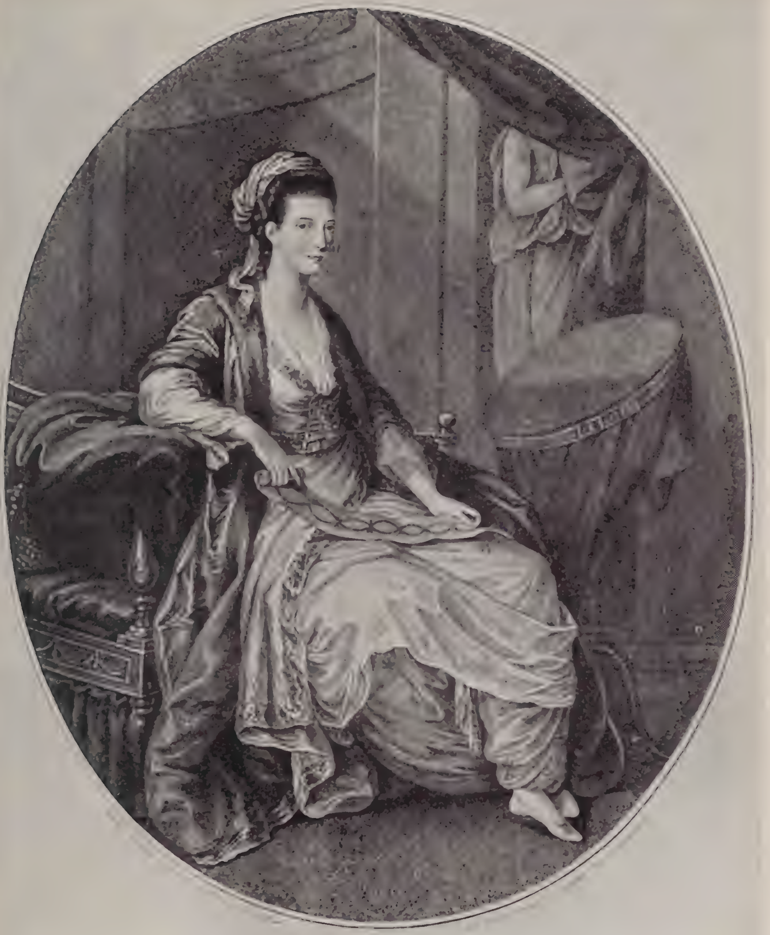
Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Ailesbury dined there; the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell; a thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they will be then: I shall say, "Women alter now; I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings." Yesterday t'other more famous Gunning [Coventry] dined there. She has made a friendship with my charming niece, to disguise her jealousy of the new Countess's beauty. . . .

Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's, whose child the town calls *Pam*—ela. I proposed, that instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's, the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening.

Strawberry Hill,
June 23, 1759.

My Lady Coventry and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park. I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women.

["The only particular that is worth sending you, is a very silly action of Lady Coventry, who, having been insulted in the Park,



MARY BRUCE, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.
From an engraving by Ryland after Angelica Kaufmann.

Sunday was se'night, the King heard of it, and said that to prevent same for the future he would have a guard. Upon this foundation her ladyship ventured boldly again into the Park on Sunday evening, but she was attended with two sergeants of the guards in front, with their halberds, and no less than twelve followed her. The whole guard was ready to have turned out if there had been occasion, and the colonel of the guard in waiting kept at the proper distance: with this ridiculous parade she walked there from 8 of the clock till 10, and as all this could not prevent the mob from having curiosity, some impertinent things were still uttered, though at some little farther distance, and some of Fielding's men that attended took up the most troublesome." Jenkinson to Lord George Granville, June 26, 1759.]

To Sir Horace Mann :

July 8, 1759.

From America we expect the greatest things; our force there by land and sea is vast. I hope we shall not be to buy England back by restoring the *North* Indies! I will gladly give them all the hundred thousand acres that may fall to my share on the Ohio for my twenty acres here. Truly I don't like having them endangered for the limits of Virginia!

Aug. 1, 1759.

We have an evil that threatens us more nearly than the French. The heat of the weather has produced a contagious sore-throat in London. Mr. Yorke, the solicitor-general, has lost his wife, his daughter, and a servant. The young Lady Essex died of it in two days. Two servants are dead in Newcastle House, and the Duke has left it; anybody else would be pitied, but his terrors are sure of being a joke. My niece, Lady Waldegrave, has done her part for repairing this calamity, and is breeding.

To George Montagu :

Aug. 9, 1759.

I found the town distracted, and at night it was beautiful beyond description. As the weather was so hot, every window was open, and all the rails illuminated; every street had one or two bonfires, the moon was in all its glory, the very middle of the streets crowded with officers and people of fashion talking of the news [of the battle of Minden].

Every squib in town got drunk, and rioted about the streets till morning.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
Oct. 16, 1759.

Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing, as much as heroes can despair. The town is well victualled, Amherst is not arrived, and fifteen thousand men encamped defend it. We have lost many men by the enemy, and some by our friends—that is, we now call our nine thousand only seven thousand. How this little army will get away from a much larger, and in this season in that country, I don't guess—yes, I do.

Strawberry Hill,
Oct. 19, 1759.

The notification of a probable disappointment at Quebec came only to heighten the pleasure of the conquest. You may now give yourself what airs you please, you are master of East and West Indies. An ambassador is the only man in the world whom bullying becomes: I beg your pardon, but you are spies, if you are not braggadocios. . . .

It was a very singular affair, the generals on both sides slain, and on both sides the second in command wounded; in short, very near what battles should be, in which only the principals ought to suffer. If their army has not ammunition and spirit enough to fall again upon ours before Amherst comes up, all North America is ours.

To Lady Hervey:

Nov. 3, 1759.

George Selwyn says he wants to see *High Life below Stairs*, as he is weary of low life above stairs.

To George Montagu:

Arlington Street,
Nov. 8, 1759.

The town is empty, but is coming to dress itself for Saturday. My Lady Coventry showed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver, of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost—my lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them; he replied, "Why, you will be change for a guinea." . . .

When do you come? if it is not soon, you will find a new town. I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses: at first I concluded that all the grooms, that used to live there, had got estates and built palaces. One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported; in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's. George Selwyn says, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 30, [1759].

Thus we wind up this wonderful year! Who that died three years ago and could revive, would believe it! Think, that from Petersburgh to the Cape of Good Hope, from China to California,

De Paris à Perou,

there are not five thousand Frenchmen in the world that have behaved well! Monsieur Thurot is piddling somewhere on the coast of Scotland, but I think our sixteen years of fears of invasion are over—after sixteen victories. If we take Paris, I don't design to go thither before spring.

Dec. 13, 1759.

Dr. Hay says, it will soon be as shameful to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman. Indeed, one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one.

To George Montagu:

Jan. 14, 1760.

I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the Duchess of Grafton, at loo, who, by the way, has got a Pam-child this morning, and on Saturday night I supped with Prince Edward at my Lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that Highness continues, or rather increases. He makes everybody make suppers for him to meet me.

Jan. 28, 1760.

You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of Lord Ferrers murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderess Queen Christina, carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain; was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour; he got drunk, and, at intervals, talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the gaol at Leicester.

To Sir David Dalrymple :

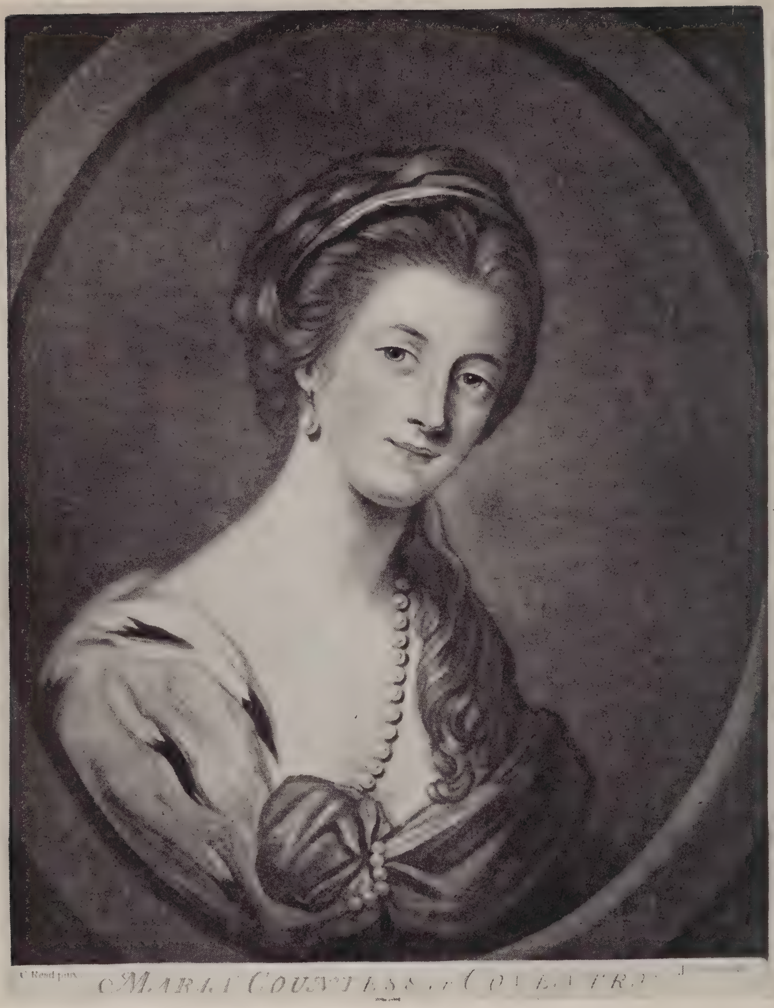
STRAWBERRY HILL,
April 4, 1760.

At present nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*. . . . It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed. . . . Warburton . . . recommended the book to the bench of bishops, and told them Mr. Sterne, the author, was the English Rabelais. They had never heard of such a writer.

To George Montagu :

ARLINGTON STREET,
April 19, 1760.

The other trial, Lord Ferrers's, lasted three days. You have seen the pomp and awfulness of such doings, so I will not describe it to you. The judge and criminal were far inferior to those you have seen. For the Lord High Steward, he neither had any dignity, nor affected any; nay, he held it all so cheap, that he said at his own table, t'other day, "I will not send for Garrick and learn to act a part." At first I thought Lord Ferrers shocked, but in general he behaved rationally and coolly; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying, by his own sense, to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the Earl; one of them is a clergyman, suspended by


C Read pinx.
MARIA COUNTESS of COVENTRY

MARIA GUNNING, COUNTESS OF COVENTRY.
From an engraving by Finlayson after Read.

the Bishop of London for being a Methodist; the other a wild vagabond, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous*. After Lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe in the Tower; and to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomized, conformably to the late act for murder. . . . The seats of the peeresses were not near full, and most of the beauties absent; the Duchess of Hamilton and my niece Waldegrave, you know, lie in; but, to the amazement of everybody, Lady Coventry was there; and what surprised me much more, looked as well as ever. I sat next but one to her, and should not have asked her if she had been ill—yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and Lord Bolingbroke seemed to have different thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes.

To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
May 7, 1760.

What will your Italians say to a peer of England, an earl of one of the best families, tried for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomized? . . .

He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's chariot followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. . . .

When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach, to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it: his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging, which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the said pomp to Surgeons' Hall, to be dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might; for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

If I have tired you by this long narrative, you feel differently from me. The man, the manners of the country, the justice of so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking. . . .

It is said that General Clive's father has been with Mr. Pitt, to notify, that if the Government will send his son four hundred thousand pounds, and a certain number of ships, the *heaven-born* general knows of a part of India, where such treasures are buried, that he will engage to send over enough to pay the National Debt. "Oh!" said the minister, "that is too much; fifty millions would be sufficient." Clive insisted on the hundred millions,—Pitt, that half would do as well. "Lord, Sir!" said the old man, "consider, if your administration lasts, the National Debt will soon be two hundred millions."

ARLINGTON STREET,
Aug. 1, 1760.

General Clive is arrived all over estates and diamonds. If a beggar asks charity, he says, "Friend, I have no small brilliants about me."

To George Montagu:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 12, 1760.

Here am I, lying upon a couch, wrapped up in flannels, with the gout in both feet—oh yes, gout in all the forms. Six years ago I had it, and nobody would believe me—now they may have proof. My legs are as big as your cousin Guilford's. . . .

P.S.—My tower erects its battlements bravely; my *Anecdotes of Painting* thrive exceedingly: thanks to the gout, that has pinned me to my chair: think of Ariel the sprite in a slit shoe!

ARLINGTON STREET,
Sept. 1, 1760.

As I went to Lord Strafford's I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation;

there are two-and-twenty thousand inhabitants making knives and scissors; they remit eleven thousand pounds a week to London. One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver; I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty. . . .

As I returned, I saw Newstead and Althorpe: I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it; a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned; the present Lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds' worth of which have been cut near the house.

[This was the fifth Lord Byron; the poet succeeded him.]

To the Earl of Strafford:

Strawberry Hill,
Sept. 4, 1760.

Newstead delighted me. There is grace and Gothic indeed—good chambers and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions. . . .

In London there is a more cruel campaign than that waged by the Russians: the streets are a very picture of the murder of the innocents—one drives over nothing but poor dead dogs! The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures! Christ! how can anybody hurt them? Nobody could but those Cherokees the English, who desire no better than to be halloo'd to blood:—one day Admiral Byng, the next Lord George Sackville, and to-day the poor dogs!

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
Oct. 5, 1760.

I am afraid you will turn me off from being your gazetteer. Do you know that I came to town to-day by accident, and was here four hours before I heard that Montreal was taken? . . .

The charming Countess [of Coventry] is dead at last; and as if the whole history of both sisters was to be extraordinary, the Duchess of Hamilton is in a consumption too, and going abroad directly. Perhaps you may see the remains of these prodigies, you will see but little remains; her features were never so beautiful as Lady Coventry's, and she has long been changed, though not yet I think above six-and-twenty. The other was but twenty-seven.

To George Montagu:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Oct. 14, 1760.

Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my *Anecdotes of Painting*—I heard the bell at the gate ring—I called out, as usual, "Not at home;" but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up: "Sir, the Prince of Wales is at the door, and says he is come on purpose to make you a visit!" There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum vatem aspiciet*—and down I went to receive him. Him was the Duke of York. Behold my breeding of the old Court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. . . . He was, as he always is, extremely good-humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful. He stayed two hours. . . .

Lord Bolingbroke, on hearing the name of Lady Coventry at Newmarket, affected to burst into tears, and left the room, not to hide his crying, but his not crying.

Oct. 26, 1760.

Was ever so agreeable a man as King George the Second, to die the very day it was necessary to save me from a ridicule? I was to have kissed hands to-morrow—but you will not care a farthing about that now; so I must tell you all I know of departed majesty. He went to bed well last night, rose at six this morning as usual, looked, I suppose, if all his money was in his purse, and called for his chocolate. A little after seven, he went into the water-closet; the German *valet de chambre* heard a noise, . . . listened, heard something like a groan, ran in, and found the hero of Oudenarde and Dettingen on the floor, with a gash on his right temple, by falling against the corner of a bureau. He tried to speak, could not, and expired. Princess Emily was called, found him dead, and wrote to the Prince.

Oct. 28, 1760.

The new reign [that of George III] dates with great propriety and decency. . . . There is great dignity and grace in the King's manner.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 28, 1760.

What an enviable death! In the greatest period of the glory of this country, and of his reign, in perfect tranquillity at home, at seventy-seven, growing blind and deaf, to die without a pang, before any reverse of fortune, or any distasted peace, nay, but two days before a ship-load of bad news: could he have chosen such another moment? The news is bad indeed! Berlin taken by capitulation, and yet the Austrians behaved so savagely that even Russians felt delicacy, were shocked, and checked them! Nearer home, the hereditary Prince has been much beaten by Monsieur de Castries, and forced to raise the siege of Wesel, whither Prince Ferdinand had sent him most unadvisedly: we have scarce an officer unwounded.

Strawberry Hill,
Nov. 1, 1760.

The young King, you may trust me, who am not apt to be enamoured with royalty, gives all the indication imaginable of being amiable. His person is tall, and full of dignity; his countenance florid and good-natured; his manner graceful and obliging: he expresses no warmth nor resentment against anybody; at most, coldness. . . .

Don't say I have not announced to you the Duchess of Hamilton and her husband General Campbell, Lady Ailesbury's brother. I have mentioned them to you already. They set out this week. I think the Duchess will not answer your expectation. She never was so handsome as Lady Coventry, and now is a skeleton. It is hard upon a standard beauty, when she travels in a deep consumption. Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, who never quitted curiosity about her, went, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. If she had lived to ninety like Helen, I believe they would have thought that her wrinkles deserved an epic poem. Poor thing! how far from ninety! she was not eight-and-twenty!

[Lady Coventry was said to have been poisoned to death by the paint with which she plastered her face.]

To George Montagu:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 13, 1760.

For the King himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This young man don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well.

. . . Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaroscuro.* There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, enough to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father . . . could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle—the King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be Groom of the Bedchamber? What is Sir T. Robinson to have?"

Nov. 24, 1760.

The first night the King went to the play, which was civilly on a Friday, not on the opera-night, as he used to do, the whole audience sung *God Save the King* in chorus. For the first act, the press was so great at the door, that no ladies could go to the boxes, and only the servants appeared there, who kept places; at the end of the second, the whole mob broke in, and seated themselves; yet all this zeal is not likely to last, though he so well deserves it. Seditious papers are again stuck up: one t'other day in Westminster Hall declared against a Saxe-Gothan Princess. . . .

The first volume of Voltaire's *Peter the Great* is arrived. I weep over it. It is as languid as the campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the Czarina's order—but, alas! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to show how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburgh for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric.

To Sir Horace Mann:

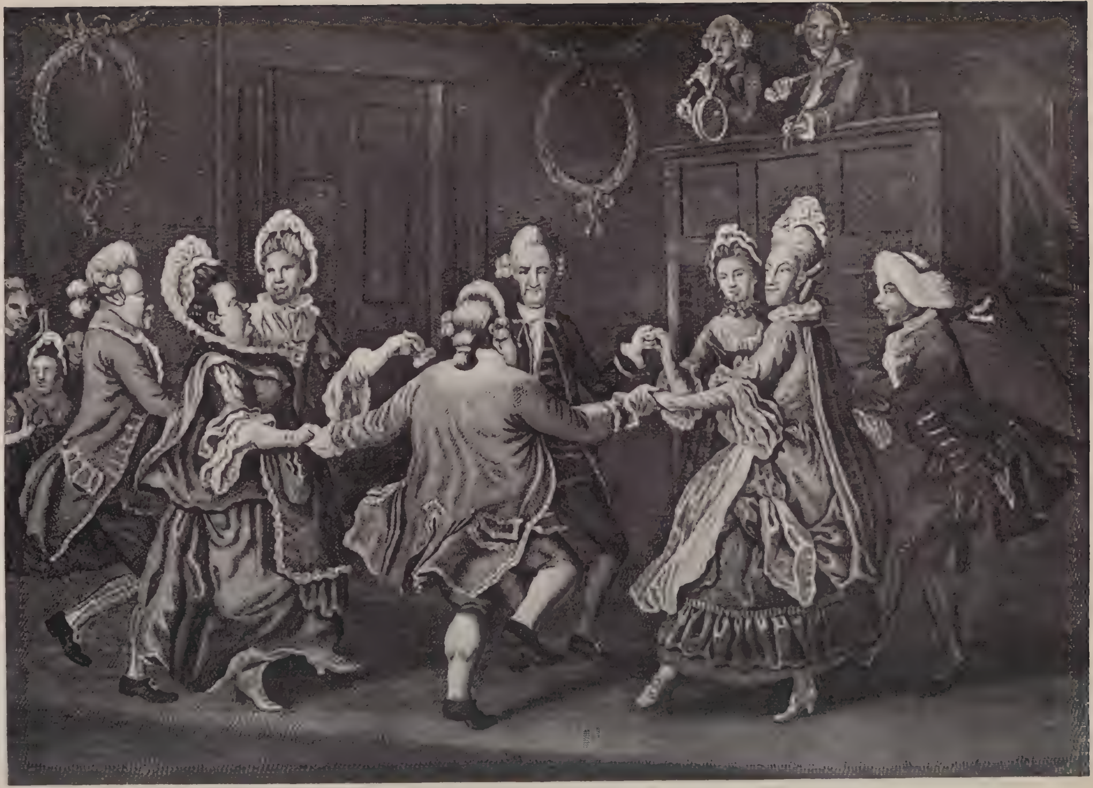
Dec. 5, 1760.

I have received the samples [of the brocadella], but they are so small that I cannot form any judgement of the pattern. I will beg you to follow your own method, and send me some pieces by the first person that will bring them; . . . but they must be of three colours. I am sure I remember such at Florence, particularly at Madame Rinuncini's or Madame Ricardi's, I think the former's; it was in a bedchamber where she saw company when she was with child.

March 3, 1761.

Mr. Pitt is laid up with a dreadful gout in all his limbs; he did not sleep for fourteen nights, till one of his eyes grew as bad as his hands or feet. He begins to mend.

Whatever mysteries or clouds there are, will probably develope themselves as soon as the elections are over, and the Parliament fixed, which now engrosses all conversation and all purses; for the expense is incredible. West Indians, conquerors, nabobs, and admirals, attack every borough; there are no fewer than nine candidates at Andover. The change in a Parliament used to be computed at between sixty and seventy; now it is believed there will be an hundred and fifty new members. Corruption now stands upon its own legs—no money is issued from the Treasury; there are no parties, no pretence of grievances, and yet venality is grosser than ever! The borough of Sudbury has gone so far as to advertise for a chapman! We have been as victorious as the Romans, and are as corrupt: I don't know how soon the Praetorian militia will set the empire to sale.



THE COTILLION DANCE.
From an engraving after John Collet.

To the Rev. Henry Zouch:

March 7, 1761.

The second and third volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, the dregs of nonsense, have universally met the contempt they deserve: genius may be exhausted;—I see that folly's invention may be so too.

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 17, 1761.

The colliers in Northumberland are in open hostilities with the militia, and in the last battle at Hexham the militia lost an officer and three men, and the colliers one-and-twenty.

To George Montagu:

Epping,
March 31, 1761.

It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them, amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate; have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Reubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and postchaises, which, if they have abridged the King's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects. Well, how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my parroquet, to play at loo, and not be obliged to talk seriously!

May 5, 1761.

I went t'other morning to see a portrait he [Hogarth] is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—" Why now," said he, " you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth ? "

To the Earl of Strafford:

July 5, 1761.

The apostle Whitfield is come to some shame: he went to Lady Huntingdon lately, and asked for forty pounds for some distressed saint or other. She said she had not so much money in the house, but would give it him the first time she had. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last he said, "There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want such vanities; I will have that." She would have put him off: but he persisting, she said, "Well, if you must have it you must." About a fortnight afterwards, going to his house, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the Countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism: she tells the story herself.

To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
July 23, 1761.

This is not the only circumstance in which you would not know your own country again. You left it a private little island, living upon its means. You would find it the capital of the world; and, to talk with the arrogance of a Roman, St. James's Street crowded with Nabobs and American chiefs, and Mr. Pitt attended in his Sabine farm by Eastern Monarchs and Borealian electors, waiting, till the gout is gone out of his foot, for an audience. The City of London is so elated, that I think it very lucky some Alderman did not insist on—

Matching his daughter with the King.

Adieu! I shall be in town to-morrow; and, perhaps, able to wrap up and send you half-a-dozen French standards in my postscript.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Sept. 10, 1761.

When we least expected the Queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half-an-hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin open. . . . When she first saw the Palace she turned pale: the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." . . . The Archbishop married them. . . . After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-coloured velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes halfway down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth three score thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the Coronation too. Her train was borne by the ten bridemaids. . . .

The next morning the King had a levee. He said to Lord Hardwicke, " It is a very fine day: " that old gossip replied, " Yes, Sir, and it was a very fine night." Lord Bute had told the King that Lord Orford had betted his having a child before Sir James Lowther, who had been married the night before to Lord Bute's eldest daughter; the King told Lord Orford he should be glad to go his halves.

To George Montagu:

Sept. 24, 1761.

For the Coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace-yard the liveliest spectacle in the world: the Hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, *frequent and full*, was as awful as a pageant can be: and yet for the King's sake and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The King complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned, the Earl Marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next Coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable.

To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Sept. 28, 1761.

What is the finest sight in the world? A Coronation. What do people talk most about? A Coronation. What is delightful to have passed? A Coronation. Indeed, one had need be a handsome young peeress not to be fatigued to death with it. After being exhausted with hearing of nothing else for six weeks, and having every cranny of my ideas stuffed with velvet and ermine, and tresses, and jewels, I thought

I was very cunning in going to lie in Palace-yard, that I might not sit up all night in order to seize a place. The consequence of this wise scheme was, that I did not get a wink of sleep all night; hammering of scaffolds, shouting of people, relieving guards, and jangling of bells, was the concert I heard from twelve to six, when I rose; and it was noon before the procession was ready to set forth, and night before it returned from the Abbey. I then saw the Hall, the dinner, and the Champion, a gloriously illuminated chamber, a wretched banquet, and a foolish puppet-show. A trial of a peer, though by no means so sumptuous, is a preferable sight, for the latter is interesting. At a Coronation one sees the peerage as exalted as they like to be, and at a trial as much humbled as a plebian wishes them. . . . The Heralds were so ignorant of their business, that, though pensioned for nothing but to register lords and ladies, and what belongs to them, they advertised in the newspaper for the Christian names and places of abode of the peeresses. The King complained of such omissions and of the want of precedent; Lord Effingham, the Earl Marshal, told him, it was true there had been great neglect in that office, but he had now taken such care of registering directions, that *next coronation* would be conducted with the greatest order imaginable. The King was so diverted with this *flattering* speech that he made the earl repeat it several times.

On this occasion one saw to how high-watermark extravagance is risen in England. At the Coronation of George II my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St. Margaret's Roundhouse to the church-door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for two thousand four hundred pounds.

To Sir David Dalrymple :

Dec. 21, 1761.

Just when my book was, I thought, ready to appear, my printer ran away, and has left it very imperfect. This is the fourth I have tried and I own it discourages me. Our low people are so corrupt and such knaves, that being cheated and disappointed are all the fruits of attempting to amuse oneself or others. Literature must struggle with many difficulties.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
Jan. 29, 1762.

I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost—a ghost, that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honour, and you who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel.

To George Montagu:

Feb. 2, 1762.

I went to hear it, for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland-house, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked, if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes.

[This was the Cock-Lane ghost.]

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 22, 1762.

Well! I wish we had conquered the world, and had done! I think we were full as happy when we were a peaceable quiet set of tradesfolks, as now that we are heirs-apparent to the Romans, and overrunning East and West Indies. . . .

You scold me for going to see the ghost, and I don't excuse myself; but in such a town as this, if a ghost is in fashion, one must as much visit it, as leave one's name with a new Secretary of State. I expect soon that I shall keep Good Friday, for enthusiasm is growing into fashion too; and while they are cancelling holidays at Rome, the Methodists are reviving them here. We have never recovered Masquerades since the earthquake at Lisbon. Your country is very victorious, but by no means a jot wiser than it was.

May 26, 1762.

You may imagine that I am anxious to have the Peace, and to see Mr. Conway safe in England. I wish it privately and publicly—I pray for an end to the woes of mankind; in one word, I have no public spirit, and don't care a farthing for the interests of the merchants. Soldiers and sailors who are knocked on the head, and peasants plundered or butchered, are to my eyes as valuable as a lazy luxurious set of men, who hire others to acquire riches for them; who would embroil all the earth, that they may heap or squander; and I *dare* to say this, for I am no minister. Beckford is a patriot, because he will clamour if Guadaloupe or Martinico is given up, and the price of sugars falls. I am a bad Englishman, because I think the advantages of commerce are dearly bought for some by the lives of many more. This wise age counts its merchants, and reckons its armies ciphers. But why do I talk of this age ?—every age has some ostentatious system to excuse the havoc it commits. Conquest, honour, chivalry, religion, balance of power, commerce, no matter what, mankind must bleed, and take a term for a reason. 'Tis shocking!

Strawberry Hill,
July 1, 1762.

Last Saturday night my workmen took their leave, made their bow, and left me up to the knees in shavings. In short, the journeymen carpenters, like the cabinet-makers, have entered into an association not to work unless their wages are raised; and how can one complain ? The poor fellows, whose all the labour is, see their masters advance their prices every day, and think it reasonable to touch their share. You would be frightened at the dearness of everything; I build out of economy, for unless I do now, in two years I shall not be able to afford it. I expect that a pint of milk will not be sold under a diamond, and then nobody can keep a cow but my Lord Clive. Indeed your country's fever is almost at the height every way.

July 31, 1762.

The Czarina has dethroned her husband. That he should be dethroned does not surprise me. He struck extraordinary strokes so fast, that I suppose his head had not much ballast. Her reign, probably, will not be of much longer duration. . . .

Nothing will be cleared up, till there is another courier from Muscovy. Their poor ambassador, who is just arrived, has had no letters. He is not only nephew to the Chancellor, but brother to the Czar's mistress. What a region, where Siberia is next door to the drawing-room!

To the Earl of Strafford:

Aug. 5, 1762.

Nay, we are forced to fortify ourselves too. Hanworth was broken open last night, though the family was all there. Lord Vere lost a silver standish, an old watch, and his writing-box with fifty pounds in it. They broke it open in the park, but missed a diamond ring, which was found, and the telescope, which by the weight of the case they had fancied full of money. Another house in the middle of Sunbury has had the same fate. I am mounting cannon on my battlements.

Your château, I hope, proceeds faster than mine. The carpenters are all associated for increase of wages; I have had but two men at work these five weeks. You know, to be sure, that Lady Mary Wortley cannot live.

To Sir Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Aug. 12, 1762.

A Prince of Wales [George IV] was born this morning; the prospect of your old neighbour [the Pretender] at Rome does not improve; the House of Hanover will have numbers in its own family sufficient to defend their crown.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 29, 1762.

Lady Mary Wortley is dead, as I prepared you to expect. Except some trifling legacies, she has given everything to Lady Bute, so we shall never know the sum—perhaps that was intended. It is given out for inconsiderable, besides some rich baubles.

To Grosvenor Bedford:

Sept. 9, 1762.

[Bedford was Walpole's dummy. He did the official work for which Walpole was paid. He himself had a sinecure office, that of Collector of Customs at Philadelphia, so that Benjamin Franklin helped pay his unearned salary.]

If you could find a very good servant for me, it would be of great use. I will tell you exactly what sort of man I want. He is to be steward and butler, not my gentleman, nor have anything to do with dressing me, or with my clothes, but is to wait at table and at tea. His chief business will be to look after my family, in which he must be strict; and he must understand buying and selling, for what I shall chiefly expect, will be, that he shall bring me every Saturday night the house-bills for the week, and every month those of the other tradesmen and servants. For these reasons which I cannot dispense with, I chuse to have a grave servant of forty, or near it, with a very good character, and I should wish, not married. . . .

P.S.—One material condition will be, that he is not to have friends coming to my house after him.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Sept. 9, 1762.

I have had Lord March and the Rena here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood.

[The Rena was a fashionable courtezan. Lord March died as the infamous Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q." Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne, in *Vanity Fair*, is supposed to be drawn from him.]

To Grosvenor Bedford:

Sept. 24, 1762.

Be so good as to inquire if the persons mentioned in these advertisements are really objects of charity, and if they are, I will beg you to leave a guinea for each, and put it to my account.

I wish you would be so good as to give five guineas for me (but without my name) to the subscription for the French prisoners, which I see by the enclosed advertisement has taken place; and put it into the next account.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 26, 1762.

I told you of Lady Mary Wortley's death and Will, but I did not then know that, with her usual maternal tenderness, and usual generosity, she has left her son one guinea. [He was a scapegrace whose conduct had almost broken his mother's heart.]

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Sept. 28, 1762.

Have you read Rousseau on Education? I almost got through a volume at Park Place, though impatiently; it has more tautology than any of his works, and less eloquence. Sure he has writ more sense and more nonsense than ever any man did of both! . . .

Sept. 30, 1762.

Io Havannah! Io Albemarle! I had sealed my letter, and given it to Harry for the post, when my Lady Suffolk sent me a short note from Charles Townshend, to say the Havannah surrendered on the 12th of August, and that we have taken twelve ships of the line in the harbour. The news came late last night. I do not know a particular more. God grant no more blood be shed! I have hopes again of the Peace.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 3, 1762.

I am now only the Peace in your debt, for here is the Havannah. Here it is, following despair and accompanied by glory, riches, and twelve ships of the line; not all in person, for four are destroyed. The booty—that is an undignified term—I should say, the plunder, or the spoils, which is a more classic word for such heroes as we are, amounts to at least a million and a half. Lord Albemarle's share will be about 140,000 *l.*

. . . I cannot here, at a distance from the world and unconcerned in it, help feeling a little satisfaction when my country is successful; yet, tasting its honours and elated with them, I heartily, seriously wish they had their *quietus*. What is the fame of men compared to their happiness? Who gives a nation peace, gives tranquillity to all. How many must be wretched, before one can be renowned! A hero bets the lives and fortunes of thousands, whom he has no right to game with: but alas! Caesars have little regard to their fish and counters!

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 9, 1762.

I now pay my last debt to you, for I send you the Peace. It arrived at three o'clock yesterday morning, and was signed on the third; includes Spain, saves Portugal, and leaves the hero and heroine of Germany to stratch out one another's last eye. . . . The ministry affect to talk highly of their Peace, though I think they are not very proud of it. The City condemns it already by wholesale, and will by retail. Mr. Pitt says it is inadequate to our successes, and inglorious for our allies; the gentlest words I suppose he will utter. For my part, who know nothing of the detail, I can but rejoice that peace is made. The miserable world will have some repose, and Mr. Conway is safe. I own I have lived in terror about him.

[The Right Hon. Henry Fox—afterwards the first Lord Holland—wrote Walpole, November 21, 1762, the following letter:]

"*To the Hon. Horace Walpole :*

"Dear Sir:

"As soon as I heard that the Parks, which Lord Ashburnham had quitted, were worth 2,200 *l.* a-year (as they certainly are), I thought such an income might, if not prevent, at least procrastinate your nephew's ruin. I find nobody knows his lordship's thoughts on the present state of politics.

Perhaps he has none. Now, are you willing, and are you the proper person, to tell Lord Orford that I will do my best to procure this employment for him, if I can soon learn that he desires it? If he does choose it, I doubt not of his and his friend Boone's hearty assistance, and believe I shall see you too, much oftener in the House of Commons. This is offering you a bribe, but 'tis such a one as one honest good-natured man may without offence offer to another."

To Henry Fox :

Nov. 21, 1762.

My wish is, that Lord Orford should accept this offer; yet, I tell you truly, I shall state it to him plainly and simply, without giving any advice, not only for the reason I have expressed above, but because I do not mean to be involved in this affair any otherwise than as a messenger. A man who is so scrupulous as not to accept any obligation for himself, cannot be allowed to accept one for another without thinking himself bound in gratitude as much as if done to himself. The very little share I ever mean to take more in public affairs, shall and must be dictated by disinterested motives. I have no one virtue to support me but that disinterestedness, and, if I act with you, no man living shall have it to say that it was not by choice and by principle.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Nov. 30, 1762.

The first day of the session was remarkable for nothing but the absence of the leaders; Mr. Fox had vacated his seat, and Mr. Pitt was laid up with the gout, as he still continues. But, if the generals want fire, the troops do not: Lord Bute was in great danger from the mob, was hissed and pelted, and, if the guards had not been fetched, would probably have fared still worse. The majority is certainly with the court; the nation against it. . . .

George Selwyn, of whom you have heard so much, but don't know, is returned from Paris, whither he went with the Duchess of Bedford. He says our passion for everything French is nothing to theirs for everything English. There is a book published called the *Anglomanie.* How much worse they understand us, even than we do them, you will see by this story. The old Marechale de Villars gave a vast dinner to the Duchess of Bedford. In the middle of the dessert, Madame de Villars called out, "Oh, Jesus! they have forgot! yet I bespoke them, and I am sure they are ready; you English love hot rolls—bring the rolls." There arrived a huge dish of hot rolls, and a sauce-boat of melted butter.

Dec. 20, 1762.

To-day has been execution-day; great havoc is made amongst the Duke of Newcastle's friends, who are turned out down to the lowest offices.

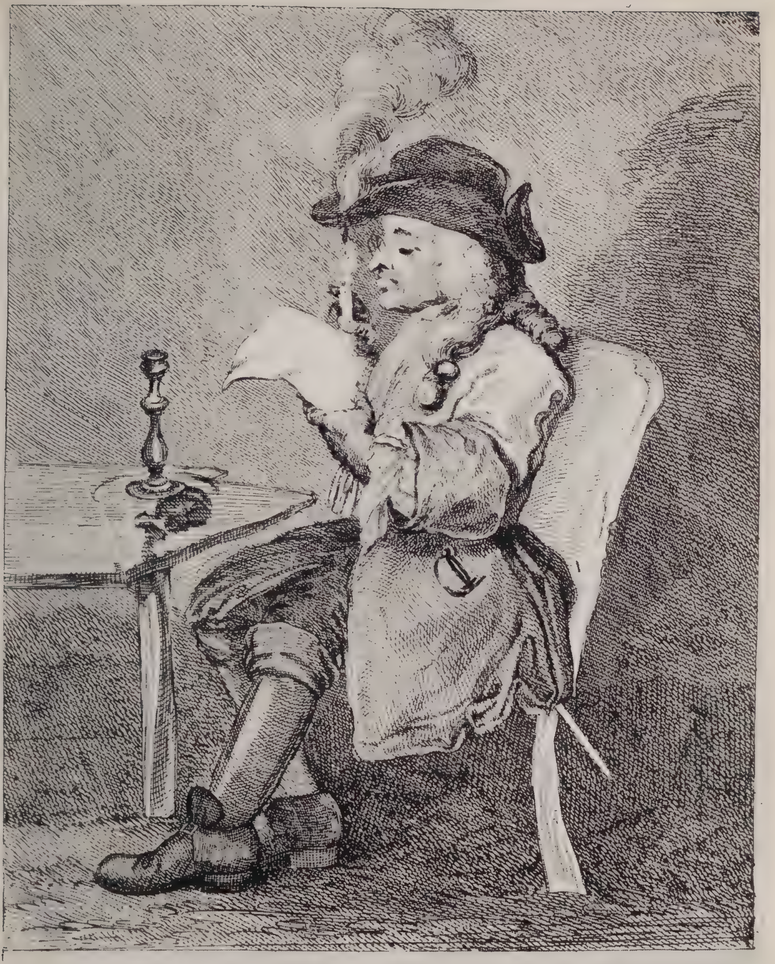
This is a want of moderation after victory, which I, who never loved the House of Pelham, cannot commend. . . . It is an angry Opposition, but very dull; does not produce a lively ballad or epigram. I have even heard but one *bon mot* of its manufacture, and that was very delicate and pretty. They were saying that everybody, without exception, was to be turned out that the Duke of Newcastle had brought in; somebody replied, "Save the King."

For twenty years I have been looking at parties, factions, changes, and struggles; do you wonder I am tired, when I have seen them so often acted over, and pretty much by the same *dramatis personae* ?

To the Hon. H. S. Conway :

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Feb. 28, 1763.

You say you have seen the *North Briton* [No. 2], in which I make a capital figure. Wilkes, the author, I hear, says, that if he had thought I should have taken it so well, he would have been damned before he would have written it—but I am not sore where I am not sore.



THE POLITICIAN.
From an engraving after Hogarth.

The theatre at Covent Garden has suffered more by riots than even Drury Lane. A footman of Lord Dacre has been hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confess it. That Selwyn should be a capital performer in a scene of that kind is not extraordinary: I tell it you for the strange coolness which the young fellow, who was but nineteen, expressed: as he was writing his confession, " I murd—— " he stopped, and asked, " How do you spell *murdered* ? "

To Sir Horace Mann :

ARLINGTON STREET,
March 4, 1763.

There have been more hostilities at the playhouses, than between anything that calls itself party. Both theatres have been demolished on the inside. The cause was, the managers refusing to take half prices after the second act; and with good reason; considering how everything is advanced in dearness, it is hard on them to be stinted to primitive tolls. The managers have submitted; but the King's Bench is not likely to be so acquiescent, where some of the rioters are to be tried.

The Duchess of Hamilton, who was thought in a deep consumption like her sister Coventry, has produced a son, and, according to the marvellous fortune attending those two beauties, will probably be mother of two dukes [Hamilton and Argyll], whose rival houses so long divided Scotland.

To George Montagu :

[*April* 8], 1763.

I have a bitter scene to come; to-morrow morning I carry poor Lady Waldegrave to Strawberry. Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendour of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration, which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character. Visions perhaps. Yet who could expect that they would have passed away even before that fleeting thing, her beauty ?

To Sir Horace Mann:

Strawberry Hill,
April 10, 1763.

Lord Waldegrave is just dead of the small-pox, and I have brought my poor unhappy niece hither till he is buried. He was taken ill on the Wednesday, the distemper showed itself on the Friday, a very bad sort, and carried him off that day se'nnight. His brother and sister were inoculated, but it was early in the practice of that great preservative, which was then devoutly opposed; he was the eldest son, and weakly. . . . My niece has nothing left but a moderate jointure of a thousand pounds a-year, three little girls, a pregnancy, her beauty, and the testimonial of the best of men, who expressed no concern but for her, and who has given her as much as he could, and ratified her character by making her sole executrix. Her tenderness, which could not be founded on any charms in his person, shows itself in floods of tears, in veneration for his memory, and by acting with just such reason and propriety as he would wish her to exert; yet it is a terrible scene! She loses in him a father, who formed her mind, and a lover whose profusion knew no bounds. From his places his fortune was very great—that is gone! From his rank and consideration with all parties, she was at the summit of worldly glory—that is gone too! Four short years were all their happiness. Since the death of Lady Coventry, she is allowed the handsomest woman in England; as she is so young, she may find as great a match and a younger lover—but she never can find another Lord Waldegrave!

To George Montagu:

Arlington Street,
April 22, 1763.

I have taken Mrs. Pritchard's house [at Twickenham] for Lady Waldegrave; I offered her to live with me at Strawberry, but with her usual good sense she declined it, as she thought the children would be troublesome.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 2, 1763.

The plot thickens: Mr. Wilkes is sent to the Tower for the last *North Briton*; a paper whose fame must have reached you. It said Lord Bute had made the King utter a gross falsehood in his last speech. This hero is as bad a fellow as ever hero was, abominable in private life, dull in Parliament, but, they say, very entertaining in a room, and certainly no bad writer, besides having had the honour of contributing a great deal to Lord Bute's fall. Wilkes fought Lord Talbot in the autumn, whom he had abused; and lately at Calais, when the Prince de Croy, the Governor, asked how far the liberty of the press extended in England, replied, " I cannot tell, but I am trying to know." I don't believe this will be the only paragraph I shall send you on this affair.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

May 1, 1763.

[Monday night] The mighty commitment set out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer, and all concerned (unnamed) to be taken up. Consequently Wilkes had his Habeas Corpus of course, and was committed again; moved for another in the Common Pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another strain of power, refused admittance to him, said, " I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Bastille."

May 6, 1763.

The judges of the Common Pleas have unanimously dismissed Wilkes from his imprisonment, as a breach of privilege; his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in transports.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 10, 1763.

He [Wilkes] keeps no bounds; wrote immediately to the Secretaries of State that his house had been robbed, and that he supposed they had his goods—nay, he went to a justice of peace to demand a warrant for searching their houses, which, you may imagine, he did not obtain.

Strawberry Hill,
June 5, 1763.

A young highwayman was offered his life after condemnation, if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic might be tried. " What! " replied he, " and go limping to the devil at last ? no, I'll be damned first "—and was hanged!

June 7, 1763.

Last night we had a magnificent entertainment at Richmond House, a masquerade and fireworks. . . . A masquerade was a new sight to the young people, who had dressed themselves charmingly, without having the fear of an earthquake before their eyes, though Prince William and Prince Henry were not suffered to be there. The Duchesses of Richmond and Grafton, the first as a Persian Sultana, the latter as Cleopatra,—and such a Cleopatra! were glorious figures, in very different styles. Mrs. Fitzroy in a Turkish dress, Lady George Lenox and Lady Bolingbroke as Grecian girls, Lady Mary Coke as Imoinda, and Lady Pembroke as a pilgrim, were the principal beauties of the night. The whole garden was illuminated, and the apartments. An encampment of barges decked with streamers in the middle of the Thames, kept the people from danger, and formed a stage for the fireworks, which were placed, too, along the rails of the garden. The ground rooms lighted, with suppers spread, the houses covered and filled with people, the bridge, the garden full of masks, Whitehall crowded with spectators to see the dresses pass, and the multitude of heads on the river who came to light by the splendour of the fire-wheels, composed the gayest and richest scene imaginable, not to mention the diamonds and sumptuousness of the habits. The Dukes of York and Cumberland, and the Margrave of Anspach, were there, and about six hundred masks.

To George Montagu:

Aug. 15, 1763.

I suppose you have read in the papers the massacre of my innocents. Every one of my Turkish sheep, that I have been nursing up these fourteen years, torn to pieces in one night by three strange dogs! They killed sixteen outright, and mangled the two others in such a manner, that I was forced to have them knocked on the head. However, I bore this better than an interruption.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 1, 1763.

Other comical passages have happened to us at Paris. Their King, you know, is wondrous shy to strangers, awkward at a question, or too familiar. For instance, when the Duke of Richmond was presented to him, he said, " Monsieur le Duc de Cumberland boude le Roi, n'est-ce pas ? " The Duke was confounded. The King persisted, " Il le fait, n'est-il pas vrai ? " The Duke answered very properly, " Ses ministres quelquefois, Sire, jamais sa Majesté." This did not stop him: " Et vous, milord, quand aurez-vous le cordon bleu ? " George Selwyn, who stood behind the Duke, said softly, " Answer that if you can, my lord." To Lord Holland, the King said, " Vous avez fait bien du bruit dans votre pays, n'est-ce pas ? " His answer was pretty too: " Sire, je fais tout mon possible pour le faire cesser." Lord Holland was better diverted with the Duchess d'Aiguillon; she got him and Lady Holland tickets for one of the best boxes to see the fireworks on the Peace, and carried them in her coach. When they arrived, he had forgot the tickets; she flew into a rage, and, *sans marchander*, abused him so grossly that Lady Holland coloured, and would not speak to her. Not content with this, when her footman opened the door of the coach, the Duchess, before all the mob, said aloud, " C'est une des meilleures têtes de l'Angleterre, et voici la bêtise qu'il a fait ! " and repeated it. He laughed, and the next day she recollected herself, and made an excuse. . . .

We are sending you another couple, the famous Garrick, and his once famous wife. He will make you laugh as a mimic, and as he knows we are great friends, will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an *actor*.

To George Montagu :

Sept. 3, 1763.

I have but a minute's time for answering your letter; my house is full of people, and has been so from the instant I breakfasted, and more are coming; in short, I keep an inn; the sign, " The Gothic Castle." —Since my Gallery was finished I have not been in it a quarter of an hour together; my whole time is passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding myself while it is seen. Take my advice, never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton Court: everybody will live in it but you.

Oct. 3, 1763.

I have given my assembly, to show my Gallery, and it was glorious; but happening to pitch upon the feast of tabernacles, none of my Jews could come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change their religion; so I am forced to exhibit once more. For the morning spectators, the crowd augments instead of diminishing. It is really true that Lady Hertford called here t'other morning, and I was reduced to bring her by the back gate into the kitchen; the house was so full of company that came to see the gallery, that I had nowhere else to carry her. . . .

My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five papists, a doctor of physic, and an actress [Mrs. Clive]; not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Oct. 17, 1763.

Have you got Mr. Garrick yet ? If you have, you may keep him; there is come forth within these ten days a young actor, who has turned the heads of the whole town. The first night of his appearance the audience, not content with clapping, stood up and shouted. His name is Powell; he was clerk to Sir Robert Ladbroke, and so clever in business that his master would have taken him in as a partner, but he had an impulse for the stage, was a *Heaven-born hero*, as Mr. Pitt called my Lord Clive. His figure is fine and voice most sonorous, as they say, for I wait for the rebound of his fame, and till I can get in, for at present all the boxes are taken for a month. As the reputation of this prodigy could not have reached France, where they have the *English disease*, they were content with showering honours on Mr. Garrick; appointed a box for him, revived their best plays, and recalled their veteran actors. . . .

[Powell died in 1768, aged thirty-four.]

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 18, 1763.

My national pride is wonderfully gratified by the Pope's humility and respect for whom we please to have Duke of York. An hundred and fifty years ago an English Protestant dared not own himself for such at Rome; now they invite the very son of a family that has turned out their Stuarts, under the nose of those very Stuarts, nay, when the Stuart Duke of York is even a cardinal. I trust it is not only the Papal chair that has sunk, but the crown of England that has risen. Think of the mighty Elizabeth excommunicated by Sixtus V and the brother of George III invited to Rome by Clement XIII! If the honours I have told you Mr. Garrick has received in France do not obtain him a chair in a Florentine *conversazione*, I think you must threaten them with the thunder of the Vatican, which you see we have at command; but to be serious, I would not have you get into a squabble about him; he is not worth that.

To the Earl of Hertford:

Oct. 18, 1763.

[Hertford was Walpole's relative and England's Ambassador to France.]

Pray send me some *café au lait*: the Duc de Picquigny (who by the way is somebody's son, as I thought) takes it for snuff, and says it is the new fashion at Paris; I suppose they drink rappee after dinner.

Nov. 17, 1763.

We lost four hours debating whether or not it was necessary to open the session with reading a bill. The opposite sides, at the same time, pushing to get the start, between the King's message, which Mr. Grenville stood at the bar to present, and which was to acquaint us with the arrest of Wilkes and all that affair, and the complaint which Wilkes himself stood up to make.

. . . Martin, in the debate, mentioned the *North Briton*, in which he himself had been so heavily abused; and he said, "whoever stabs a reputation in the dark, without setting his name, is a cowardly, malignant, and scandalous scoundrel." This, looking at Wilkes, he repeated twice, with such rage and violence, that he owned his passion obliged him to sit down. Wilkes bore this with the same indifference as he did all that passed in the day. The House too, who from Martin's choosing to take a public opportunity of resentment, when he had so long declined any private notice, and after Wilkes's courage was become so problematic, seemed to think there was no danger of such champions going further; but the next day, when we came into the House, the first thing we heard was that Martin had shot Wilkes: so he had; but Wilkes has six lives still good. It seems Wilkes had writ, to avow the paper, to Martin, on which the latter challenged him. They went into Hyde Park about noon; Humphrey Cotes, the wine-merchant, waiting in a post-chaise to convey Wilkes away if triumphant. They fired at the distance of fourteen yards: both missed. Then Martin fired and lodged a ball in the side of Wilkes; who was going to return it, but dropped his pistol. He desired Martin to take care of securing himself, and assured him he would never say a word against him, and he allows that Martin behaved well. The wound yesterday was thought little more than a flesh-wound, and he was in his old spirits. To-day the account is worse, and he has been delirious: so you will think when you hear what is to come. I think, from the agitation his mind must be in, from his spirits, and from drinking, as I suppose he will, that he probably will end here. . . .

Lord Sandwich laid before the House the most blasphemous and indecent poem that ever was composed, called *An Essay on Woman, with notes, by Dr. Warburton.* I will tell you none of the particulars: they were so exceedingly bad, that Lord Lyttelton begged the reading might be stopped. The House was amazed; nobody ventured even to ask a question: so it was easily voted everything you please, and a breach of privilege into the bargain. Lord Sandwich then informed your Lordships that Mr. Wilkes was the author. Fourteen copies alone were printed, one of which the ministry had bribed the printer to give up. Lord Temple then objected to the manner of obtaining it; and Bishop Warburton, as much shocked at infidelity as Lord Sandwich had been at obscenity, said, " the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with Wilkes when he should arrive there." Lord Sandwich moved to vote Wilkes the author; but this Lord Mansfield stopped, advertising the House that it was necessary first to hear what Wilkes could say in his defence. To-day, therefore, was appointed for that purpose....

Nov. 18, 1763.

Wilkes is thought in great danger: instead of keeping him quiet, his friends have shown their zeal by visiting him, and himself has been all spirits and riot, and sat up in his bed the next morning to correct the press for to-morrow's *North Briton.* His *bons mots* are all over the town, but too gross, I think, to repeat; the chief are at the expense of poor Lord George. Notwithstanding Lord Sandwich's masked battery, the tide runs violently for Wilkes.

Nov. 25, 1763.

Mr. Pitt, who had a fever and the gout, came on crutches, and wrapped in flannels: so he did yesterday, but was obliged to retire at ten at night, after making a speech of an hour and fifty minutes; the worst, I think, I ever heard him make in my life.

Dec. 2, 1763.

Last Saturday, Lord Cornwallis and Lord Allen came drunk to the Opera: the former went up to Rigby in the pit, and told him in direct words that Lord Sandwich was a pickpocket. Then Lord Allen, with looks and gestures no less expressive, advanced close to him, and repeating this again in the passage, would have provoked a quarrel, if George West had not carried him away by force. Lord Cornwallis, the next morning in Hyde Park, made an apology to Rigby for his behaviour, but the rest of the world is not so complaisant. His pride, insolence, and over-bearingness, have made him so many enemies, that they are glad to tear him to pieces for his attack on Lord Temple, so unprovoked, and so poorly performed. It was well that with his spirit and warmth he had the sense not to resent the behaviour of those two drunken young fellows. . . .

[Twenty years later, Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown to Washington and Rochambeau ended the American Revolution.]

The ministry have bought off Lord Clive with a bribe that would frighten the King of France himself: they have given him back his 25,000 *l.* a-year.

Dec. 9, 1763.

The *North Briton* was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside, on Saturday last. The mob rose; the greatest mob, says Mr. Sheriff Blunt, that he has known in forty years. They were armed with that most bloody instrument, the mud out of the kennels: they hissed in the most murderous manner; broke Mr. Sheriff Harley's coach-glass in the most frangent manner; scratched his forehead, so that he is forced to wear a little patch in the most becoming manner; and obliged the hangman to burn the paper with a link, though fagots were prepared to execute it in a more solemn manner. Numbers of gentlemen, from windows and balconies, encouraged the mob. . . .

Wilkes is an inexhaustible fund: on Monday was heard, in the Common Pleas, his suit against Mr. Wood, when, after a trial of fourteen hours, the jury gave him damages of one thousand pounds; but this was not the heaviest part of the blow. The Solicitor-General tried to prove Wilkes author of the *North Briton*, and failed in the proof. You may judge how much that miscarriage adds to the defeat. Wilkes is not yet out of danger: they think there is still a piece of coat or lining to come out of the wound.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Dec. 12, 1763.

The last scene has been an attempt to assassinate Wilkes. A sea-lieutenant, called Alexander Dunn, got into his house on Thursday night last for that purpose; but he is not only mad, but so mad that he had declared his intention in a coffee-house some nights before; and said that twelve more Scotchmen, for he is one, were engaged in the same design.

To the Earl of Hertford:

Dec. 29, 1763.

The last time the King was at Drury Lane, the play given out for next night was *All in the Wrong*: the galleries clapped, and then cried out, "Let *us* be all in the right! Wilkes and Liberty!" When the King comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the House, there is not a single applause; to the Queen there is a little: in short, *Louis le bien-aimé* is not French at present for King George. . . .

The town and the roads beyond measure dirty, and everything else under water. I was not well neither, nor am yet, with pains in my stomach: however, if I ever used one, I could afford to pay a physician. T'other day, coming from my Lady Townshend's [Harrison's] it came into my head to stop at one of the lottery offices, to inquire after a single ticket I had, expecting to find it a blank, but it was five hundred pounds—Thank you! I know you wish me joy. It will buy twenty pretty things when I come to Paris.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 20, 1764.

Who could have expected that a hundred and two men would have defended Wilkes, who would not defend himself, till four in the morning? Yet this was the case of at least fifty, the rest, of which I was one, retired at eleven at night. He was expelled at last, after six divisions. But we have not yet done with him; his *Essay on Woman* is to be tried next Tuesday in the House of Lords.

To the Earl of Hertford:

Jan. 22, 1764.

The ball, last night, at Carlisle House, Soho, was most magnificent: one hundred and fifty men subscribed, at five guineas each, and had each three tickets. All the beauties in town were there, that is, of rank, for there was no bad company.

Feb. 15, 1764.

You ought to be witness to the fatigue I am suffering, before you can estimate the merit I have in being writing to you at this moment.

Cast up eleven hours in the House of Commons on Monday, and above seventeen hours yesterday,—ay, seventeen at length,—and then you may guess if I am tired! nay, you must add seventeen hours that I may possibly be there on Friday, and then calculate if I am weary. In short, yesterday was the longest day ever known in the House of Commons. . . .

You would have almost laughed to see the spectres produced by both sides; one would have thought that they had sent a search-warrant for Members of Parliament into every hospital. Votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the House looked like the pool of Bethesda. 'Tis wonderful that half of us are not dead—I should not say *us*; herculean *I* have not suffered the least, except that from being a Hercules of ten grains, I don't believe I now weigh above eight.

To Grosvenor Bedford:

Feb. 29, 1764.

I will get you to send one of the porters of the Exchequer, in whom you have most confidence, with the enclosed three guineas. Two are for the prisoners that are sick in the new jail, Southwark; the other for those in the common side of the Marshalsea prison. He must not say from whom he comes, but in the name of A.B., and don't let him go into the prison, for the jail distemper is there.

To the Earl of Hertford:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
March 11, 1764.

The East India Company, yesterday, elected Lord Clive—Great Mogul; that is, they have made him Governor-General of Bengal, and restored his jaghire. I dare to say he will put it out of their power ever to take it away again. We have had a deluge of disputes and pamphlets on the late events in that distant province of our empire, the Indies. The novelty of the manners divert me: our governors there, I think, have learned more of their treachery and injustice, than they have taught them of our discipline.

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 18, 1764.

Lord Clive has been suddenly nominated by the East India Company, to the empire of Bengal, where Dupleix has taught all our merchants to affect to be King-making Earls of Warwick, and where the chief things they have made are blunders and confusion. It is amazing that our usurpations have not taught the Indians union, discipline, and courage. We are governing nations to which it takes a year to send our orders. . . .

P.S.—We expect every day to hear of the death of Madame Pompadour.

[The Pompadour died April 14, 1764.]

To the Earl of Hertford:

March 27, 1764.

Thank you, my dear lord, for your anecdotes relative to Madame Pompadour, her illness, and the pretenders to her succession. I hope she may live till I see her; she is one of the greatest curiosities of the age, and I am a pretty universal virtuoso. . . .

We had, last night, a magnificent ball at Lady Cardigan's; three sumptuous suppers in three rooms. The house, you know, is crammed with fine things, pictures, china, japan, vases, and every species of curiosity.

. . . It is piteous late, and I must go to bed, only telling you a *bon mot* of Lady Bell Finch. Lord Bath owed her *half a crown*; he sent it next day, with a wish that he could give her *a crown.* She replied, that though he could not give her *a crown*, he could give her *a coronet*, and she was very ready to accept it.

ARLINGTON STREET,
April 5, 1764.

A voter, who was blooded on purpose that morning, was brought out of a madhouse with his keeper. This is the great and wise nation, which the philosopher Helvetius is come to study! When he says of us, *C'est un furieux pays*! he does not know that the literal translation is the true description of us. . . .

Warburton said to another of the bench, " I was invited by my Lord Mansfield to dine with that Helvetius, but he is a professed patron of atheism, a rascal, and a scoundrel, and I would not countenance him."

To Sir Horace Mann:

Strawberry Hill,
April 9, 1764.

I am going to realise the very low ideas I have of modern France, by a journey to Paris. By all I see and hear, they seem to be sunk in every light; even in the trifles of which they boast themselves, they are gone backwards a century. They are as formal as we were in Queen Anne's days, and believe they make discoveries, when they adopt what we have had these twenty years. For instance, they begin to see beauties in the antique—everything must be *à la Grecque*—accordingly, the lace on their waistcoats is copied from a frieze.

To the Earl of Hertford:

Arlington Street,
April 12, 1764.

You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter's [Lady Susan Fox's] marriage with O'Brien the actor. . . . On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked downstairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Read's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, and married at Covent Garden church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. . . .

Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed, it is the completion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. . . .

Good night, for I am tired; since dinner I have been at an auction of prints, at the Antiquarian Society in Chancery Lane, at Lady Dalkeith's in Grosvenor Square, and at loo at my niece's [Lady Waldegrave's] in Pall Mall; I left them going to supper, that I might come home and finish this letter; it is half an hour after twelve, and now I am going to supper myself. I suppose all this sounds very sober to you!

April 20, 1764.

Poor Lady Susan O'Brien is in the most deplorable situation, for her Adonis [O'Brien] is a Roman Catholic, and cannot be provided for out of his calling. Sir Francis Delaval, being touched by her calamity, has made her a present—of what do you think?—of a rich gold stuff! The delightful charity! O'Brien comforts himself, and says it will make a shining passage in his little history.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
April 21, 1764.

In the meantime, let me beg you, in the most earnest and most sincere of all professions, to suffer me to make your loss as light as it is in my power to make it: I have six thousand pounds in the funds; accept all, or what part you want. Do not imagine I will be put off with a refusal. The retrenchment of my expenses, which I shall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to replace your fortune as far as I can. When I thought you did not want it, I had made another disposition. You have ever been the dearest person to me in the world. You have shown that you deserve to be so. You suffer for your spotless integrity. Can I hesitate a moment to show that there is at least one man who knows how to value you? The new will, which I am going to make, will be a testimonial of my own sense of virtue.

[Conway had been deprived of his offices on account of his independent voting in the Commons. He wrote to his brother, the Earl of Hertford, of this generous offer: "Horace Walpole has, on this occasion, shown that warmth of friendship that you know him capable of, so strongly that I want words to express my sense of it."]

To the Earl of Hertford:

June 8, 1764.

Do you know that Madame de Yertzin, the Mecklenburgh Countess, has had the honour of giving the King of Prussia a box of the ear?—I am sure he deserved it, if he could take liberties with such a chimpanzee.

To George Montagu:

June 18, 1764.

Strawberry, whose glories perhaps verge towards their setting, has been more sumptuous to-day than ordinary. . . . During dinner there were French horns and clarionets in the cloister, and after coffee I treated them with an English, and to them a very new collation, a syllabub milked under the cows that were brought to the brow of the terrace. Thence they went to the printing house, and saw a new fashionable French song printed. They drank tea in the Gallery, and at eight went away to Vauxhall.

To the Earl of Hertford:

Aug. 3, 1764.

As my letters are seldom proper for the post now, I begin them at any time, and am forced to trust to chance for a conveyance. . . .

Arlington Street,
Tuesday Night.

I am here alone in the most desolate of all towns. I came to-day to visit my sovereign Duchess in her lying-in. . . .

O'Brien and Lady Susan are to be transported to the Ohio, and have a grant of forty thousand acres.

To Christopher Wren:

Strawberry Hill,
Aug. 9, 1764.

Sir Christopher Wren was a genius in some respects and wanted taste in others. . . . One of the greatest geniuses that ever existed, Shakespeare, undoubtedly wanted taste. In the very class which is the subject of this letter,—I mean architecture—Inigo Jones seems to me to have had more taste than genius.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 13, 1764.

How crimes, like fashions, flit from clime to clime! Murder reigns under the Pole, while you, who are in the very town where Catherine de' Medici was born, and within a stone's throw of Rome, where Borgia and his holy father sent cardinals to the other worlds by hecatombs, are surprised to hear that there is such an instrument as a stiletto. The papal is now a mere gouty chair, and the good old souls don't even waddle out of it to get a bastard.

To the Earl of Hertford:

Aug. 27, 1764.

It is well for me I am not a Russian. I should certainly be knouted. The murder of the young Czar Ivan has sluiced again all my abhorrence of the Czarina. What a devil in a diadem! I wonder they can spare such a principal performer from hell! . . .

September 9, 1764.

The Court, independent of politics, makes a strange figure. The recluse life led here at Richmond, which is carried to such an excess of privacy and economy, that the Queen's *friseur* waits on them at dinner, and that four pounds only of beef are allowed for their soup, disgusts all sorts of people. The drawing-rooms are abandoned: Lady Buckingham was the only woman there on Sunday se'nnight. . . .

You asked about what I had mentioned in the beginning of my letter, the dissensions in the house of Grafton. The world says they are actually parted: I do not believe that; but I will tell you exactly all I know. His Grace, it seems, for many months has kept one Nancy Parsons, one of the commonest creatures in London, once much liked, but out of date. He is certainly grown uncommonly attached to her, so much, that it has put an end to all his decorum. She was publicly with him at Ascot races, and is now in the Forest; I do not know if actually in the house. At first, I concluded this was merely stratagem to pique the Duchess; but it certainly goes further. Before the Duchess laid in, she had a little house on Richmond Hill, whither the Duke sometimes, though seldom, came to dine. During her month of confinement, he was scarcely in town at all, nor did he even come to see the Duke of Devonshire. The Duchess is certainly gone to her father.

Oct. 5, 1764.

They tell me Mr. Hume has had sight of King James's journal; I wish I could see all the trifling passages that he will not deign to admit into history. I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers, because I do not care sixpence for what they would be thought, but for what they are.

Mr. Elliot brings us woful accounts of the French ladies, of the decency of their conversation, and the nastiness of their behaviour.

Nov. 1, 1764.

Have you heard that Lady Susan O'Brien's is not the last romance of the sort? Lord Rockingham's youngest sister, Lady Harriot, has stooped even lower than a theatre swain, and married her footman; but still it is you Irish that commit all the havoc. Lady Harriot, however, has mixed a wonderful degree of prudence with her potion, and considering how plain she is, has not, I think, sweetened the draught too much for her lover: she settles a single hundred pounds a year upon him for his life; entails her whole fortune on their children, if they have any; and, if not, on her own family; nay, in the height of the novel, provides for a separation, and ensures the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part. This deed she has vested out of her power, by sending it to Lord Mansfield, whom she makes her trustee; it is drawn up in her own hand, and Lord Mansfield says is as binding as any lawyer could make it. Did one ever hear of more reflection in a delirium! Well, but hear more: she has given away all her clothes, nay and her Ladyship, and says, linen gowns are properest for a footman's wife, and is gone to his family in Ireland, plain Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
Nov. 15, 1764.

Churchill the poet is dead,—to the great joy of the Ministry and the Scotch, and to the grief of very few indeed, I believe; for such a friend is not only a dangerous, but a ticklish possession. The next revolution would have introduced the other half of England into his satires, for no party could have promoted him, and woe had betided those who had left him to shift for himself on Parnassus! He had owned that his pen itched to attack Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend; and neither of them are men to have escaped by their steadiness and uniformity. This meteor blazed scarce four years; for his *Rosciad* was subsequent to the accession of the present King, before which his name was never heard of; and what is as remarkable, he died in nine days after his antagonist, Hogarth. Were I Charon, I should, without scruple, give the best place in my boat to the latter, who was an original genius. Churchill had great powers; but, besides the facility of outrageous satire, almost all his compositions were wild and extravagant, executed on no plan, and void of the least correction.

To the Earl of Hertford:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Nov. 25, 1764.

Your Irish Queen [Countess of Northumberland] exceeds the English Queen, and follows her with seven footmen before her chair—well! what trumperies I tell you! but I cannot help it—Wilkes is outlawed, D'Éon * run away, and Churchill dead—till some new genius arises, you must take up with operas, and pensions, and seven footmen.—But patience! your country is seldom sterile long. . . .

I had not heard of your losses at whisk; but if I had, should not have been terrified: you know whisk gives no fatal ideas to anybody that has been at Arthur's, and seen hazard, *Quinze*, and *Trente-et-Quarante*. [* The Chevalier d'Éon, a Frenchman who posed as a woman.]

To Sir Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Dec. 20, 1764.

Yesterday died that man of bustle and noisy name, the Primate of Ireland [Stone]: a sacrifice to drunkenness, which, however, was but a libation to ambition, for he was forced to drown his own intellects that he might govern the no-understandings of the Irish—indeed, he succeeded; and from the lowest state of unpopularity had raised himself to full power. . . .

There is a Madame de Beaumont who has lately written a very pretty novel, called *Lettres du Marquis du Roselle.* It is imitated, too, from an English standard, and in my opinion a most woeful one; I mean the works of Richardson, who wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher.

To George Montagu:

Dec. 24, 1764.

P.S.—I send you a decent smallish muff, that you may put in your pocket, and it costs but fourteen shillings.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 13, 1765.

There is somebody dead somewhere—strong marks of novelty you see—in Somersetshire or Wiltshire, I think, who has left two hundred thousand pounds to Mr. Pitt, to Mr. William Pitt, to *the* Pitt, the man who frightened the great Mogul so three years ago, and who had liked to have tossed the Kings of France and Spain in a blanket, if somebody had not cut a hole in it and let them slip through. Somebody the first, was called Pinsent or Vincent—the town and I are not sure of the name yet; but it is certain he never saw the said Mr. Pitt—I hope that was not the best reason for the legacy.

To the Earl of Hertford:

Jan. 27, 1765.

My Lady Townshend was arrested two days ago in the street at the suit of a house-painter, who, having brought her a bill double of the estimate he had given in, she would not pay it. As this is a breach of privilege, I should think the man would hear of it. . . .

A club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen had dined at the Star and Garter, and there had been a dispute between the combatants, whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was active in the association, had most game on their manor. The company, however, had apprehended no consequences, and parted at eight o'clock; but Lord Byron stepping into an empty chamber, and sending the drawer for Mr. Chaworth, or calling him thither himself, took the candle from the waiter, and bidding Mr. Chaworth defend himself, drew his sword. Mr. Chaworth, who was an excellent fencer, ran Lord Byron through the sleeve of his coat, and then received a wound fourteen inches deep in his body. He was carried to his house in Berkeley Street,—made his will with the greatest composure, and dictated a paper, which, they say, allows it was a fair duel, and died at nine this morning. Lord Byron is not gone off, but says he will take his trial, which, if the Coroner brings in a verdict of manslaughter, may, according to precedent, be in the House of Lords, and without the ceremonial of Westminster Hall.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 11, 1765.

The hero of the day was the famous Colonel Barré—a man, or I am mistaken, whose fame will not stop here. He spoke with infinite wit and humour, and with that first of merits to me, novelty: his manner is original. He spoke too with extreme bitterness, which is almost new again; so civil have Parliaments been of late. He commended the present Secretaries of State, but foresaw it possible that, if one of them should die, his successor might be the most dissolute and abandoned sad dog in the kingdom. There sat Sandwich under the gallery, while the whole House applied the picture to him! not a word was offered in his defence. You will ask if he was thunderstruck? yes, say those who were near him. Yet so well did he recover the blow that at three in the morning, he commenced an intrigue with a coffee-girl, who attends in the Speaker's chambers. . . .

[Wilkesbarré, Penn., is named after John Wilkes and Col. Barré.]

We are likely to have another solemn puppet show, the trial of a peer. Lord Byron has killed a Mr. Chaworth in a duel at a tavern. I, who should like the trial of a Laud or a Strafford, as a wholesome spectacle now and then, am not interested about an obscure Lord, whose birth alone procures his being treated like an overgrown criminal.

To the Earl of Hertford:

Feb. 12, 1765.

If it was not too long to transcribe, I would send you an entertaining petition of the periwig-makers to the King, in which they complain that men will wear their own hair. Should one almost wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate, that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs? Apropos my Lady Hertford's friend, Lady Harriot Vernon, has quarrelled with me for smiling at the enormous head-gear of her daughter, Lady Grosvenor. She came one night to Northumberland House with such display of friz, that it literally spread beyond her shoulders. I happened to say it looked as if her parents had stinted her in hair before marriage, and that she was determined to indulge her fancy now. This, among ten thousand things said by all the world, was reported to Lady Harriot, and has occasioned my disgrace. As she never found fault with anybody herself, I excuse her! You will be less surprised to hear hat the Duchess of Queensberry has not yet done dressing herself marvellously: she was at Court on Sunday in a gown and petticoat of red flannel.

[*Feb.* 14] The new Assembly Room at Almack's was opened the night before last, and they say is very magnificent, but it was empty; half the town is ill with colds, and many were afraid to go, as the house is scarcely built yet. Almack advertised that it was built with hot bricks and boiling water—think what a rage there must be for public places, if this notice, instead of terrifying, could draw anybody thither. They tell me the ceilings were dropping with wet. . . .

Williams, the reprinter of the *North Briton*, stood in the pillory to-day in Palace Yard. He went in a hackney-coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite to him, on which they hung a boot with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams, which amounted to near 200 *l.* In short, every public event informs the administration how thoroughly they are detested, and that they have not a friend whom they do not buy.

To the Rev. William Cole:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
March 9, 1765.

I had time to write but a short note with the *Castle of Otranto*, as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all in white, in my Gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance! I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

To George Montagu:

ARLINGTON STREET,
April 5, 1765.

Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell you two *bon mots* of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, Bishop Warburton. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative: Quin said, "Pray, my lord, spare me, you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified."—"Ay!" said Warburton, "by what law?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them." The Bishop would have got off upon judgements, and bade the player remember, that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. "I would not advise your lordship," said Quin, "to make use of that inference; for, if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles."

To the Earl of Hertford:

April 18, 1765.

Lord Byron's trial lasted two days, and he was acquitted totally by four Lords Beaulieu, Falmouth, Despenser, and Orford, and found guilty of manslaughter by one hundred and twenty. The Dukes of York and Gloucester were present in their places. The prisoner behaved with great decorum, and seemed thoroughly shocked and mortified. Indeed, the bitterness of the world against him has been great, and the stories they have revived or invented to load him, very grievous. The Chancellor behaved with his usual, or, rather greater vulgarness and blunders.

May 20, 1765.

I mentioned the mob of weavers which had besieged the Parliament, and attacked the Duke of Bedford, and I thought no more of it; but on Friday, a well disciplined, and, I fear, too well conducted a multitude, repaired again to Westminster with red and black flags; the House of Lords, where not thirty were present, acted with no spirit;—examined Justice Fielding, and the magistrates, and adjourned till to-day. At seven that evening, a prodigious multitude assaulted Bedford House, and began to pull down the walls, and another party surrounded the garden, where there were but fifty men on guard, and had forced their way, if another party of Guards that had been sent for had arrived five minutes later. At last, after reading the proclamation, the gates of the court were thrown open, and sixty foot-soldiers marched out; the mob fled, but, being met by a party of horse, were much cut and trampled, but no lives lost. Lady Tavistock, and everything valuable in the house, have been sent out of town. On Saturday, all was pretty quiet; the Duchess was blooded, and everybody went to visit them. I hesitated, being afraid of an air of triumph; however, lest it should be construed the other way, I went last night at eight o'clock; in the square I found a great multitude, not of weavers, but seemingly of Sunday-passengers. At the gate guarded by grenadiers, I found so large a throng, that I had not only difficulty to make my way, though in my chariot, but was hissed and pelted; and in two minutes after, the glass of Lady Grosvenor's coach was broken, as those of Lady Cork's chair were entirely demolished afterwards. I found Bedford House a perfect garrison, sustaining a siege, the court full of horse Guards, constables, and gentlemen. I told the Duke, that, however I might happen to differ with him in politics, this was a common cause, and that everybody must feel equal indignation at it. In the meantime the mob grew so riotous, that they were forced to make both horse and foot parade the square before the tumult was dispersed.

To-morrow we expect much worse. The weavers have declared they will come down to the House of Lords for redress, which they say they have been promised. A body of five hundred sailors were on the road from Portsmouth to join them, but luckily the Admiralty had notice of their intention, and stopped them. A large body of weavers are on the road from Norwich, and it is said have been joined by numbers in Essex; Guards are posted to prevent, if possible, their approaching the City. Another troop of manufacturers are coming from Manchester; and what is worst of all, there is such a general spirit of mutiny and dissatisfaction in the lower people, that I think we are in danger of a rebellion in the heart of the capital in a week. In the meantime, there is neither administration nor government.

. . . Such precautions have been taken, and so many troops brought into town, that there has been no rising, though the sheriffs of London acquainted the Lords on Monday that a very formidable one was preparing for five o'clock the next morning. There was another tumult, indeed, at three o'clock yesterday, at Bedford House, but it was dispersed by reading the Riot Act.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 25, 1765.

We have been at the eve of a civil war. Many thousand weavers rose, on a bill for their relief being thrown out of the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford. For four days they were suffered to march about the town with colours displayed, petitioning the King, surrounding the House of Lords, mobbing and wounding the Duke of Bedford, and at last besieging his house, which, with his family, was narrowly saved from destruction. At last it grew a regular siege and blockade; but by garrisoning it with horse and foot literally, and calling in several regiments, the tumult is appeased.

To George Montagu:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 10, 1765.

I am just come out of the garden in the most oriental of all evenings, and from breathing odors beyond those of Araby. The acacias, which the Arabians have the sense to worship, are covered with blossoms, the honeysuckles dangle from every tree in festoons, the seringas are thickest of sweets, and the new-cut hay in the field in the garden tempers the balmy gales with simple freshness; while a thousand sky-rockets launched into the air at Ranelagh or Marybone illuminate the scene, and give it an air of Haroun Alraschid's paradise. . . . My company was Lady Lyttelton, . . . Madame de Juliac from the Pyreneans, very handsome, not a girl, . . . and General Schouallow, the favourite of the late Czarina—absolute favourite for a dozen years, without making an enemy. In truth, he is very amiable, humble, and modest. Had he been ambitious, he might have mounted the throne: as he was not, you may imagine they have plucked his plumes a good deal. There is a little air of melancholy about him, and, if I am not mistaken, some secret wishes for the fall of the present murderess; which, if it were civil to suppose, I could heartily join with him in hoping for. As we have still liberty enough left to dazzle a Russian, he seems charmed with England, and perhaps liked even this place the more as belonging to the son of one that, like himself, had been prime minister.

To Lady Hervey:

June 11, 1765.

It is scandalous, at my age, to have been carried backwards and forwards to balls and suppers and parties by very young people, as I was all last week. My resolutions of growing old and staid are admirable: I wake with a sober plan, and intend to pass the day with my friends—then comes the Duke of Richmond, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner—then the Duchess of Grafton sends for me to loo in Upper Grosvenor Street—before I can get thither, I am begged to step to Kensington, to give Mrs. Anne Pitt my opinion about a bow-window—after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to supper—and after that, am to walk with Miss Pelham on the terrace till two in the morning, because it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning laziness; and, by the time I have breakfasted, fed my birds and my squirrels, and dressed, there is an auction ready. In short, Madam, this was my life last week, and is I think every week, with the addition of forty episodes.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
June 26, 1765.

After the King had been obliged to take back his old Ministers, the hard terms they imposed upon him, added to their late insults, made him treat them with the greatest coldness. He not only smiled on the Opposition, but bestowed every employment that fell on the Duke of Cumberland's or Lord Bute's friends.

July 12, 1765.

The Duke of Bolton the other morning—nobody knows why or wherefore, except that there is a good deal of madness in the blood, sat himself down upon the floor in his dressing-room, and shot himself through the head. What is more remarkable is, that it is the same house and same chamber in which [1741] Lord Scarborough performed the same exploit. I do not believe that shooting one's self through the head is catching, or that any contagion lies in a wainscot that makes one pull a suicide-trigger, but very possibly the idea might revert and operate on the brain of a splenetic man.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 12, 1765.

The Dowager Duchess of Aiguillon wore his [the Pretender's] picture in a bracelet, with Jesus Christ for the reverse. People could not find a reason for the connection. Madame de Rochfort said, "Why, the same motto will suit both, 'Mon royaume n'est pas de ce monde.'"

ARLINGTON STREET,
Aug. 27, 1765.

There is a man who has just invented what he calls *a marine belt*; you buckle it on, and walk upon the sea as you would upon a grass-plot. I never was an excellent walker, and my feet at present are piteously tender,—but I think a wave cannot hurt one,—perhaps I may step to you from Marseilles to Leghorn. . . . [I am] convinced that the art of flying will be next reduced to practice;—oh! I shall certainly make you a visit on the first pair of wings that are to be sold.

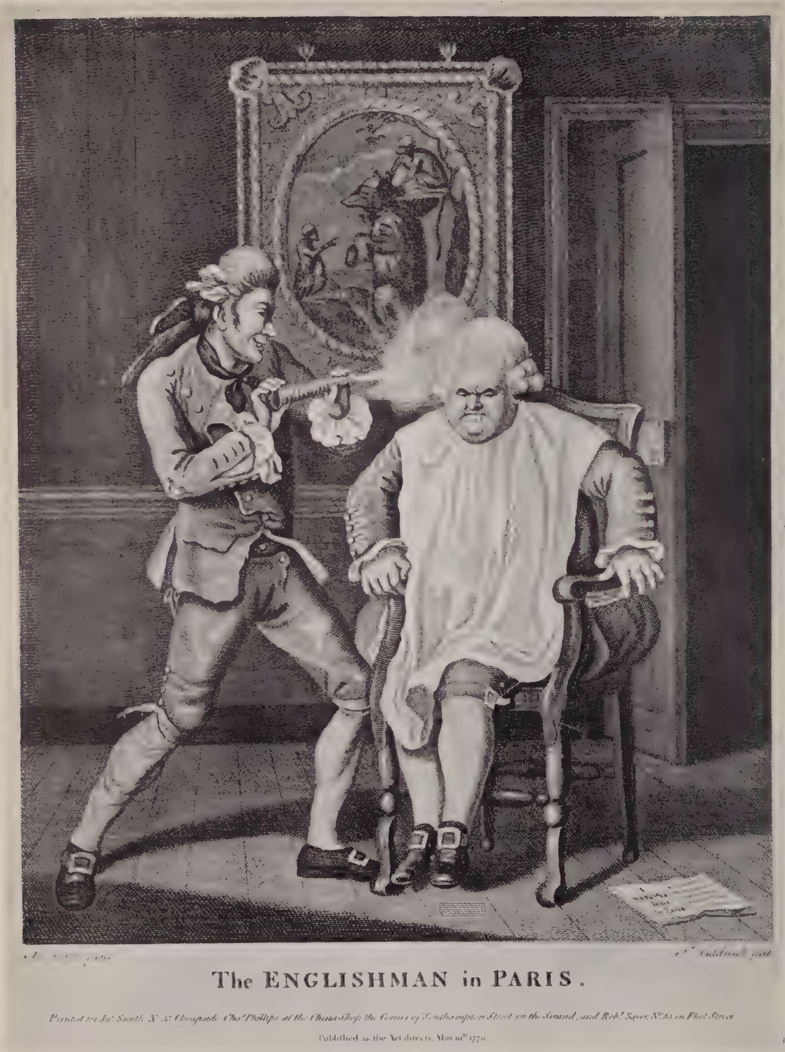
To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

PARIS,
Sept. 11, 1765.

I have had a very prosperous journey till just at entering this city. I escaped a Prince of Nassau at Dover, and sickness at sea, though the voyage lasted seven hours and a half. I have recovered my strength surprisingly in the time; though almost famished for want of clean victuals, and comfortable tea and bread and butter. . . .

I find this country wonderfully enriched since I saw it four-and-twenty years ago. Boulogne is grown quite a plump snug town, with a number of new houses. The worst villages are tight, and wooden shoes have disappeared. Mr. Pitt and the City of London may fancy what they will, but France will not come a-begging to the Mansion House this year or two. In truth, I impute this air of opulence a little to ourselves. The crumbs that fall from the chaises of the swarms of English that visit Paris, must have contributed to fatten this province.

[*Sept.* 12] While they are getting my dinner, I continue my journal. The Duchess of Douglas (for English are generally the most extra-



The ENGLISHMAN in PARIS.
Printed for Jn. Smith No. 35 Cheapside Chas. Phillips at the China Shop the Corner of Southampton Street in the Strand, and Robt. Sayer No. 53 in Fleet Street
Published as the Act directs, May 10th 1770

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.
From an engraving by Caldwall after John Collet.

ordinary persons that we meet with even out of England) left Amiens before me on her way home. You will not guess what she carries with her—Oh! nothing that will hurt our manufacturers; nor what George Grenville himself would seize. One of her servants died at Paris; she had him embalmed, and the body is tied before her chaise:—a droll way of being chief mourner. . . .

[*Sept.* 13] Formerly I observed nothing, and now remark everything minutely. I have already fallen in love with twenty things, and in hate with forty.

To Lady Hervey:

Sept. 14, 1765.

My Lady Hertford has cut me to pieces, and thrown me into a caldron with tailors, periwig-makers, snuff-box-wrights, milliners, &c. which really took up but little time; and I am come out quite new, with everything but youth. The journey recovered me with magic expedition. My strength, if mine could ever be called strength, is returned; and the gout going off in a minuet step. I will say nothing of my spirits, which are indecently juvenile, and not less improper for my age than for the country where I am; which, if you will give me leave to say it, has a thought too much gravity. I don't venture to laugh or talk nonsense, but in English. . . .

The dirt of this country: it is melancholy, after the purity of Strawberry! The narrowness of the streets, trees clipped to resemble brooms, and planted on pedestals of chalk, and a few other points, do not edify me. The French Opera, which I have heard to-night, disgusted me as much as ever.

. . . The nymphs of the theatres are *laides à faire peur*, which at my age is a piece of luck, like going into a shop of curiosities, and finding nothing to tempt one to throw away one's money.

To the Rev. William Cole:

Sept. 18, 1765.

Be careful on the road. My portmanteau, with part of my linen, was stolen from before my chaise at noon, while I went to see Chantilly. If you stir out of your room, lock the door of it in the inn, or leave your man in it.

To George Montagu :

Sept. 22, 1765.

The Italian comedy, now united with their *opéra comique*, is their most perfect diversion; but alas! harlequin, my dear favourite harlequin, my passion, makes me more melancholy than cheerful. Instead of laughing, I sit silently reflecting how everything loses charms when one's own youth does not lend it gilding! . . .

The French affect philosophy, literature, and freethinking: the first never did, and never will possess me; of the two others I have long been tired. Freethinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled, and for others I do not see why there is not as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it. I dined to-day with a dozen *savans*, and though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, even on the Old Testament, than I would suffer at my own table in England, if a single footman was present. For literature, it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly; and, besides, in this country one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is worst of all: could one believe that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favourites ? The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His *History*, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing.

In their dress and equipages they are grown very simple. We English are living upon their old gods and goddesses; I roll about in a chariot decorated with cupids, and look like the grandfather of Adonis.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Sept. 26, 1765.

There are three or four houses whither I go when I will, but you may believe that it is not constant. Their histories are unknown to me, and uninteresting. Their politics most indifferent; their fashionable literature, and more fashionable irreligion, subjects of which I am tired. I neither love to dispute nor discuss.

To Lady Hervey:

Oct. 3, 1765.

Yesterday I went through all my presentations at Versailles. 'Tis very convenient to gobble up a whole royal family in an hour's time. . . . *La Reine* is *le plus grand roi du monde*, and talked much to me, and would have said more if I would have let her; but I was awkward, and shrunk back into the crowd. None of the rest spoke to me. The King is still much handsomer than his pictures, and has great sweetness in his countenance, instead of that *farouche* look which they give him. The Mesdames are not beauties, and yet have something Bourbon in their faces. The Dauphiness I approve the least of all: with nothing good-humoured in her countenance, she has a look and accent that made me dread lest I should be invited to a private party at loo with her. The poor Dauphin is ghastly, and perishing before one's eyes.

To John Chute:

Oct. 3, 1765.

Their authors, who by the way are everywhere, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said with great surprise, "Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whisk?"

What strikes me the most upon the whole is, the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day, and yet wait behind their master, as I saw the Duc of Praslin's do, with a red pocket-handkerchief about their necks. Versailles, like everything else, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every instance exhibits something most dissonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the staircases, nay in the antechambers of the royal family, there are people selling all sorts of wares. While we were waiting in the

Dauphin's sumptuous bedchamber, till his dressing-room door should be opened, two fellows were sweeping it, and dancing about in sabots to rub the floor.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Oct. 6, 1765.

Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her house, and God knows how they water them. The old President Henault is the pagod at Madame du Deffand's, an old blind *débauchée* of wit, where I supped last night. The President is very near deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits by the table: the mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the President's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar.

To Miss Anne Pitt:

I tell them . . . you have been too long out of France not to have lost all taste: that you will not have so much as an antechamber full of cooks, chafing-dishes and footmen in dirty nightcaps.

To George Montagu:

Oct. 16, 1765.

Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit; his conversation shows how little he has lived in good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest bawdy. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour; not even against Sandwich, of whom he talked with the utmost temper.

To Thomas Brand:

Oct. 19, 1765.

Laughing is as much out of fashion as *pantins* or *bilboquets*. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the King to be pulled down first; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane, for having any belief left. But this is not my only crime: I have told them, and am undone by it, that they have taken from us to admire the two dullest things we had, whisk and Richardson.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Oct. 28, 1765.

Do you know who *the philosophers* are, or what the term means here? In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody; and in the next, means men, who, avowing war against popery, aim, many of them, at a subversion of all religion, and still many more, at the destruction of regal power.

To Miss Anne Pitt:

Nov. 4, 1765.

I tell them in vain of George Grenville's epigrams, and endeavoured t'other day to translate one of them, but was interrupted before I had been above an hour and a half about it. . . . The poor clergy are overwhelmed with satires. . . . Voltaire is the idol of the Parliamentarians.

To Thomas Gray:

Nov. 19, 1765.

There is not a man or woman here that is not a perfect old nurse, and who does not talk gruel or anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance. One instance shall serve: Madame de Bouzols, Marshal Berwick's daughter, assured me there was nothing so good for the gout, as to preserve the parings of my nails in a bottle close stopped. . . .

The charms of Paris have not the least attraction for me, nor would keep me an hour on their own account. For the city itself, I cannot conceive where my eyes were: it is the ugliest beastliest town in the universe. I have not seen a mouthful of verdure out of it, nor have they anything green but their *treillage* and window-shutters. Trees cut into fire-shovels, and stuck into pedestals of chalk, compose their country. Their boasted knowledge of society is reduced to talking of their suppers, and every malady they have about them, or know of. The Dauphin is at the point of death; every morning the physicians frame an account of him; and happy is he or she who can produce a copy of this lie, called a *bulletin*. The night before last, one of these was produced at supper where I was; it was read, and said he had had *une évacuation fétide*. I beg your pardon, though you are not at supper.

The old lady of the house (who by the way is quite blind, was the Regent's mistress for a fortnight, and is very agreeable) called out, "Oh! they have forgot to mention that he threw down his chamber-pot, and was forced to change his bed." There were present several women of the first rank; as Madame de la Valière, whom you remember Duchesse de Vaujour, and who is still miraculously pretty, though fifty-three; a very handsome Madame de Forcalquier, and others—nor was this conversation at all particular to that evening.

Their gaiety is not greater than their delicacy—but I will not expatiate. In short, they are another people from what they were. They may be growing wise, but the intermediate passage is dullness. Several of the women are agreeable, and some of the men; but the latter are in general vain and ignorant. The *savans*—I beg their pardons, the *philosophes*—are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic: they preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism; you would not believe how openly—don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, "Il est bigot, c'est un déiste."

To Lady Hervey:

Nov. 28, 1765.

I avow that gaiety, whatever it was formerly, is no longer the growth of this country; and I will own too that Paris can produce women of quality that I should not call women of fashion: I will not use so ungentle a term as vulgar; but for their indelicacy, I could call it still worse. Yet with these faults, and the latter is an enormous one in my English eyes, many of the women are exceedingly agreeable.

To George Augustus Selwyn:

Dec. 2, 1765.

I forgot to tell you that I sometimes go to Baron d'Olbach's; but I have left off his dinners, as there was no bearing the authors, and philosophers, and *savants*, of which he has a pigeon-house full. They soon turned my head with a new system of antediluvian deluges, which they have invented to prove the eternity of matter. The Baron is persuaded that Pall Mall is paved with lava or deluge stones. In short, nonsense for nonsense, I like the Jesuits better than the philosophers. . . . .

Madame du Deffand says I have *le fou moquer*, and I have not hurt myself a little by laughing at whisk and Richardson, though I have steered clear of the chapter of Mr. Hume; the only Trinity now in fashion here.

To Miss Anne Pitt:

Dec. 25, 1765.

I have seen but one idea in all the houses here: the rooms are in white and gold, or white; a lustre, a vast glass over the chimney and another opposite, and generally a third one against the windows compose their rooms universally. In the bedchamber is a piece of hanging behind and on each side of the bed: the rest of the room is stark naked. . . . Now and then Vanloo has sprawled goddesses over the doors and at other times Boucher. . . . As to a comfortable chamber for winter, they have no more notion of it than Queen Frédégonde had. . . . Their whole system of habitation is to me absurd. . . . The Dauphin's death has stifled all diversions. . . . It is never necessary to conquer grief: let it alone and in two days it will vent itself in a hat-band or a muslin ruffle. . . . Our friend, Madame de Mirepoix, has made a very unfortunate campaign at Fontainbleau and lost thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds at whisk. I am sorry for it, but with her parts, how could she play so dull a game well ? . . . We can find no way of making your room look French, but by sending it a box of rouge.

To Lady Mary Coke:

Jan. 4, 1766.

My life is perfectly French and I like it. I lie abed all the morning, breakfast, eat no dinner, visit after that no dinner, fix at nine for the evening, sup, drink coffee and sit up till past two; if I meet Madame de Mirepoix, drink tea and stay till later. Oh, it is charming. . . . The weather is as cold as in Russia, and as here they sup with the doors open I am forced to eat soup scalding hot to prevent being converted into an icicle. . . . I pity the ministry when George Grenville has got a new continent [America] opened to harangue upon. . . . He should have lived in Lapland, where one day lasts for six months. Rousseau set out this morning for England. . . . Pray tell me if he becomes the fashion.

[Rousseau went to London under the auspices of David Hume.]

To George Montagu :

Jan. 5, 1766.

The canton of Berne ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's *Esprit* and Voltaire's *Pucelle* to be seized. The officer of justice employed by them came into the council and said, " Magnifiques seigneurs, après toutes les recherches possibles, on n'a pû trouver dans toute la ville que très peu de l'Esprit, et pas une Pucelle."

To John Chute :

Jan. 8, 1766.

The Contessa de la Marche has appointed nine at night for my audience. It seems a little odd to us to be presented to a princess of the blood at that hour—but I told you, there is not a tittle in which our manners resemble one another. I was presented to her father-in-law the Prince of Conti last Friday. In the middle of the levee entered a young woman, too plain I thought to be anything but his near relation. I was confirmed in my opinion, by seeing her, after he had talked to her, go round the circle and do the honours of it. I asked a gentleman near me if that was the Comtesse de la Marche ? He burst into a violent laughter, and then told me it was Mademoiselle Auguste, a dancer!

To Thomas Gray :

Jan. 25, 1766.

Madame du Deffand [who] was for a short time mistress of the Regent, is now very old and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a-week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these four-score years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers.

To George Montagu :

Feb. 4, 1766.

I supped last night with the Duchess de Choiseul, and saw a magnificent robe she is to wear to-day for a great wedding between a

Biron and a Boufflers. It is of blue satin, embroidered all over in a mosaic, diamond-wise, with gold: in every diamond is a silver star edged with gold, and surrounded with spangles in the same way; it is trimmed with double sables, crossed with frogs and tassels of gold; her head, neck, breast, and arms, covered with diamonds.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 9, 1766.

Mr. Pitt's conduct has occasioned great confusion. He has declared . . . against the Parliament itself, which he says has taxed America without a right to do so, and by that act broke the original compact. His followers are exceedingly few; yet his name makes a sort of party, and you may be sure he has all the Americans with him.

To the Rev. William Cole:

Feb. 28, 1766.

To-day, I have been to the Plaine de Sablon, by the Bois de Boulogne, to see a horse-race rid in person by Count Lauragais and Lord Forbes. All Paris was in motion by nine o'clock this morning, and the coaches and crowds were innumerable at so novel a sight. Would you believe it, that there was an Englishman to whom it was quite as new? That Englishman was I: though I live within two miles of Hounslow, have been fifty times in my life at Newmarket, and have passed through it at the time of the races, I never before saw a complete one. I once went from Cambridge on purpose; saw the beginning, was tired, and went away.

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 1, 1766.

We have got more letters from England, where the ministers are still triumphant. They had a majority of 108 on the day that it was voted to bring in a bill to repeal the Stamp Act. George Grenville's ignorance and blunders were displayed to his face and to the whole world; he was hissed through the Court of Requests, where Mr. Conway was huzza'd. It went still farther for Mr. Pitt, whom the mob accompanied home with "Io Pitts!"

To George Selwyn :

March 7, 1766.

[The Queen] is out of danger. La Maréchale de Luxembourg saw her the night before last, and congratulating her recovery, the Queen said, " I am too unhappy to die."

To Sir Horace Mann :

ARLINGTON STREET,
April 23, 1766.

Lord Clive has just sent us the whole kingdom of Bengal, which the Great Mogul has yielded to this little Great Mogul without a blow. He has made an infant Nabob, and settled a regency; and when all expenses are paid, there will be remitted to England yearly a million and a half; we may buy another war in Germany and subsidise two or three electors, for we shall scorn to be the better for this money ourselves. East India stock is risen ten per cent.

May 22, 1766.

Oh! but we have discovered a race of giants! Captain Byron has found a nation of Brobdignags on the coast of Patagonia; the inhabitants on foot, taller than he and his men on horseback. I don't indeed know how he and his sailors came to be riding in the South Seas. However, it is a terrible blow to the Irish, for I suppose all our dowagers now will be for marrying Patagonians.

To George Montagu :

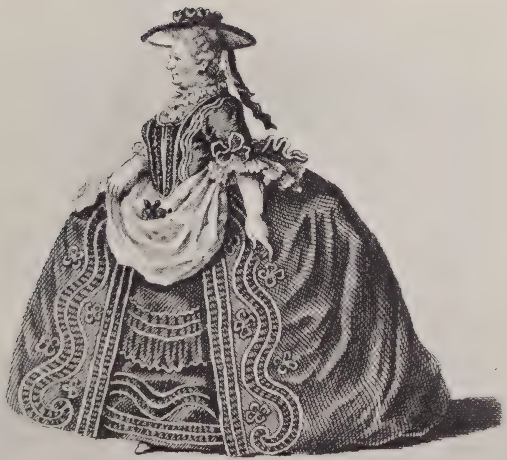
May 25, 1766.

My Lady Shelburne has taken a house here, and it has produced a *bon mot* from Mrs. Clive. You know my Lady Suffolk is *deaf*, and I have talked much of a charming old passion [Madame du Deffand] I have at Paris, who is *blind*; " Well," said the Clive, " if the new Countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you."

To Sir Horace Mann :

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 9, 1766.

The Great Commoner [Pitt] is exceedingly out of humour, and having duped himself, taxes the Ministers with perfidy; he would



Mrs. Clive *in the Character of* **Mrs. Heidelberg.**
Done from an Original Picture of the ſame size in the Poſsession
of Her Grace the Dutcheſs of Northumberland.
Printed for R. Sayer, No. 53 in Fleet Street, & J. Smith No. 35. Cheapside; 1769. 14

KITTY CLIVE AS MRS. HEIDELBERG.
From a print in the Burney Collection.

never connect with them in or out, and who, having proscribed half of them, would not vouchsafe to treat with the rest. The people who think everything right that he does, or does not, and who, as often as he changes his mind backwards and forwards, think that right too, take all the pains they can to indulge his pride. He has been at Bath; they stood up all the time he was in the rooms, and while he drank his glass of water; and one man in Somersetshire said to him as he passed through a crowd, I hope *your Majesty's* health is better!

To the Marquise du Deffand:

July 16, 1766.

Behold a new letter from Rousseau to Hume, in which he piles up injuries, calls him the blackest of men, assures him . . . he is persuaded that Mr. Hume has lured him to England only to dishonour him, always without assigning the least reason, without averring the shadow of a fact. Finally he breaks off all relations with this too tender friend. Poor Mr. Hume is in despair.

[This is a translation of the original.]

To Sir Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
July 18, 1766.

The King may be happy if he will, and the people are no longer in danger of arbitrary power. The Ministers will withstand that, and Mr. Pitt's name will keep Europe in awe. 'Tis a great aera, my dear Sir, and a new birthday for England!

To David Hume:

July 26, 1766.

I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 9, 1766.

Our harvest, though the season has been so fine, turns out ill, the preceding rains having starved it with weeds. At least, as every incident contributes to raise prices, bread is raised, and people are very clamorous against exportation of corn. There is no living in this country under twenty thousand pounds a-year; not that that suffices, but it entitles one to ask a pension for two or three lives.

Sept. 25, 1766.

The physician (for Lord Hertford and Mr. Conway sent for one, whether I would or not) pronounced it the gout; and because he had pronounced so, was determined it should be so, and plied me with fire, gunpowder, and all the artillery of the College, till, like a true general, he had almost reduced the place to a heap of ashes. This made me resolved to die in my own way, that is coolly. I refused to take a drop more of his prescriptions; have mended ever since; and am really now quite well, and quite convinced that it was no more the gout than the small-pox, but a violent disorder in my stomach. This was my first physician, and shall be my last. How dear one pays for health and justice; and how seldom one obtains them even for buying!

I am going to the Bath, with more opinion of the journey and change of air, than of waters, for even water may be too hot for me. 'Tis a sort of complaisance too; and all these trials, when one is no longer young, I regard but as taking pains to be well against one dies. I am pretty indifferent when that may be, but not so patient under the appendixes of illness:—the advice everybody gives one,—their infallible remedies, and, what is worse, being confined, and thereby exposed to every idle body's visit, and every interested body's flattery that expects a legacy. I had a relation the other day with me, whom I very seldom see, and who begged I would excuse, as I was so ill, her not being able to help laughing violently at some very trifling thing I said. I will leave her a certain cure for that laugh; that is, nothing.

Would you believe that such a granary as England has been in as much danger as your mountains? not of famine, but of riots. The demands for corn have occasioned so much to be exported, that our farmers went on raising the price of wheat till the poor could not buy bread; indeed, they will eat none but the best. Insurrections have happened in several counties, and worse were apprehended. Yesterday the King, by the unanimous advice of his Council, took upon him to lay an embargo, which was never done before in time of peace. It will make much clamour, among the interested, both in interest and politics; but in general will be popular. The dearness of everything is enormous and intolerable, for the country is so rich that it makes everybody poor. The luxury of tradesmen passes all belief. They would forfeit their characters with their own profession if they exercised an economy that would be thought but prudent in a man of quality in any other country. Unless the mob will turn reformers and rise, or my Lord Clive sends over diamonds enough for current coin, I do not see how one shall be able soon to purchase necessaries.

To John Chute:

BATH,
Oct. 10, 1766.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); . . . Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very ugly enthusiasm; decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I *thanks* God for everything." Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean.

To Sir Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 26, 1766.

What idiots we are! we squander youth, and husband old age; waste our money, and cherish the tattered bag that held it! If there was a day marked on which youth ceases and age commences, I should call that the day of one's death; the first would be the death of pleasure, the other is only the death of pain; and is that such a grievance?

To the Dowager Duchess d'Aiguillon :

Strawberry Hill,
Nov. 3, 1766.

Mr. Hume has, I own, surprised me by suffering his squabble with Rousseau to be published. . . . I think all literary controversies ridiculous, impertinent and contemptible. . . . However, Madam, I only laugh at all this, for I am no philosopher and therefore am not angry.

To William Langley (Mayor of Lynn) :

Arlington Street,
March 13, 1767.

The declining state of my health, and a wish of retiring from all public business, have, for some time, made me think of not offering my service again to the town of Lynn, as one of their representatives in Parliament. . . .

Dreading to see, in the uncorrupted town of Lynn, what has spread too fatally in other places, and what, I fear, will end in the ruin of this constitution and country, I think it my duty, by an early declaration, to endeavour to preserve the integrity and peace of so great, so respectable, and so unblemished a borough.

To Sir Horace Mann :

March 19, 1767.

In truth, it is a very South Sea year—at least one-third of the House of Commons is dipped in this traffic; and stock-jobbing now makes patriots, as everything else has done. From the Alley ['Change Alley] to the House it is like a path of ants.

Strawberry Hill,
July 20, 1767.

Lord Clive is arrived, has brought a million for himself, two diamond drops worth twelve thousand pounds for the Queen, a scimitar, dagger, and other matters, covered with brilliants, for the King, and worth twenty-four thousand more. These *baubles* are presents from the deposed and imprisoned Mogul, whose poverty can still afford to give such bribes. Lord Clive refused some overplus, and gave it to some widows of officers: it amounted to ninety thousand pounds. He has *reduced* the appointments of the Governor of Bengal to thirty-two thousand pounds a-year; and, what is better, has left such a chain of forts and distribution of troops as will entirely secure possession of the country—till we lose it.

Nov. 3, 1767.

The Queen was brought to bed yesterday, of a fourth Prince. [The Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.]

ARLINGTON STREET,
Dec. 2, 1767.

George Grenville is distracted that the Ministers will not make America rebel, that he may be minister and cut America's throat, or have his own throat cut.

Dec. 14, 1767.

'Tis a precious world, and one must be mad too, to do anything but laugh at it.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Jan. 17, 1768.

The law makes no bones of wills. I have heard of a man who begun his will thus: "This is my will, and I desire the Chancery will not make another for me." Oh! but it did.

To Thomas Gray:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Feb. 18, 1768.

Pray read the new *Account of Corsica.* What relates to Paoli will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and, like Cambridge, has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself; but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will I am sure entertain you.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 26, 1768.

Last Monday there was at Court a sea-captain who has been prisoner at Algiers. He was complaining how cruelly he had been used. They asked how? "Why," said he, "you see I am not strong, and could do no hard labour, and so they put me to hatch eggs"; but his greatest grievance was, that, when he had hatched a brood, they took away his chickens. Did you ever hear of a more tender-hearted old hen? I laughed till I cried.

To George Montagu:

March 12, 1768.

Sterne has published two little volumes, called *Sentimental Travels.* They are very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to his tiresome *Tristram Shandy*, of which I never could get through three volumes. In these there is great good-nature and strokes of delicacy.

To Sir Horace Mann:

April 1, 1768.

The ghost is laid for a time in a red sea of port and claret. The spectre is the famous Wilkes. He appeared the moment the Parliament was dissolved. The Ministry despise him. He stood for the City of London, and was the last on the poll of seven candidates, none but the mob, and most of them without votes, favouring him. He then offered himself to the county of Middlesex. The election came on last Monday. By five in the morning a very large body of weavers, &c., took possession of Piccadilly, and the roads and turnpikes leading to Brentford, and would suffer nobody to pass without blue cockades, and papers inscribed "No. 45, *Wilkes and Liberty.*" They tore to pieces the coaches of Sir W. Beauchamp Proctor, and Mr. Cooke, the other candidates, though the latter was not there, but in bed with the gout, and it was with difficulty that Sir William and Mr. Cooke's cousin got to Brentford. There, however, lest it should be declared a void election, Wilkes had the sense to keep everything quiet. But, about five, Wilkes, being considerably ahead of the other two, his mob returned to town and behaved outrageously. They stopped every carriage, scratched and spoilt several with writing all over them "No. 45," pelted, threw dirt and stones, and forced everybody to huzza for

Wilkes. I did but cross Piccadilly at eight, in my coach with a French Monsieur d'Angeul, whom I was carrying to Lady Hertford's; they stopped us, and bid us huzza. I desired him to let down the glass on his side, but, as he was not alert, they broke it to shatters. At night they insisted, in several streets, on houses being illuminated, and several Scotch refusing, had their windows broken. Another mob rose in the City, and Harley, the present Mayor, being another Sir William Walworth, and having acted formerly and now with great spirit against Wilkes, and the Mansion House not being illuminated, and he out of town, they broke every window, and tried to force their way into the House. The trained bands were sent for, but did not suffice. At last a party of Guards, from the Tower, and some lights erected, dispersed the tumult. At one in the morning a riot began before Lord Bute's house, in Audley Street, though illuminated. They flung two large flints into Lady Bute's chamber, who was in bed, and broke every window in the house. Next morning, Wilkes and Cooke were returned members. The day was very quiet, but at night they rose again, and obliged almost every house in town to be lighted up, even the Duke of Cumberland's and Princess Amelia's. About one o'clock they marched to the Duchess of Hamilton's in Argyle Buildings (Lord Lorn being in Scotland). She was obstinate, and would not illuminate, though with child, and, as they hope, of an heir to the family, and with the Duke, her son, and the rest of her children in the house. There is a small court and parapet wall before the house: they brought iron crows, tore down the gates, pulled up the pavement, and battered the house for three hours. They could not find the key of the back door, nor send for any assistance. The night before, they had obliged the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to give them beer, and appear at the windows, and drink "Wilkes's health." They stopped and opened the coach of Count Seilern, the Austrian ambassador, who has made a formal complaint, on which the Council met on Wednesday night, and were going to issue a Proclamation, but, hearing that all was quiet, and that only a few houses were illuminated in Leicester Fields from the terror of the inhabitants, a few constables were sent with orders to extinguish the lights, and not the smallest disorder has happened since. In short, it has ended like other election riots, and with not a quarter of the mischief that has been done in some other towns.

To George Montagu :

Strawberry Hill,
April 15, 1768.

I have finished my tragedy [*The Mysterious Mother*], but as you would not bear the subject, I will say no more of it, but that Mr. Chute, who is not easily pleased, likes it, and Gray, who is still more difficult, approves it. I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted ; but, as Mrs. Pritchard leaves the stage next month, I know nobody could play the Countess ; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue *in character* for the Clive, which she would speak admirably: but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it.

To the Rev. William Cole :

April 16, 1768.

I hope the Methodist, your neighbour, does not, like his patriarch Whitfield, encourage the people to forge, murder, &c., in order to have the benefit of being converted at the gallows. That arch-rogue preached lately a funeral sermon on one Gibson, hanged for forgery, and told his audience, that he could assure them Gibson was now in heaven, and that another fellow, executed at the same time, had the happiness of touching Gibson's coat as he was turned off. As little as you and I agree about a hundred years ago, I don't desire a reign of fanatics. Oxford has begun with these rascals, and I hope Cambridge will wake. I don't mean that I would have them persecuted, which is what they wish; but I would have the clergy fight them and ridicule them.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Arlington Street,
May 12, 1768.

Wilkes, on the 27th of last month, was committed to the King's Bench. The mob would not suffer him to be carried thither, but took off the horses of his hackney-coach and drew him through the City to Cornhill. He there persuaded them to disperse, and then stole to the prison and surrendered himself. . . .

The day before yesterday the Parliament met. There have been constant crowds and mobbing at the prison, but, on Tuesday, they insisted on taking Wilkes out of prison and carrying him to Parliament. The tumult increased so fast, that the Riot Act was read, the soldiers fired, and a young man was shot. The mob bore the body about the streets to excite more rage, and at night it went so far that four or five more persons were killed; and the uproar quashed, though they fired on the soldiers from the windows of houses. The partisans of Wilkes say the young man was running away, was pursued and killed; and the jury have brought it in wilful murder against the officer and men: so they must take their trials; and it makes their case very hard, and lays the Government under great difficulties. . . . But this is not all. We have independent mobs, that have nothing to do with Wilkes, and who only take advantage of so favourable a season. The dearness of provisions incites, the hope of increase of wages allures, and drink puts them in motion. The coal-heavers began, and it is well it is not a hard frost, for they have stopped all coals coming to town. The sawyers rose too, and at last the sailors, who have committed great outrages in merchant ships, and prevented them from sailing.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 9, 1768.

Yesterday was fixed for the appearance of Wilkes in Westminster Hall. The Judges went down by nine in the morning, but the mob had done breakfast still sooner, and was there before them; and as Judges stuffed out with dignity and lamb-skins are not absolute sprites, they had much ado to glide through the crowd. Wilkes's counsel argued against the outlawry, and then Lord Mansfield, in a speech of an hour and a half, set it aside. . . .

Well! now he is gone to prison again,—I mean Wilkes. . . . All other riots are ceased, except the little civil war between the sailors and coal-heavers, in which two or three lives are lost every week.

June 22, 1768.

The coal-heavers, who, by the way, are all Irish White-boys, after their battles with the sailors, turned themselves to general war, robbed in companies, and murdered wherever they came. This struck such a panic, that in Wapping nobody dared to venture abroad, and the city began to find no joke in such liberty. They cried out for the Guards, were transported to see them, and encouraged them to seize or kill the coal-heavers.

To François Arouet de Voltaire :

July 27, 1768.

I have made all the inquiry I could into the story of M. de Jumonville; and though your and our accounts disagree, I own I do not think, Sir, that the strongest evidence is in our favour. I am told we allow he was killed by a party of our men, going to the Ohio. Your countrymen say he was going with a flag of truce. The commanding officer of our party said M. de Jumonville was going with hostile intentions; and that very hostile orders were found after his death in his pocket.

To Sir Horace Mann :

ARLINGTON STREET,
Aug. 4, 1768.

Well! but we have a worse riot, though a little farther off. Boston—not in Lincolnshire, though we have had a riot even there, but in New England, is almost in rebellion, and two regiments are ordered thither. Letters are come in, that say the other provinces disapprove; and even the soberer persons there. In truth, it is believed in the City that this tumult will be easily got the better of.

Aug. 14, 1768.

There is a disagreeable affair at home, resulting from the disquiets in America. Virginia, though not the most mutinous, contains the best heads and the principal *boute-feux.* It was thought necessary that the governor should reside there.

Nov. 3, 1768.

The Parliament is to meet on Thursday next; and a busy session it must be. The turbulent temper of Boston, of which you will see the full accounts in all the papers, is a disagreeable prospect.

Dec. 2, 1768.

We have a new Russian Ambassador, who is to be magnificence itself. He is wondrously civil, and copious of words. He treated me the other night with a pompous relation of his sovereign lady's heroism. I never doubted her courage. She sent for Dr. Dimsdale; would have no trial made on any person of her own age and corpulence: went into the country with her usual company, swore Dimsdale to secrecy, and you may swear that he kept his oath to such a lioness. She was inoculated, dined, supped, and walked out in public, and never disappeared but one day. . . . She has now inoculated her son.

Dec. 20, 1768.

We are as much occupied as we were four years ago with Wilkes. His spirit, which the Scotch call impudence, and the gods confidence, rises every day. . . .

He has had a new triumph. The day of the election for Middlesex the poll had continued peaceable till two o'clock, when a mob broke in, drove everybody out of the town, maimed and wounded several, and really occasioned the death of two persons. At first the slaughter was thought more considerable. This mob seems to have been hired by Sir William Beauchamp Proctor for defence, but, by folly or ill-management, proved the sole aggressors. The just scandal given by that proceeding has lost him the election, and Wilkes's counsel and nominee, Serjeant Glynn, was chosen a week afterwards by a large majority. Thus, after a persecution of four years, Wilkes, in prison, names the representatives for Middlesex ! . . .

The Comtesse de Barré maintains her ground, and they say will be presented to the Mesdames as soon as the Queen's mourning is over. The decency is delightful! While his wife lived, the King kept his mistresses openly; now a new one is not to be declared, while the Court still wears black and white silks for the Queen ! The Duc d'Aiguillon is talked of as Choiseul's successor. At fifty-eight or nine his Majesty picks up a bunter, and gives her leave to change the Administration. I think he should not be called the *well-beloved*, but the *well-beloving.*

Dec. 23, 1768.

They talk of strange proceedings, and that prosecutions for murder are to be commenced against the Duke of Northumberland and Sir William Beauchamp, who are taxed with having hired the mob at Brentford.

Feb. 6, 1769.

I was not mistaken in announcing to you the approaching expulsion of Wilkes. It passed on Friday night, or rather at three on Saturday morning, by a majority of 219 against 137, after four days of such fatigue and long sittings as never were known together. . . . He stands again for Middlesex, to be again expelled; yet nobody dares oppose him; and he is as sure of recommending his successor. . . . As worthless a fellow as Wilkes is, the rigours exercised towards him have raised a spirit that will require still wiser heads to allay.

Feb. 28, 1769.

Well, but to come to goddesses: after a marriage of twenty years, Augustus Hervey, having fallen in love with a physician's daughter at Bath, has attacked his spouse, the Maid of Honour, the fair Chudleigh, and sought a divorce for adultery. Unfortunately, he had waited till all the witnesses of their marriage, and of her two deliveries, are dead, as well as the two children. The provident virgin had not been so negligent. Last year she forced herself into the house of the parson who had married them, and who was at the point of death. By bullying, and to get rid of her, she forced the poor man to give up the certificate. Since that she has appeared in Doctors' Commons, and sworn by the Virgins Mary and Diana, that she never was married to Mr. Hervey. The Ecclesiastical Court has admitted her corporal oath, and enjoined silence to Mr. Hervey. Next week this fair injured innocence, who is but fifty, is to be married to the Duke of Kingston, who has kept her openly for almost half that time, and who by this means will recover half his fortune which he had lavished on her. As a proof of her purity and poverty, her wedding-gown is white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and pearls. Every word of this history is extremely true.

To George Montagu:

April 15, 1769.

Wilkes, who has been chosen member of Parliament almost as often as Marius was consul, was again re-elected on Thursday. The House of Commons, who are as obstinate as the county, have again rejected him. To-day they are to instate Colonel Luttrel in his place. What is to follow I cannot say, but I doubt grievous commotions.

May 11, 1769.

There was what they called a *ridotto al fresco* at Vauxhall, for which one paid half-a-guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps and a covered passage all round the garden, which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock; the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious, that it was half-an-hour after nine before we got half way from Westminster Bridge. We then alighted; and after scrambling under bellies of horses, through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress and two nymphs in masquerade without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out that people were desired to come in fancied dresses without masks. We walked twice round and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half-an-hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition the greater is the crowd.

To Sir Horace Mann:

July 19, 1769.

The East India Company is all faction and gaming. Such fortunes are made and lost every day as are past belief. Our history will appear a gigantic lie hereafter, when we are shrunk again to our own little island. People trudge to the other end of the town to vote who shall govern empires at the other end of the world. Panchaud, a banker from Paris, broke yesterday for seventy thousand pounds, by buying and selling stocks; and Sir Laurence Dundas *paid in* an hundred and forty thousand pounds for what he had bought. The Company have more and greater places to give away than the First Lord of the Treasury. Riches, abuse, cabals, are so enormously overgrown, that one wants conception and words to comprehend or describe them. Even Jewish prophets would have found Eastern hyperboles deficient, if Nineveh had been half so extravagant, luxurious, and rapacious as this wicked good town of London. I expect it will set itself on fire at last, and light the match with India bonds and bank bills.

To John Chute:

PARIS,
Aug. 30, 1769.

My dear old woman [Madame du Deffand] is in better health than when I left her, and her spirits so increased, that I tell her she will go mad with age. When they ask her how old she is, she answers, "J'ai soixante et mille ans." She and I went to the Boulevard last night after supper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to sup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-show.

To George Montagu :

Sept. 7, 1769.

If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the President Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me. . . .

I made a visit yesterday to the Abbess of Panthemont, General Oglethorpe's niece, and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Mezières, and thought I might to a spiritual votary to immortality venture to say, that her mother must be very old; she interrupted me tartly, and said, no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of its seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate! Oh! we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!

To the Earl of Strafford :

Sept. 8, 1769.

T'other night, at the Duchess of Choiseul's at supper, the *intendant* of Rouen asked me, if we have roads of communication all over England and Scotland ?—I suppose he thinks that in general we inhabit trackless forests and wild mountains, and that once a year a few legislators come to Paris to learn the arts of civil life.

To George Montagu :

Sept. 17, 1769.

Well then; I went this morning to Versailles . . . to the Chapel, where a first row of the balconies was kept for us. Madame du Barri arrived over against us below, without rouge, without powder, and indeed *sans avoir fait sa toilette*; an odd appearance, as she was so conspicuous, close to the altar, and amidst both Court and people. She is pretty, when you consider her; yet so little striking, that I never should have asked who she was. There is nothing bold, assuming, or affected in her manner. Her husband's sister was along with her. In the tribune above, surrounded by prelates, was the amorous and still handsome King. One could not help smiling at the mixture of piety, pomp, and carnality. From chapel we went to the dinner of the elder Mesdames. We were almost stifled in the ante-chamber, where their dishes were heating over charcoal, and where we could not stir for the press. When the doors are opened, everybody rushes in, Princes of the blood, *cordons bleus*, abbés, housemaids, and the Lord knows who and what. Yet, so used are their Highnesses to this trade, that they eat as comfortably and heartily as you or I could do in our own parlours.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Oct. 16, 1769.

There is a total extinction of all taste: our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal: the theatre swarms with wretched translations, and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakespeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote us bad Odes, but then Cibber wrote *The Careless Husband* and his own Life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and Pantomimes.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 6, 1769.

Before I receive your answer about him, I must tell you that I have seen your friend Paoli. I found him last week at Court, and could not believe it when I was told who he was. I had stood close by him for some minutes, taking him for an English, or at least, for a Scotch officer. Nobody sure ever had an air so little foreign! He was dressed in scarlet and gold, and the simplicity of his whole appearance had not given me the slightest suspicion of anything remarkable in him.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Dec. 31, 1769.

The licentiousness of abuse surpasses all example. The most savage massacre of private characters passes for sport; but we have lately had an attack made on the King himself, exceeding the *North Briton.* Such a paper has been printed by the famous Junius, whoever he is, that it would scarce have been written before Charles I was in Carisbrook Castle. The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland are as little spared; the former for having taken a wife for himself—so says the *North Briton*; observe, *I* do not say so; and the latter, for having taken another man's. . . .

I have often said, and oftener think, *that this world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel*—a solution of why Democritus laughed and Heraclitus wept. The only gainer is History, which has constant opportunities of showing the various ways in which men can contrive to be fools and knaves.

Jan. 12, 1770.

Though the Court is singing Io Paeans, the campaign is far from being at an end. A most unheard-of attack has been made on the House of Commons. Sir George Savile, a man of great fortune, spotless character, and acute though injudicious head, has twice told them to their faces that they sit illegally, having betrayed their trust, and that he was ready to receive the punishment for telling them so. Burke, not quite so rich, nor immaculate, but of better abilities, has twice said as much, and allowed that he ought to be sent to the Tower for what he said, but knew their guilt was too great to let them venture to commit him. Hitherto this language has been borne; but as there is not so great a mule as a martyr, I have no doubt but these two saints will insist on receiving the crown of glory; and, it is said, many more will demand the honour of sharing their cross. This will be a more respectable rubric than Wilkes's.

Jan. 22, 1770.

P.S.—If the Parliament is dissolved, Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham may separately flatter themselves, but the next Parliament will be Wilkes's.

Jan. 30, 1770.

You must know, that last Friday, upon a question on that endless topic the Middlesex election, the Court had a majority, at past three in the morning, of only four and forty.

Feb. 2, 1770.

The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our Empire, or Commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand there, last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath,—" Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions." His cousin, Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight; and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty.

Feb. 27, 1770.

Our civil war has been lulled asleep by a subscription masquerade, for which the House of Commons literally adjourned yesterday. Instead of Fairfaxes and Cromwells, we have had a crowd of Henry the Eights, Wolseys, Vandykes, and Harlequins; and because Wilkes was not mask enough, we had a man dressed like him, with a visor, in imitation of his squint, and a cap of liberty on a pole. In short, sixteen or eighteen young lords have given the town a masquerade; and politics, for the last fortnight, were forced to give way to habit-makers. The ball was last night at Soho; and, if possible, was more magnificent than the King of Denmark's. . . .

The mob was beyond all belief: they held flambeaux to the windows of every coach, and demanded to have the masks pulled off and put on at their pleasure, but with extreme good-humour and civility. I was with my Lady Hertford and two of her daughters, in their coach: the mob took me for Lord Hertford, and huzzaed and blessed me! One fellow cried out, " Are you for Wilkes ? " another said, " Damn you, you fool, what has Wilkes to do with a masquerade ? " . . .

What Wilkes may do at his enlargement in April, I don't know, but his star is certainly much dimmed. The distress of France, the injustice they have been induced to commit on public credit, immense bankruptcies, and great bankers hanging and drowning themselves, are comfortable objects in our prospect; for one tiger is charmed if another tiger loses his tail.

March 15, 1770.

Every blank wall at this end of the town is scribbled with the words, " Impeach the King's Mother " ; and, in truth, I think her person in danger.

But the manifesto on which all seems to turn, is the Remonstrance from the City. You will have seen it in the public papers, and certainly never saw a bolder declaration both against King and Parliament. Sixteen aldermen have protested against it, but could not stop it. The King, after some delay, received it yesterday on his throne. It was brought by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, accompanied by an immense multitude, decently however, except in hissing as they passed Carlton House. . . .

The English may be soothed—I never read that they were to be frightened, . . . it *being much easier for a King of England to disarm the minds of his subjects than their hands.*

April 19, 1770.

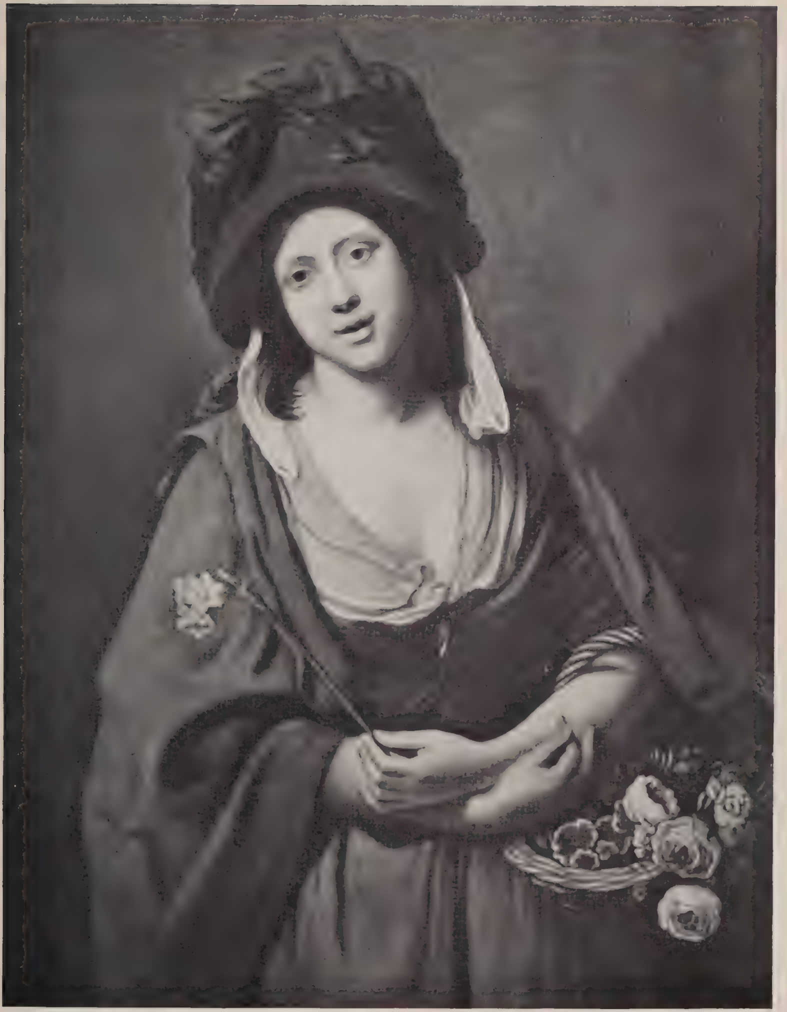
The day so much apprehended of Wilkes's enlargement is passed without mischief. He was released late the night before last, and set out directly for the country. Last night several shops and private houses were illuminated, from affection, or fear of their windows, but few of any distinction, except the Duke of Portland's. Falling amidst the drunkenness of Easter week, riots were the more to be expected; yet none happened.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
May 6, 1770.

You have seen the accounts from Boston. The tocsin seems to be sounded to America. I have many visions about the country, and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half a dozen exhausted nations in Europe. . . .

I have touched before to you on the incredible profusion of our young men of fashion. I know a younger brother who literally gives a flower-woman half a guinea every morning for a bunch of roses for the nosegay in his button-hole. There has lately been an auction of stuffed birds; and, as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty and fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant: you may buy a live one for five. After this, it is not extraordinary that pictures should be dear. We have at present three exhibitions. One West, who paints history in the taste of Poussin, gets three hundred pounds for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney. He has merit, but is hard and heavy, and far unworthy of such prices. The rage to see these exhibitions is so great, that sometimes one cannot pass through the streets where they are. But it is incredible what sums are raised by mere exhibitions of anything; a new fashion, and to enter at which you pay a shilling or half-a-crown.

[Benjamin West, an American, succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy of Arts.]



By courtesy of *Barbizon House.*

THE FLOWER GIRL.
From a painting by John Zoffany.

To George Montagu:

May 6, 1770.

If you are like me, you are fretting at the weather. We have not a leaf, yet, large enough to make an apron for a Miss Eve of two years old.

. . . Masquerades proceed in spite of Church and King. That knave the Bishop of London persuaded that good soul the Archbishop to remonstrate against them; but happily the age prefers silly follies to serious ones, and dominos, *comme de raison*, carry it against lawn sleeves.

There is a new institution that begins to make, and if it proceeds, will make a considerable noise. It is a club of *both* sexes to be erected at Almack's, on the model of that of the men of White's.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
Aug. 31, 1770.

We have lived these two months upon the poor Duke of Cumberland, whom the newspapers, in so many letters, call *the Royal Idiot.*

Strawberry Hill,
Sept. 20, 1770.

Yesterday I received your confirmation of the great, the vast, the complete victory of the Russians over the Turkish fleet. Indeed, for shortness, I had chosen to credit the first account. As all the part I take in it is the bigness of the event, it would have lost all its poignancy if I had waited to have it authenticated. It is impossible to interest oneself for that woman, who, by murdering her husband, has had an opportunity of spreading so much devastation. Yet, as the French have miscarried in blowing up this conflagration, I am not sorry Catharine is triumphant. . . .

And pray what has carried the Pretender to Florence? Does he remain there? Has anybody a mind to be doing with him? He must be adroit indeed if he escapes your vigilance.

To George Montagu:

Oct. 3, 1770.

I am still lifted out of bed by two servants; and by their help travel from my bedchamber down to the couch in my blue room.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 4, 1770.

Seeing such accounts of press-gangs in the papers, and such falling of stocks, you will wonder that in my last I did not drop a military syllable. Alas! when I had a civil war all over my own person, you must not wonder, unpatriotic as it was, that I forgot my country. But I ought not to call ignorance forgetfulness: I did not even know with whom we were going to war; and now that I know with whom, I do not know that we *are* going to war. England that lives in the north of Europe, and Spain that dwells in the south, are vehemently angry with one another about a morsel of rock that lies somewhere at the very bottom of America. . . . We dethrone nabobs in the most north-east corner of the Indies; the Czarina sends a fleet from the Pole to besiege Constantinople; and Spain huffs, and we arm, for one of the extremities of the southern hemisphere. It takes a twelvemonth for any one of us to arrive at our object, and almost another twelvemonth before we can learn what we have been about. Your patriarchs, who lived eight or nine hundred years, could afford to wait eighteen or twenty months for the post coming in, but it is too ridiculous in our post-diluvian circumstances. By next century, I suppose, we shall fight for the Dog Star and the Great Bear. The Stocks begin to recover a little from their panic, and their pulse is a very tolerable indication.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 15, 1770.

No courier, no Chancellor yet. De Grey was only to be Lord Keeper, and now hesitates—for men in these times are the reverse of commodities at an auction: when there is but one man to be sold, and but one bidder for him, that bidder is forced to enhance upon himself. Half the revenue goes in salaries, and the other half will go in pensions to persuade people to accept those salaries. However, Lord Mansfield, who had already been frightened out of the Speaker's chair, will not be encouraged by a Junius that came out yesterday, the most outrageous, I suppose, ever published against so high a magistrate by name. The excess of abuse, the personality, and new attacks on the Scotch, make people ascribe it to Wilkes—to me the composition is far above him.

Nov. 26, 1770.

I am much obliged to you for the detail of Le Fevre's medicine; but I am perfectly recovered without it, and strong in opinion against it. I am persuaded that he is a quack, and his nostrum dangerous. By quack I mean impostor, not in opposition to, but in common with physicians. He has been here and carried off five thousand pounds, at a hundred pounds per patient.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Dec. 29, 1770.

In the meantime, desolation and confusion reign all over France. They are almost bankrupts, and quite famished. The Parliament of Paris has quitted its functions, and the other tribunals threaten to follow the example. . . . The new Minister and the Chancellor are in general execration. On the latter's lately obtaining the *Cordon Bleu*, this epigram appeared :

Ce tyran de la France, qui cherche à mettre tout en feu,
Mérite un cordon, mais je pense que ce n'est pas le cordon bleu.

Jan. 20, 1771.

I am impatient to thank you for a present that I have received, and that you never mentioned having sent me. Sure it is not so insignificant! It is the volume of Masaccio's designs, brought by Mr. Coxe. I am transported with them! They are nature itself, and evidently the precursors of Raphael. He plainly availed himself of their dignity, but scarce reached the infinite truth of their expression. The action of the mouth in every head almost surpasses any other master, and seems to have been caught only by this.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Feb. 22, 1771.

The scene that is closed here seems to be but opening in France. The Parliament of Paris banished; a new one arbitrarily appointed; the Princes of the Blood refractory and disobedient; the other Parliament as mutinous; and distress everywhere: if the army catches the infection, what may not happen, when the King is despised, his agents detested, and no Ministry settled ? Some say the mistress and her faction keep him hourly diverted or drunk; others, that he has got a new passion: how creditable at sixty!

March 30, 1771.

I think we are going into great violences. A prodigious mob came from the City with the Lord Mayor on Wednesday, and a greater was at his service, but he would not encourage it. The two Foxes were assaulted and dragged out of their chariot, and escaped with difficulty. Lord North was attacked with still more inveteracy; his chariot was torn to pieces, and several spectators say there was a moment in which they thought he must be destroyed. Sir William Meredith, though in Opposition, and a Mr. La Roche, saved him from the fury of the people. He went into the House and spoke with great firmness, and as much coolness. Others were insulted, but not so outrageously. At twelve at night, the Ministers proposed to commit the Lord Mayor only to the Serjeant-at-Arms, on account they said of his ill-health, but, in truth, to avoid extremities; he protested however that he was perfectly well, and chose to accompany his brother Alderman to prison; on which he was sent to the Tower. The Deputy Serjeant who attended him, he had great difficulty to save from the fury of the populace, who insisted on hanging him on a sign-post. . . .

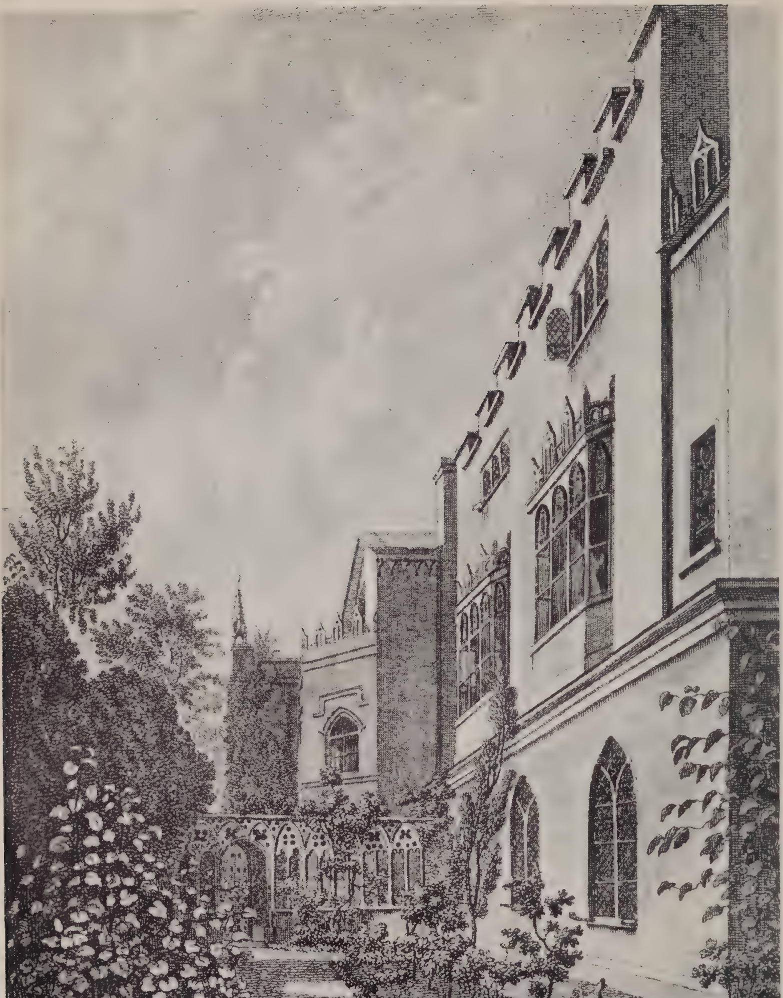
Young Charles Fox, the meteor of these days, and barely twenty-two, is at the head of these strong measures.

. . . The King was excessively hissed yesterday as he went to the House. Charles Fox again narrowly escaped with his life, a large stone being thrown at him, which passed through both the windows of his chariot. . .

The poor people are everywhere but fish and counters. To what end do modern philosophers write against all this? Kings and Queens never read essays of morality. They only read books of devotion, which are too civil to meddle with crimes of state. Parsons are like the law, and seem to think a King can do no wrong. How their Majesties will stare in the next world, when they come to plead, that their ministers are answerable for all they did in this, and find their plea overruled!

April 26, 1771.

If we laugh at the French, they stare at us. Our enormous luxury and expense astonishes them. I carried their Ambassador, and a Comte de Levi, the other morning to see the new winter Ranelagh [The Pantheon] in Oxford Road, which is almost finished. It amazed me myself. Imagine Balbec in all its glory! The pillars are of artificial *giallo antico*. The ceilings, even of the passages, are of the



THE PRIOR'S GARDEN AT STRAWBERRY HILL.
From " A Description of the Villa of Mr. Horace Walpole," 1784.

most beautiful stucco in the best taste of grotesque. The ceilings of the ball-rooms and the panels painted like Raphael's *loggias* in the Vatican. A dome like the pantheon, glazed. It is to cost fifty thousand pounds. Monsieur de Guisnes said to me, "Ce n'est qu'à Londres qu'on peut faire tout cela."

The Duchess of Queensberry, a much older veteran, is still figuring in the world, not only by giving frequent balls, but really by her beauty. Reflect that she was a goddess in Prior's days! [Prior died in 1721.] I could not help adding these lines on her—you know his end.

Kitty, at Heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

This was some fifty-six years ago, or more. I gave her this stanza:

To many a Kitty, Love his car
Will for a day engage,
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair
Obtained it for an age!

And she is old enough to be pleased with the compliment.

May 10, 1771.

Wednesday night did not pass quietly; besides the rejoicings in the City, the mob demolished all the windows of Sir Fletcher Norton, the Speaker, and a much greater assaulted Lord North's, with threats of pulling it down. The guards were sent for in time; and all is quiet.

Strawberry Hill,
June 8, 1771.

Strawberry is in the most perfect beauty, the verdure exquisite, and the shades venerably extended. I have made a Gothic gateway to the garden, the piers of which are of artificial stone, and very respectable. The round tower is finished, and magnificent; and the state bedchamber proceeds fast; for you must know the little villa is grown into a superb castle.

. . . My party has succeeded to admiration, and Gothic architecture has received great applause. I will not swear that it has been really admired. I found by Monsieur de Guisnes that, though he had heard much of the house, it was in no favourable light. He had been told it was only built of lath and plaster, and that there were not two rooms together on a level. When I once asked Madame du Deffand what her countrymen said of it, she owned they were not struck with it, but looked upon it as natural enough in a country which had not yet arrived at true taste. In short, I believe, they think all the houses they see are Gothic, because they are not like that single pattern that reigns in every hotel in Paris; and which made me say there, that I never knew whether I was in the house that I was in, or in the house I came out of. Two or three rooms in a row, a naked *salle-à-manger*, a white and gold cabinet, with four looking-glasses, a lustre, a scrap of hanging over against the windows, and two rows of chairs, with no variety in the apartments, but from bigger to less, and more or less gilt, and a bedchamber with a blue or red damask bed; this is that effort of taste to which they think we have not attained—we who have as pure architecture and as classic taste as there was in Adrian's or Pliny's villas.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

June 17, 1771.

Garrick does not tempt me at all. I have no taste for his perpetual buffoonery, and am sick of his endless expectation of flattery.

To Sir Horace Mann:

June 19, 1771.

Wilkes seems destined to confound all his adversaries. He carries the palm triumphantly from Horne [Tooke], who has proved a very dull fool—not that I have read half their correspondence; but at least Wilkes maintains his empire over the mob without the benefit of his clergy. The court profits by their civil war, and we are as quiet as ever I remember the season. Wilkes's canvass for sheriff just stands in place of a considerable horse-race.

To the Earl of Strafford:

June 20, 1771.

Their politics, some way or other, must end seriously, either in despotism, a civil war, or assassination. Methinks, it is playing deep for the power of tyranny. Charles Fox is more moderate: he only games for an hundred thousand pounds that he has not.

Have you read the life of Benvenuto Cellini, my Lord? I am angry with him for being more distracted and wrong-headed than my Lord Herbert. Till the revival of these two, I thought the present age had borne the palm of absurdity from all its predecessors. But I find our contemporaries are quiet good folks, that only game till they hang themselves, and do not kill everybody they meet in the street. Who would have thought we were so reasonable ?

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

ARLINGTON STREET,
June 27, 1771.

I expect to be prodigiously well received at the Resurrection by numberless old folks, whose portraits I have rescued from oblivion in various visits I have made at country-houses.

To Sir Horace Mann :

July 6, 1771.

Wilkes is another Phoenix revived from his own ashes. He was sunk—it was over with him; but the Ministers too precipitately hurrying to bury him alive, blew up the embers, and he is again as formidable as ever; and what will seem worse, he must go into the very closet whenever the City sends him thither on a message. . . . Does there not seem to be a fatality attending the court whenever they meddle with that man ? Does not he always rise higher for their attempting to overwhelm him ? What instance is there of such a demagogue, subsisting and maintaining a war against a King, Ministries, courts of law, a whole legislature, and all Scotland, for nine years together ? Masaniello did not, I think, last five days. Wilkes, in prison, is chosen Member of Parliament, and then Alderman of London. His colleagues betray him, desert him, expose him, and he becomes sheriff of London.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway :

PARIS,
July 20, 1771.

The distress here is incredible, especially at court. The King's tradesmen are ruined, his servants starving, and even angels and archangels cannot get their pensions and salaries, but sing " Woe! woe! woe! " instead of Hosannahs. . . .

You never saw a great nation in so disgraceful a position. Their next prospect is not better: it rests on an *imbécile* [Louis XVI], both in mind and body.

July 31, 1771.

The instance of their poverty that strikes *me* most, who make political observations by the thermometer of baubles, is that there is nothing new in their shops.

To John Chute:

Aug. 5, 1771.

It is a great satisfaction to me to find by your letter of the 30th, that you have had no return of your gout. I have been assured here, that the best remedy is to cut one's nails in hot water. It is, I fear, as certain as any other remedy! . . .

The King's tradesmen are all bankrupt; no pensions are paid, and everybody is reforming their suppers and equipages.

To the Rev. William Cole:

Aug. 12, 1771.

I am excessively shocked at reading in the papers that Mr. Gray is dead! . . .

Methinks, as we grow old, our only business here is to adorn the graves of our friends, or to dig our own!

[Gray's last letter to Walpole, dated March 17, 1771, says: "He must have a very strong stomach that can digest the *crambe recocta* of Voltaire. Atheism is a vile dish, though all the cooks of France combine to make new sauces to it. As to the soul, perhaps they may have none on the Continent; but I do think we have such things in England; Shakespeare, for example, I believe, had several to his own share. As to the Jews (though they do not eat pork) I like them, because they are better Christians than Voltaire."]

To the Earl of Strafford:

Aug. 25, 1771.

My grief is to see the ruinous condition of the palaces and pictures. I was yesterday at the Louvre. Le Brun's noble gallery, where the battles of Alexander are, and of which he designed the ceiling, and even the shutters, bolts, and locks, is in a worse condition than the old gallery at Somerset House. It rains in upon the pictures, though there are stores of much more valuable pieces than those of Le Brun. Heaps of glorious works by Raphael and all the great masters are piled up and equally neglected at Versailles. Their care is not less destructive in private houses.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Strawberry Hill,
Sept. 9, 1771.

Everybody is pillaged, and numbers ruined. The army is much reduced, and if corruption does not prevent it, their finances will soon be in good order. The besotted old *Bien-aimé* neither desires this increase of power, nor feels for the sufferings it occasions; but shudders for his own life, and yet lets Abigail, who has still less sense than himself, plunge him into all these difficulties and shame. This street-walker has just received the homage of Europe. The holy Nuncio, and every ambassador but he of Spain, have waited on her, and brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh. . . .

As your own country is never behind the rest of the world in extravagance and folly, I must tell you of a set of young men of fashion, who, dining lately at the St. Alban's tavern [in Pall Mall], thought the noise of the coaches troublesome. They ordered the street to be littered with straw, as is done for women that lie-in. The bill from the Haymarket amounted to fifty shillings a-piece. . . .

I beg against the proper season you will send me a parcel of roots of iris. They are for my dear old friend [Madame du Deffand] at Paris to put into sweet bags.

Nov. 18, 1771.

Mr. Hamilton's Correggio is arrived. I have seen it: it is divine—and so is the price; for nothing but a demi-god, or a demi-devil, that is, a nabob, can purchase it. What do you think of three thousand pounds? It has all Correggio's grace, and none of his grimace, which, like Shakespeare, he is too apt to blend and confound.

To Lady Mary Coke:

Dec. 11, 1771.

All the fine ladies are in love with Prince Poniatowski and some of them win his money at loo,—that they may have something to keep for his sake.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
Feb. 7, 1772.

Yesterday there was a long debate, for *this* session, in the House of Commons. A petition was offered from two hundred and fifty divines, for abolition of the Thirty-nine Articles, that summary of impertinent folly. It was rejected at eleven at night by a large majority; so much more difficult is it to expel nonsense than sense—for sense makes few martyrs.

[Gibbon wrote, February 8th, to Mr. Holroyd: "I congratulate you on the victory of our dear mamma, the Church of England. She had, last Thursday, seventy-one rebellious sons, who pretended to set aside her will, on account of insanity; but two hundred and seventeen worthy champions, headed by Lord North, Burke, Charles Fox, &c., though they allowed the thirty-nine clauses of her testament were absurd and unreasonable, supported the validity of it with infinite humour. By the bye, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy work, by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotion cost him only about five hundred pounds an hour—in all, eleven thousand pounds."]

Feb. 12, 1772.

The East Indies are going to be another spot of contention. Such a scene of tyranny and plunder has been opened as makes one shudder! *The heaven-born hero*, Lord Clive, seems to be Plutus, the daemon who does not give, but engrosses riches. There is a letter from one of his associates to their Great Mogul, in which *our Christian* expresses himself with singular tenderness for the interests of the Mahometan religion! We are Spaniards in our lust for gold, and Dutch in our delicacy of obtaining it. . . .

Feb. 14, 1772.

Wish me joy: I have changed all my Roman medals of great brass, some of which were very fine, particularly a medaliuncino of Alexander Severus, which is unique; for the *uniquest* thing in the world, a silver bell for an inkstand, made by Benvenuto Cellini. It makes one believe all the extravagant encomiums he bestows on himself: indeed so does his Perseus. Well, *my* bell is in the finest taste, and is swarmed by caterpillars, lizards, grasshoppers, flies, and masques, that you would take it for one of the plagues of Egypt. They are all *in altissimo*, nay, in *out-issimo relievo*, and yet almost invisible but with a glass. Such foliage, such fruitage!

March 5, 1772.

We have another scene coming to light, of black dye indeed. The groans of India have mounted to heaven, where the *heaven-born* General Lord Clive will certainly be disavowed. Oh! my dear sir, we have outdone the Spaniards in Peru! They were at least butchers on a religious principle, however diabolical their zeal. We have murdered, deposed, plundered, usurped—nay, what think you of the famine in Bengal, in which three millions perished, being caused by a monopoly of the provisions, by the servants of the East India Company? . . .

Recollect what I have said to you, that *this world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel*! This is the quintessence of all I have learnt in fifty years!

March 27, 1772.

If you want any more news, you must have it from Ireland, where there is a pretty substantial insurrection of four thousand men, calling themselves *Hearts of Steel.* Whatever their hearts are, their heads are of gunpowder. Poor souls! they have had thorough provocation; reduced to starve, to be shot, or to be hanged. They are tenants of Lord Donegal, driven off their lands because they could not pay hard fines for renewing their leases. Sixteen hundred horse and infantry are marched against them. We had better have wasted an hundred hours in redressing these misfortunes, than in framing acts against marriages! . . .

The House of Commons is going to tap the affairs of India, an endless labyrinth! We shall lose the East before we know half its history. It is easier to conquer it, than to know what to do with it.

April 9, 1772.

The House of Commons is embarked on the ocean of Indian affairs, and will probably make a long session. I went thither the other day to hear Charles Fox, contrary to a resolution I had made of never setting my foot there again. It is strange how disuse makes one awkward; I felt a palpitation, as if I were going to speak there myself. The object answered: Fox's abilities are amazing at so very early a period, especially under the circumstances of such a dissolute life. He was just arrived from Newmarket, had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed. How such talents make one laugh at Tully's rules for an orator, and his indefatigable application. His laboured orations are puerile in comparison with this boy's manly reason. We beat Rome in eloquence and extravagance; and Spain in avarice and cruelty.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 15, 1772.

The papers have told you what is indeed now very public, that the Duke of Gloucester, the very evening of his return, allowed my niece to acquaint her father [Sir Edward Walpole] that they have been married ever since September, 1766. Lady Waldegrave, which I think very prudent, does not take the royal title immediately, but her father has shown the letter so much, that even copies of it have got about.

July 1, 1772.

Will you believe, in Italy, that one rascally and extravagant banker had brought Britannia, Queen of the Indies, to the precipice of bankruptcy! It is very true, and Fordyce is the name of the caitiff. He has broke half the bankers, and was very willing to have added our friend Mr. Croft to the list; but he begged to be excused lending him a farthing. He went on the same errand to an old Quaker; who said, "Friend Fordyce, I have known several persons ruined by *two dice*; but I will not be ruined by *Four dice*." . . .

July 3, 1772.

Four more bankers are broken; and two men ruined by these failures (which are computed to amount to four millions), shot themselves the day before yesterday! It is now thought that Fordyce only advanced the crash, and that it would have happened without his interference.

Nov. 4, 1772.

The iniquities of our East India Company and its crew of monsters seem to be drawing towards a conclusion, at least to be falling on their own heads. They have involved themselves in such difficulties, that the Parliament is forced to meet earlier than was intended, in order to assist or correct them.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Dec. 22, 1772.

We have no public news, but new horrors coming out every day against our East India Company and their servants. The latter laid a tax on our Indian subjects, without the knowledge of the former. One article was twenty-four thousand pounds a-year—yes—to Mr. Sykes for his table. . . .

My niece of Gloucester's pregnancy has been declared here. I am as little clear whether that will be of any advantage to her.

March 12, 1773.

You tell me how dear you pay at your theatres. I will tell you how cheap we buy pictures. Sir Watkin Williams gave six hundred and fifty pounds last week for a landscape of Nicolo Poussin; and Lord Chesterfield four hundred guineas for another, which somebody was so good as to paint a few months ago for Claude Lorrain. . . .

Even our Maccaronis entertain the town with nothing but new dresses and the size of their nosegays. They have lost all their money and exhausted their credit, and can no longer game for twenty thousand pounds a-night. Everything degenerates.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
March 27, 1773.

What play makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Stoops indeed!—so she does, that is the Muse; she is draggled up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair. The whole view of the piece is low humour, and no humour is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic; the heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably.

. . . Lord Chesterfield was dead before my last letter that foretold his death, set out. Alas! I shall have no more of his lively sayings, Madam, to send you. Oh yes! I have his last: being told of the quarrel in Spitalfields, and even that Mrs. F[itzroy] struck Miss P[oole ?], he said, " I always thought Mrs. F. a *striking* beauty."

Thus, having given away all his wit to the last farthing, he has left nothing but some poor witticisms in his will, tying up his heir by forfeitures and jokes from going to Newmarket.

To the Rev. William Mason:

March 27, 1773.

Dr. Goldsmith has written a Comedy [*She Stoops to Conquer*]—no, it is the lowest of all farces. It is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind. The situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh, in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them. Garrick would not act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue.

To the Rev. William Cole:

Arlington Street,
April 27, 1773.

I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Strawberry Hill,
May 15, 1773.

The House of Commons has embarked itself in a wilderness of perplexities. Though Lord Clive was so frank and high-spirited as to confess a whole folio of his Machiavelism; they are so ungenerous as to have a mind to punish him for assassination, forgery, treachery, and plunder, and it makes him very indignant. T'other night, because the House was very hot, and the young members thought it would melt their rouge and shrivel their nosegays, they all on a sudden, and the old folks too, voted violent resolutions, and determined the great question of the right of sovereignty, though, till within half an hour of the decision, the whole House had agreed to weigh and modify the questions a little more. Being so fickle, Lord Clive has reason to hope that after they have voted his head off, they will vote it on again the day after he has lost it.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
May 29, 1773.

The Duchess of Gloucester was delivered of a Princess *this* evening [May 29], so even their holidays are taken from the Stuarts. . . .

I told you the attack on Lord Clive was begun: oh! he is as white as snow. He has owned all, and Machiavel would be the first to acquit him—for he has pleaded supreme policy as his motive. The House of Commons have been of Machiavel's opinion. The censure was rejected, and even a vote of applause passed. Cortez and his captains were not more spotless heroes.

June 15, 1773.

On Friday Sir W. Meredith and Charles Fox drove Lord Clive out of the House, by apostrophes, like "Quousque, Catilina?" and Charles's was admired as much as Tully's: yet Charles's fortune is as desperate as Catiline's, though he is not in opposition. . . .

I am content without running races, as our Maccaronis do every Sunday evening in Kensington Garden, to the high amusement and contempt of the mob; and yet the mob will be ambitious of being fashionable, and will run races too. Indeed, indeed, were not the Constitution, the boasted Constitution of England, a dead letter, it ought to take out a commission of lunacy against all its members.

To the Rev. William Mason:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 28, 1773.

[Walpole's nephew, Lord Orford, had gone mad.]

All Lord Orford's affairs are devolved upon me, because nobody else will undertake the office. I am selling his horses, and buying off his matches. I live in town to hear of mortgages and annuities, and do not wonder that Titus was called the delight of mankind, for he put *the Jews* to the sword. Mr. Manners, who was the son of Lord William, who was the son of Beelzebub, deserves to be crucified. He was so obliging the other day to make me a visit, and tell me he should seize the pictures at Houghton—I sent for a lawyer to exorcise him. My dear Sir, what vicissitudes have I seen in my family! I seem to live upon a chess-board; every other step is black or white. A nephew mad and ruined, a niece, a princess; Houghton, the envy of England, last week Mr. Vernon, the jockey, offered to vouchsafe to live in it, if he might have the care of the game. . . .

The Admiralty have dragged the whole ocean, and caught nothing but the fry of ungrown islands, which had slipped through the meshes of the Spaniard's net. They fetched blood of a great whale called Terra Australis incognita, but saw nothing but its tail.

To Sir Horace Mann :

July 13, 1773.

They say the Bank is to issue five-pound notes: at present all trade is at a stop, and the confusion is extreme. Yea, verily, the villainy and iniquities of the age are bringing things rapidly to a crisis! Ireland is drained, and has not a shilling. The explosion of the Scotch banks has reduced them almost as low, and sunk their flourishing manufacturers to low-water ebb. The Maccaronis are at their *ne plus ultra*: Charles Fox is already so like Julius Caesar, that he owes an hundred thousand pounds. Lord Carlisle pays fifteen hundred, and Mr. Crewe twelve hundred a-year for him—literally for him, being bound for him, while he, as like Brutus as Caesar, is indifferent about such paltry counters: one must talk of Clodius when one has no Scipio. Yet, if the merit of some historian does not interest posterity by the beauty of his narration, this age will be as little known as the annals of the Byzantine Empire, marked only by vices and follies. What is England now ?—A sink of Indian wealth, filled by nabobs and emptied by Maccaronis! A senate, sold, and despised! A country overrun by horse-races! A gaming, robbing, wrangling, railing nation, without principles, genius, character, or allies; the overgrown shadow of what it was! Lord bless me! I run on like a political barber. I must go back to my shop.

Aug. 15, 1773.

The extravagance of our young men of fortune or no fortune is no secret. . . . They make no compensation by parts. Such of them as live will be dull old devils.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway :

ARLINGTON STREET,
Aug. 30, 1773.

I returned last night from Houghton, where multiplicity of business detained me four days longer than I intended, and where I found a scene infinitely more mortifying than I expected; though I certainly did not go with a prospect of finding a land flowing with milk and honey. Except the pictures, which are in the finest preservation, and the woods, which are become forests, all the rest is ruin, desolation, confusion, disorder, debts, mortgages, sales, pillage, villainy, waste, folly, and madness. I do not believe that five thousand pounds would put the house and buildings into good repair. The nettles and brambles in the park are up to your shoulders; horses have been turned into the garden, and banditti lodged in every cottage. The perpetuity of livings that come up to the park-pales have been sold—and every farm let for half its value.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Strawberry Hill,
Sept. 3, 1773.

When the forests of our old barons were nothing but dens of thieves, the law in its wisdom made them unalienable. Its wisdom now thinks it very fitting that they should be cut down to pay debts at Almack's and Newmarket. I was saying this to the lawyer I carried down with me. He answered: "The Law hates a perpetuity." "Not all perpetuities," said I; "not those of Lawsuits."

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 9, 1773.

To the disgrace of talents, Voltaire satirises Jesuits, and hymns the ravages of Poland. I should like to know for how many paltry roubles and florins he has prostituted his incense and character,—for the florins, I will trust the King of Prussia for half of them being of base metal. Gray could not hear Voltaire's name with patience, though nobody admired his genius more; but he thought him so vile, that for the last years of his life he would read nothing he wrote. Well! but one must read him! Is there another author left in Europe who one wishes should write?

Oct. 4, 1773.

All tongues are busy with her Grace of Kingston; the Duke is dead, and has given her his whole landed estate for her life, and his personal for ever: but the quintessence of the history is, that, to be secure of the wealth, she has avowed how little claim she had to it, being intituled in the will, "My dearest wife Elizabeth Duchess of Kingston, *alias* Elizabeth Chudleigh, *alias* Elizabeth Hervey." Did you ever hear of a duchess described in a will as a street-walker is indicted at the Old Bailey?

To the Countess of Ossory:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 26, 1773.

The ladies are all Maccaronis, and game too deep for me. The last time I was in town, Lady Hertford wanted one, and I sat down to what they call *crowns.* I lost fifty-six guineas before I could say an "Ave Maria."

To the Earl of Strafford:

Nov. 15, 1773.

I could shed a pailful of tears over all I have seen and learnt since my poor nephew's misfortune—the more one has to do with men the worse one finds them. But can one mend them? No. Shall we shut ourselves up from them? No. We should grow humorists—and of all animals an Englishman is least made to live alone.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Nov. 19, 1773.

Mr. Garrick has been wondrously jealous of the King's going twice together to Covent Garden, and to lure him back, has crammed the town's maw with shows of the Portsmouth review, and interlarded every play with the most fulsome loyalties.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 28, 1773.

Lord Holland is dying, is paying Charles Fox's debts, or most of them, for they amount to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds! ay, ay; and has got a grandson and heir. I thought this child a Messiah, who came to foretell the ruin and dispersion of the *Jews*; but while there is a broker or a gamester upon the face of the earth, Charles will not be out of debt. Pray, do your crews of English at Florence emulate their countrymen? I saw a letter the other day from Aix, which said that a young Englishman there had lost twenty-two thousand pounds at one sitting. Madness and perdition are gone forth! Is it possible that we should not be undone?

[Charles Fox borrowed enormous sums from Jews upon the strength of his hopes of inheriting the title and estates of his elder brother, the second Lord Holland. The birth of his brother's son swept away these hopes.]

To the Countess of Ossory:

Dec. 14, 1773.

Poor Miss P. *outgoes* her usual *outgoings*. She sits up all night at the club without a woman, loses hundreds every night and her temper, beats her head, and exposes herself before all the young men and the waiters; in short, is such an object that one cannot but be heartily sorry for. . . .

I dined and passed Saturday at Beauclerk's, with the Edgecumbes, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tired, as I knew I should be, I who hate the playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearing for having some sense. It was the night of a new comedy, called *The School for Wives*, which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick has at least the chief hand in it. I never saw anybody in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned, for he went to the play-house at half-an-hour after five, and we sat waiting for him till ten, when he was to act a speech in *Cato* with Goldsmith! that is, the latter sat in t'other's lap, covered with a cloak, and while Goldsmith spoke, Garrick's arms that embraced him, made foolish actions. How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours?

To the Rev. William Mason:

Dec. 14, 1773.

P.S.—I have reason to think all letters to and from me, are opened since my relation to royalty.

[Walpole's relation to Royalty was through the marriage of his niece, Sir Edward Walpole's illegitimate daughter, widow of Lord Waldegrave, to the Duke of Gloucester, George III's brother.]

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 30, 1773.

Garrick has brought out what he calls a *Christmas Tale*, adorned with the most beautiful scenes, next to those in the opera at Paradise, designed by Loutherbourg. They have much ado to save the piece from being sent to the devil. It is believed to be Garrick's own, and new proof that it is possible to be the best actor and worst author in the world, as Shakespeare was just the contrary.

Jan. 5, 1774.

You will stare at a strange notion of mine: if it appears even a mad one do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavours should be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, Madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource will last their lives, unless they grow deaf: it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the danger of criticism; is susceptible of enthusiasm, without being priest-ridden; and unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified even in heaven.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 19, 1774.

The Maccaronis, amongst whom exists the only symptom of vivacity, are all undone and can distinguish themselves by insensibility alone. They neither feel for their families nor for themselves.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Jan. 29, 1774.

King George has ordered the pure, precise Dr. Dodd to be struck off the list of his chaplains, not for gallantry with a Magdalen, as you would expect, but for offering a thumping bribe to my Lord Chancellor [Bathurst] for the fat living of St. George's [Hanover Square].

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 2, 1774.

We have no news public or private; but there is an ostrich-egg laid in America, where the Bostonians have canted three hundred chests of tea into the ocean, for they will not drink tea with our Parliament.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Feb. 14, 1774.

The House of Lords is busy on the question of literary property, a question that lies between the integrity of Scotch authors and English booksellers. The other House has got into a new scrape with the City and printers, which I suppose will end to the detriment of the press. The ministers have a much tougher business on their hand, in which even their factotum the Parliament may not be able to ensure success —I mean the rupture with America. If all the black slaves were in rebellion, I should have no doubt in choosing my side, but I scarce wish perfect freedom to merchants who are the bloodiest of all tyrants. I should think the souls of the Africans would sit heavy on the swords of the Americans. . . .

It is an insipid age. Even the Maccaronis degenerate: they have lost all their money and credit, and ruin nobody but their tailors.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Feb. 19, 1774.

If I went to Almack's and decked out my wrinkles in pink and green, like Lord Harrington, I might still be in vogue; or if I paid nobody, and went drunk to bed every morning at six, I might expect to be called out of bed by two in the afternoon to save the nation, and govern the House of Lords by two or three sentences as profound and short as the proverbs of Solomon.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 23, 1774.

P.S.—24*th.*—The famous Charles Fox was this morning turned out of his place of Lord of the Treasury for great flippancies in the House towards Lord North. His parts will now have a full opportunity of showing whether they can balance his character, or whether patriotism can whitewash it.

March 28, 1774.

The general tone against the Bostonians is threats. It remains to be seen whether America will be as pliant as we say they must be. I don't pretend to guess, for I seldom guess right; but we could even afford to lose America. Every day gives us more Indies. Advice has just come that we have taken Tanjore, and a General Smith has got 150,000 *l.* for his own share. Spaniards are forced to dig in mines before they are the better for the gold of Potosi; we have nothing to do but to break a truce, and plunder a city, and we find the pretty metal ready coined and brilliants ready cut and mounted. Nay, don't frown; depredation is authorised by Act of Parliament, at least by the vote of the House of Commons that acquitted and applauded Lord Clive.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Strawberry Hill,
April 7, 1774.

The republic of Parnassus has lost a member; Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think might have been saved if he had continued James's powder, which had had much effect, but his physician interposed. His numerous friends neglected him shamefully at last, as if they had no business with him when it was too serious to laugh. He had lately written Epitaphs for them all, some of which hurt, and perhaps made them not sorry that his own was the first necessary. The poor soul had sometimes parts, though never common sense. . . .

April 9, 1774.

I was too late for the post on Thursday, and have since got Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which, without being well entertained, I sat up reading last night till between one and two, and devoured above 140. To my great surprise they seem really written from the heart, not for the honour of his head, and in truth do no great honour to the last, nor show much feeling in the first, except in wishing for his son's fine gentlemanhood. He was sensible what a cub he had to work on, and whom two quartos of licking could not mould, for cub he remained to his death.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 1, 1774.

London increases every day; I believe there will soon be no other town left in England, for migrations increase as fast as buildings. All the Scotch and Irish that don't come to London go to America. . . .

Next to gaming, which subsides a little from want of materials, the predominant folly is pictures; I beg their pardon for associating them with gaming. Sir George Colbroke, a citizen, and martyr to what is called *speculation*, had his pictures sold by auction last week. A view of Nimeguen, by Cuyp, not large, and which he had bought very dearly for seventy guineas, sold for two hundred and ninety!

May 15, 1774.

The other day the Chapter of Westminster opened the grave of Edward I, and found his body, crown, velvet and tissue perfect. The flesh of his lips and cheeks was sound, and his hands perfect, except that one had lost its nails. There was a gauze on the face which had grown into the grain, and they could not lift it up. His measure was six feet two. They had found in Rymer, that they were obliged to bestow a new cerecloth on the corpse every year. That poor service was forgotten after two reigns, and curiosity alone recalled it now after five hundred years. The most extraordinary part is, that it should have been kept up even for two reigns.

May 17, 1774.

Well! the King of France *is* dead; but nothing farther is yet known.

June 8, 1774.

We are still in the dark about Louis XVI, and do not know whether he designs to make war on the old ministers, on us, or on the ladies of pleasure. They represent him as covetous, but he has only retrenched some tables at court, and has remitted a great sum to the people. As the blessings of the latter are more desirable than those of the nobility, I am apt to think they are more prevalent too than the maledictions of the latter.

. . . Indeed, we want no foreign war: the scene in America grows serious. We have this week heard that New York has taken as warm a part as Boston against the teas. . . .

P.S.—I am reading Montaigne's *Travels*, which have lately been found; there is little in them but the baths and medicines he took, and what he had everywhere for dinner. He was in Italy in 1580, and the only thing that has struck me in the first volume was his seeing Bianca Capello at dinner. . . . Montaigne says that the houses in Italy at that time had no glass windows.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 14, 1774.

I have been reading [Montaigne's *Travels*], and if I was tired of his Essays, what must one be of these! What signifies what a man thought, who never thought of anything but himself; and what signifies what a man did, who never did anything?

To Sir William Hamilton :

June 19, 1774.

His Majesty [Louis XVI of France] is so economic he will not give *fêtes champêtres.* The French, who did not intend to like him, adore him; and the Queen, who is too much the *Virgin* Mary, has quite dethroned the latter in their idolatry. . . . We have the most delightful of all summers—fruits, flowers, corn, grass, leaves. Though Judaea flowed with milk and honey, I do not believe it was much richer than the present face of England. I know of but one richer spot, which is Almack's, where a thousand meadows and cornfields are staked at every throw and as many villages lost as in the earthquake that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii. Pray tell Lady Hamilton I heard yesterday a new instrument [the celestinette, invented by the poet Mason], which transported me. . . . It is a copulation of a harpsichord and a violin; one hand strikes the keys and the other draws the bow. . . . St. Cecilia or Lady Hamilton would draw all the angels out of heaven with it or immediately be appointed organists there.

To Sir Horace Mann :

July 10, 1774.

The whole blood royal of France is recovered from the small-pox. Both Choiseul and Broglio are recalled, and I have some idea that even the old Parliament will be so. The King is adored, and a most beautiful compliment has been paid to him: somebody wrote under the statue of Henri Quatre, *Resurrexit.* . . .

Gaming, for the last month, has exceeded its own outdoings, though the town is very empty. It will be quite so to-morrow, for Newmarket begins, or rather the youth adjourn thither. . . . One of them has committed a murder, and intends to repeat it. He betted 1,500 *l.* that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship, by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since. Another man and ship are to be tried for their lives, instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin. . . .

Africa is, indeed, coming into fashion. There is just returned a Mr. Bruce, who has lived three years in the Court of Abyssinia, and breakfasted every morning with the Maids of Honour on live oxen.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

July 30, 1774.

[Lady Holland, Charles Fox's mother, had died.]

The fortune he [Mr. Crawford] thinks much more considerable than the family expected. This Lord Holland will have 10,000 *l.* a-year. Charles Fox will be entirely cleared, have his place, and 200 *l.* a-year, and 10,000 *l.*, a pretty beginning for a younger brother, for Julius Caesar not a breakfast.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Arlington Street,
Aug. 3, 1774.

I told you in my last that her Grace of Kingston was arrived. . . . A prosecution for bigamy was ready to meet her. She decamped in the middle of the night; and six hours after, the officers of justice were at her door to seize her. . . . Her friend the Electress of Saxony said to the Duke of Gloucester, "Poor thing! what could she do; she was so young when she was first married?"

To the Rev. William Cole:

Matson, *near* Gloucester,
Aug. 15, 1774.

You will not dislike my date. I am in the very mansion where King Charles the First and his two eldest sons lay during the siege; and there are marks of the last's hacking with his hanger on a window, as he told Mr. Selwyn's grandfather afterwards. The present master has done due honour to the royal residence, and erected a good marble bust of the martyr, in a little gallery. In the window is a shield in painted glass, with that King's and his Queen's arms, which I gave him. So you see I am not a rebel, when *alma mater* antiquity stands godmother. . . .

As I descended the hill, I found in a wretched cottage a child, in an ancient oaken cradle, exactly in the form of that lately published from the cradle of Edward II. I purchased it for five shillings; but don't know whether I shall have fortitude enough to transport it to Strawberry Hill. People would conclude me in my second childhood.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 18, 1774.

Everybody's head but mine is full of elections. I had the satisfaction at Gloucester, where George Selwyn is canvassing, of reflecting on my own wisdom. . . . I am certainly the greatest philosopher in the world, without ever having thought of being so: always employed, and never busy: eager about trifles, and indifferent to everything serious. Well, if it is not philosophy, at least it is content. I am as pleased here with my own nut-shell, as any monarch you have seen these two months astride his eagle.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Aug. 23, 1774.

Let Dr. Johnson please this age with the fustian of his style, and the meanness of his spirit; both are good and great enough for the taste and practice predominant. I think this country sinking fast into ruin; and when it is become an absolute monarchy and thence insignificant, I do not desire to be remembered by slaves, and in a French province. I would not be Virgil or Boileau on such conditions.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 23, 1774.

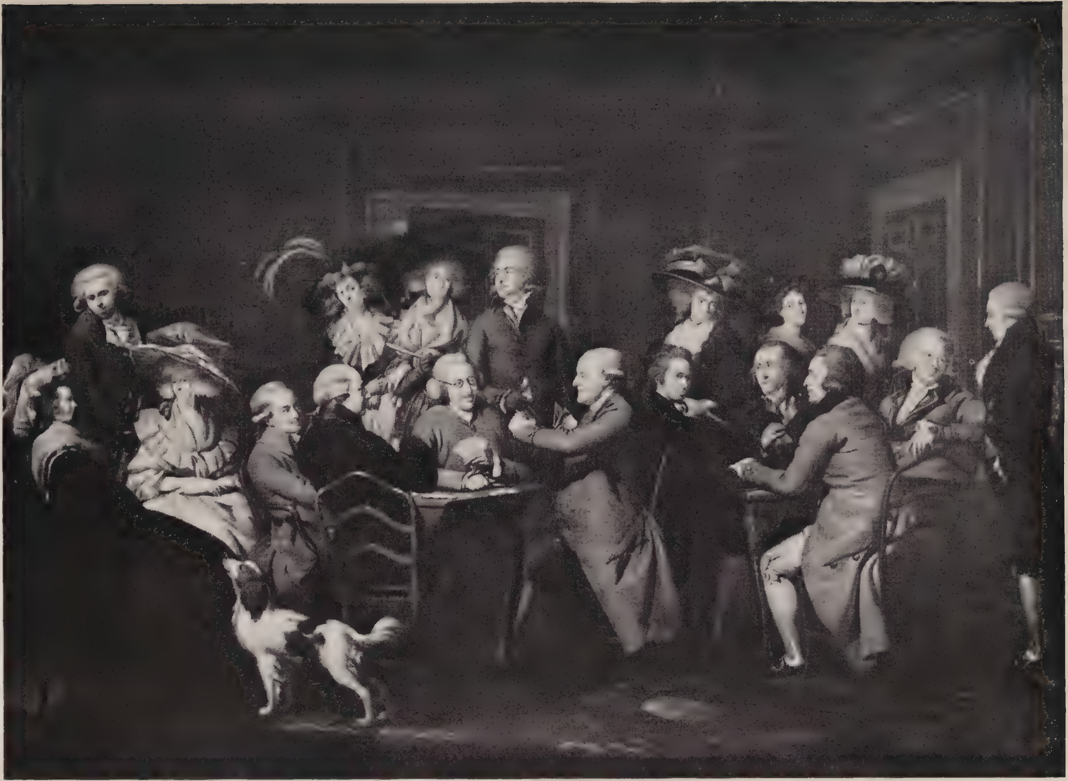
We had much billiards, music, loo, and company; I could take no part in the two first; I love most of the last, that I know, and as there were two or three children, and two or three-and-forty dogs, I could not want amusement, for I generally prefer both to what the common people call *Christians.*

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 2, 1774.

The scene in America, they say, grows very gloomy. . . .

Think, how contemptible the end of Louis the Well-beloved, how bright the dawn of Louis XVI! Can any power taste so sweet as this single word on the statue of Henri Quatre, *Resurrexit*?



A CONVERSATION.

From a painting by Van der Puyl.

Reproduced from a photograph supplied by Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, of 43, Old Bond Street, London.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Sept. 7, 1774.

When you have seen all the other armies in Europe, you will be just in time for many election-battles—perhaps, for a war in America, whither more troops are going. Many of those already sent have deserted; and to be sure the prospect there is not smiling. Apropos, Lord Mahon, whom Lord Stanhope, his father, will not suffer to wear powder because wheat is so dear, was presented t'other day in coal-black hair and a white feather: they said "he had been *tarred and feathered.*"

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 14, 1774.

Lady Hertford dined here last Saturday, brought her loo party and stayed supper; there were Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Howe, and the Colonels Maude and Keene. This was very heroic, for one is robbed every hundred yards. Lady Hertford herself was attacked last Wednesday on Hounslow Heath at three in the afternoon, but she had two servants on horseback, who would not let her be robbed, and the highwayman decamped.

To the Rev. William Mason:

[*Undated.*]

The new Senate, they tell me, will be a curious assemblage of patricians and plebeians and knights—of the post. An *old clothes man*, who, George Selwyn says, certainly stood for *Monmouth*, was a candidate, but unsuccessful. Bob, formerly a waiter at White's, was set up by my nephew for two boroughs, and actually is returned for Castle Rising with Mr. Wedderburn. . . . For my part, waiter for waiter, I see little difference; they are all equally ready to cry, "Coming, coming, Sir." . . .

If you can tell us any news of the assembly of the Colonies, we shall listen to you with avidity. If you have any private intelligence that Boston is levelled to the ground, and sown with salt, better and better.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Sept. 27, 1774.

I abhor the King of Prussia, and, if I passed through Berlin, should have no joy like avoiding him—like one of our countrymen, who changed horses at Paris, and asked what the name of that town was? . . . The Germans are certainly a civil, well-meaning people, and, I believe, one of the least corrupted nations in Europe. I don't think them very agreeable; but who do I think so? A great many Frenchwomen, some Englishmen, and a few Englishwomen; exceedingly few Frenchmen. Italian women are the grossest, vulgarest of the sex. If an Italian man has a grain of sense, he is a buffoon. So much for Europe!

. . . The present state of your country is, that it is drowned and dead drunk; all water without, and wine within. Opposition for the next elections everywhere, even in Scotland; not from party, but as laying out money to advantage.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 6, 1774.

It would be unlike my attention and punctuality, to see so large an event as an irregular dissolution of Parliament, without taking any notice of it to you. It happened last Saturday, six months before its natural death, and without the design being known but the Tuesday before, and that by very few persons. The chief motive is supposed to be the ugly state of North America, and the effects that a cross winter might have on the next elections. Whatever were the causes, the first consequences, as you may guess, were such a ferment in London as is seldom seen at this dead season of the year. Courtiers, dispatches, post-chaises, post-horses, hurrying every way! Sixty messengers passed through one single turnpike on Friday. The whole island is by this time in equal agitation; but less wine and money will be shed than have been at any such period for these fifty years. . . .

The first symptoms are not favourable to the Court; the great towns are casting off submission, and declaring for popular members. London, Westminster, Middlesex, seem to have no monarch but Wilkes, who is at the same time pushing for the Mayoralty of London, with hitherto a majority on the poll. It is strange how this man, like a phoenix, always revives from his embers! America, I doubt, is still more unpromising. There are whispers of their having assembled an armed force, and of earnest supplications arrived for succours of men and ships. A civil war is no trifle; and how we are to suppress or pursue in such a vast region, with a handful of men, I am not an Alexander to guess; and for the fleet, can we put it upon casters and wheel it from Hudson's Bay to Florida? . . .

Our roads are so infested by highwaymen, that it is dangerous stirring out almost by day. Lady Hertford was attacked on Hounslow Heath at three in the afternoon. Dr. Eliot was shot at three days ago, without having resisted; and the day before yesterday we were near losing our Prime Minister, Lord North; the robbers shot at the postillion, and wounded the latter. In short, all the freebooters, that are not in India, have taken to the highway. The Ladies of the Bedchamber dare not go to the Queen at Kew in an evening. . . .

Oct. 7, 1774.

Wilkes is a more conspicuous personage in modern story than the Pontifex Maximus of Rome. The poll for Lord Mayor ended last night; he and his late Mayor had above 1900 votes, and their antagonists not 1500. It is strange that the more he is opposed, the more he succeeds!

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Oct. 22, 1774.

A Quaker has been at Versailles; and wanted to see the Comtes de Provence and d'Artois dine in public, but would not submit to pull off his hat. The Princes were told of it; and not only admitted him with his beaver on, but made him sit down and dine with them. Was it not very sensible and good-humoured?

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Oct. 29, 1774.

America is in a desperate situation. The accounts from the Congress are not expected before the 10th, and expected very warm. I have not time to tell you some manœuvres against them that will make your blood curdle.

To the Countess of Ailesbury:

Nov. 7, 1774.

Expectation hangs on America. The result of the general assembly is expected in four or five days. If one may believe the papers, which one should not believe, the other-side-of-the-waterists are not *doux comme des moutons*, and yet we do intend to eat them.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 11, 1774.

I have very little to tell you. . . . Every day may bring us critical news from America, which will give the chief colour to the winter. . . .

Does the world talk of our orators, poets, or wits? Oh, no! It talks of vast fortunes made, or vast fortunes lost at play! It talks of Wilkes at the top of the wheel, and of Charles Fox at the bottom: all between is a blank. . . .

For my part, I take Europe to be worn out. When Voltaire dies, we may say, "Good night!" I don't believe this age will be more read than the Byzantine historians. . . .

Nov. 14, 1774.

There are advices from America that are said to be extremely bad: I don't know the particulars; but I have never argued well of that dispute! I fear we neither know how to proceed or retreat! . . . Two evenings ago Lord Berkeley shot a highwayman.

Nov. 24, 1774.

A great event happened two days ago—a political and moral event; the sudden death of that second Kouli Khan, Lord Clive. There was certainly illness in the case; the world thinks more than illness. His constitution was exceedingly broken and disordered, and grown subject to violent pains and convulsions. He came unexpectedly to town last Monday, and they say, ill. On Tuesday his physician gave him a dose of laudanum, which had not the desired effect. On the rest, there are two stories; one, that the physician repeated the dose; the other, that he doubled it himself, contrary to advice. In short, he has terminated at fifty a life of so much glory, reproach, art, wealth, and ostentation! He had just named ten members for the new Parliament.

. . . The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last, some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 27, 1774.

America is still more refractory, and I doubt will outvote the Ministry. They have picked General Gage's pocket of three pieces of cannon, and intercepted some troops that were going to him. . . .

Nov. 29, 1774.

The [King's] Speech is said to be firm, and to talk of the *rebellion* of our province of Massachusetts.

Dec. 15, 1774.

The long-expected sloop is arrived at last, and is, indeed, a *man of war*! The General Congress have voted, a non-importation, a non-exportation, a non-consumption; that, in case of hostilities committed by the troops at Boston, the several provinces will march to the assistance of their countrymen; that the cargoes of ships now at sea shall be sold on their arrival, and the money arising thence given to the poor at Boston; that a letter, in the nature of a petition of rights, shall be sent to the King; another to the House of *Commons*; a third to the people of England; a demand of repeal of all the Acts of Parliament affecting North America passed during this reign, as also of the Quebec Bill: and these resolutions not to be altered till such repeal is obtained. . . . The Americans at least have acted like men, gone to the bottom at once, and set the whole upon the whole. Our conduct has been that of pert children: we have thrown a pebble at a mastiff, and are surprised it was not frightened.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway, and the
Countess of Ailesbury :

Jan. 15, 1775.

An account is come of the Bostonians having voted an army of sixteen thousand men, who are to be called *minute men*, as they are to be ready at a minute's warning.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

Jan. 21, 1775.

I have scarce been better diverted by Dr. Johnson's *Tour to the Western Isles*. What a heap of words to express very little! and though it is the least cumbrous of any style he ever used, how far from easy and natural! He hopes nobody but is glad that a boatful of sacrilege, a diverting sin! was shipwrecked. He believes in second sight, and laughs at poor Pennant for credulity! The King sent for the book in MS., and then wondering, said, " I protest, Johnson seems to be a Papist and a Jacobite! "—so he did not know why he had been made to give him a pension! . . .

Well! I am come back to England, and here I find no bad saying of an English Queen. The crowd at the birthday was excessive, and had squeezed, and shoved, and pressed upon the Queen in the most hoyden manner. As she went out of the drawing-room, somebody said in flattery, "The crowd was very great."—"Yes," said the Queen, "and wherever one went, the Queen was in everybody's way."

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Jan. 22, 1775.

The Cabinet have determined on civil war, and regiments are going from Ireland and our West Indian islands. On Thursday the plan of the war is to be laid before both Houses.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 25, 1775.

The times are indeed very serious. Pacification with America is not the measure adopted. More regiments are ordered thither, and to-morrow a plan, I fear equivalent to a declaration of war, is to be laid before both Houses. They are bold ministers, methinks, who do not hesitate on a civil war, in which victory may bring ruin, and disappointment endanger their heads. Lord Chatham has already spoken out: and though his outset (a motion in the Lords last Friday) was neither wise nor successful, he will certainly be popular again with the clamorous side, which no doubt will become the popular side too, for all wars are costly, and consequently grievous. Acquisition alone can make those burthens palatable; and in a war with our own colonies we must afflict instead of acquiring them, and cannot recover them without having undone them. . . .

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that the town of Birmingham has petitioned the Parliament to enforce the American Acts, that is, make war; for they have a manufacture of swords and muskets. I believe the Dutch will petition too, for much such a reason!

To the Marquise du Deffand:

[Translated.]

Jan. 27, 1775.

Two or three years [after writing *The Castle of Otranto*], I went to the University of Cambridge, where I had passed three years of my youth. In entering one of the colleges, which I had entirely forgotten, I found myself exactly in the court of my Castle. The towers, the gates, the chapel, the great hall, everything answered with the greatest exactness. In fine, the idea of this college had remained in my head without my thinking of it and I had used it as the plan of my Castle without being conscious of it myself. . . . It is a droll thing that the City of Birmingham has demanded war [against America], because it makes swords and guns.

Jan. 31, 1775.

Mr. Selwyn visited me the other day and we complained because one hears talk only of America. " For myself," says he, " I must take an American teacher *pour me mettre au ton du monde*."

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Feb. 2, 1775.

You must prepare, Madam, to talk America; there is no other topic to be heard, and in truth it grows a very grave one.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Feb. 18, 1775.

The war with America goes on briskly, that is as far as voting goes. A great majority in both Houses is as brave as a mob ducking a pickpocket. They flatter themselves they shall terrify the Colonies into submission in three months, and are amazed to hear that there is no such probability. They might as well have excommunicated them, and left it to the devil to put the sentence into execution.

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 20, 1775.

The Houses go on fulminating against America; we shall see whether their edicts are regarded, or rather their troops and generals. The province of New York seems to be better disposed than the other colonies; but we must wait for the re-echo of our new acts, and for the Congress in May. In three months we shall hear whether it will be war or peace. The nation will stare a little if it is the former. It is little expected, and less thought of. We are given up to profusion, extravagance, and pleasure: heroism is not at all in fashion. Cincinnatus will be found at the hazard-table, and Camillus at a ball. The vivacity of the young Queen of France has reached hither. Our young ladies are covered with more plumes than any nation that has no other covering. The first people of fashion are going to act plays, in which comedians, singers, dancers, figurantes, might all walk at a coronation. The summer is to open with a masquerade on the Thames.

To the Rev. William Mason:

April 3, 1775.

Foote was at Paris in October, when *Dr. Murray* was, who *admiring or dreading* his wit (for commentators dispute on the true reading) often invited him to dinner with his nephew. The Ambassador produced a very small bottle of Tokay, and dispensed it in very small glasses. The uncle, to prove how precious every drop, said it was of the most exquisite growth, and very old. Foote, taking up the diminutive glass, and examining it, replied, "It is very little of its age."

April 14, 1775.

To return to Ossian: is not it evident that the Scots are of Irish parentage? Hurt at the charge of having never produced a *poet*, they forge an epic in *prose*.

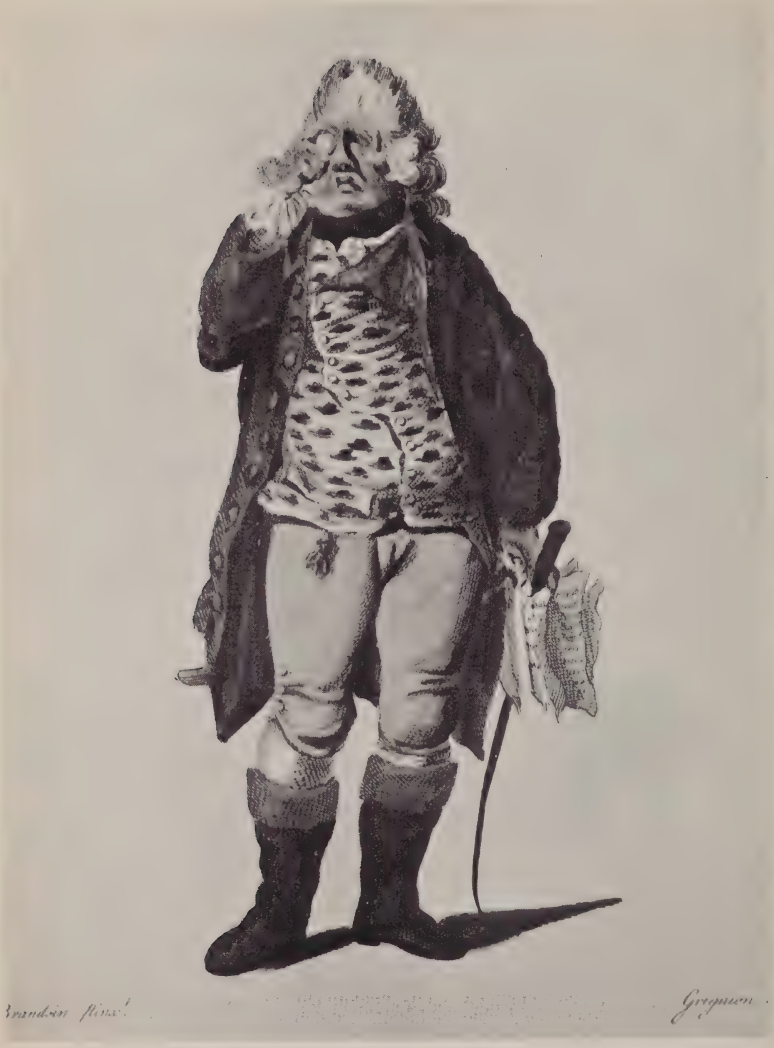
To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
April 17, 1775.

The town is divided into two great classes, the politicians and the pleasurists. The first are occupied with that vast foetus, the American contest; and wars at that distance do not go on expeditiously. Wilkes has arrived at his *ne plus ultra*; he has presented a remonstrance in form to the Throne; and, with the magnanimity of an Alexander, used his triumph with moderation—in modern language, with good breeding. The younger generation game, dress, dance, go to Newmarket. Some of them, not juniors all, learn to sing. Cortez was victorious in our last opera, *Montezuma*. I doubt the Americans will not be vanquished in recitative.

ARLINGTON STREET,
April 22, 1775.

I dined to-day at the Exhibition of Pictures, with the Royal Academicians. We do not beat Titian or Guido, yet. . . . Sir Joshua Reynolds is a great painter, but, unfortunately, his colours seldom stand longer than crayons. We have a Swede, one Loutherbourg, who would paint landscape and cattle excellently if he did not


randoin pinx!
Grignion

A MACARONI AT A SALE OF PICTURES.
From an engraving by Grignion after Brandoin.

in every picture indulge some one colour inordinately. Horse, dogs, and animals we paint admirably, and a few in landscapes well. The prices of all are outrageous, and the numbers of professors still greater. We have an American, West, who deals in high history, and is vastly admired, but he is heavier than Guercino, and has still less grace, and is very inferior. We have almost a statuary or two, and very good architects; but as Vanbrugh dealt in quarries, and Kent in lumber, Adam, our most admired, is all gingerbread, filigraine, and fan-painting. Wyatt, less fashionable, has as much taste, is grander, and more pure. We have private houses that cost more than the Palace Pitti.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
May 7, 1775.

There is, indeed, beyond the seas an opposition, so big, that most folks call it a rebellion, which if computed by the tract of country it occupies, we, as so diminutive in comparison, ought rather to be called in rebellion to that. All the late letters thence are as hostile as possible; and, unless their heads are as cool as their hearts seem determined, it will not be long before we hear of the overt acts of war. Our three Generals are sailed, and Gage will have a pretty large army. They say he is preparing to attack the American magazine. Our stake is deep, though, like other rebellions, this does not aim at the capital; yet it is that kind of war in which even victory may ruin us. . . . The map of America I have forgotten, and cannot learn it again now, but leave it to a younger generation, whose business it will be. . . .

I hated Parliament, resolved to quit it, and did: was told I should repent, but never have.

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 7, 1775.

I have been at all the exhibitions, and do not find that we are got an inch nearer Raphael than we were. Sir Joshua has indeed produced the best portrait he ever painted, that of the Primate of Ireland, whom age has softened into a beauty: all the painters are begging to draw him, as they did from Reynolds's beggar-man. My brother [Sir Edward Walpole] has given me the view of Gray's tomb and churchyard, very prettily done, and inspired by Gray's own melancholy. I have hung it here in my favourite blue room.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 17, 1775.

There have been great tumults even in Paris on the dearness of corn. The King is already angry with his restored Parliament, who, fancying itself restored to liberty, took upon itself to examine the rioters. The new Well-beloved posted to his *lit de justice*, but was in such a passion that, though he attempted it four times, he could not speak; others may fancy, he wanted words from more causes than one. . . .

You have not more masquerades in carnival than we have; there is one at the Pantheon to-night, another on Monday; and in June is to be a pompous one on the water, and at Ranelagh. This and the first are given by the Club called the *Sçavoir Vivre*, who till now have only shone by excess of gaming. . . .

May 22, 1775.

Our papers will tell you, or your own, that the Queen of Denmark is dead—happily for her, I think, if she had any feeling. They say it was a rapid putrid fever. I know no more of it, for I am but this moment come to town to get my mourning.

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 27, 1775.

I have picked up some excellent narratives of Mr. Bruce, but have not room for them; but here is what is better. He was asked before George Selwyn if the Abyssinians have any music? he replied, they have one *lyre*. Selwyn whispered his neighbour, "They have one less since he left their country."

To Sir Horace Mann:

June 5, 1775.

General Gage had sent nine hundred men to nail up the cannon and seize a magazine at Concord; of which the accidental captain owns, two cannon were spiked or damaged. An hundred and fifty Americans, who swear they were fired on first, disliked the proceeding, returned blows, and drove back the party. Lord Percy was dispatched to support them, but new recruits arriving, his Lordship sent for better advice, which he received, and it was, to retire, which he did. The King's troops lost an hundred and fifty, the enemy not an hundred. . . . Another account is come of the mob having risen at New York, between anger and triumph, and have seized, unloaded, and destroyed the cargoes of two ships that were going with supplies to Gage; and, by all accounts, that whole continent is in a flame.

So here is this fatal war commenced!

> The child that is unborn shall rue
> The hunting of that day!

. . . A colonel of their militia has sworn before a justice of peace that he ordered his men to fire on the King's troops, and has sent over a copy of his affidavit—perhaps in hopes of being knighted. . . .

Our neighbour King Louis is gone to be crowned. He was besieged for three days at Versailles by twenty thousand men, and in danger of Lord Peterborough's *sacre*, who, when he was shown the Sainte Ampoule at Rheims, and the monk asked him, "Monsieur, est-ce-que vous sacrez vos Rois ?" replied, "Non, Monsieur, nous les massacrons." Insurrections in France! insurrections in Bohemia! insurrections in America! methinks the world is subject to centenary fevers!

To the Rev. William Mason :

ARLINGTON STREET,
June 12, 1775.

By the waters of Babylon we sit down and weep, when we think of thee, O America! Tribulation on tribulation! Since Gage's defeat, eighteen, some say twenty-eight thousand men have invested Boston; ten thousand more are on their march from Rhode Island. Two ships laden with provisions for him have been destroyed at New York, and all his Majesty's friends turned out thence.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

June 23, 1775.

You was much in the right indeed, Madam, not to come to town for the foolish regatta, as I did, and of which I have seen no more than I do now. I went at six o'clock to Richmond House, and it was beautiful to see the Thames covered with boats, barges, and streamers, and every window and house-top loaded with spectators. I suppose so many will not meet again till the Day of Judgment, which was not to-day. In the middle of the river was a street of lighters and barges covered with pent-houses like a carpenter's yard, which totally prevented all the other millions seeing anything. The rowers passed through this street, and so we never beheld them at all. It rained once or twice and cleared the gardens and shores, and now all the company is stewing in Ranelagh. A great deal of the show was spoilt by everybody being in black; it looked like a general mourning for Amphitrite, rather than for the Queen of Denmark. The *corps diplomatique* was in the Lord Mayor's barge.

Aug. 3, 1775.

I hear that the Congress have named General Washington Generalissimo, with two thousand a year and five pounds a day for his table; he desired to be excused receiving the two thousand. If these folks will imitate both the Romans and Cromwellians in self-denial and enthusiasm, we shall be horridly plagued with them. Colonel Lee is the third on the staff; I forget the second's name. They say all the regiments in Ireland are going to Boston, and fifty thousand Hanoverians coming to guard Ireland.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 3, 1775.

At least we have not conquered America yet. I did not send you immediate word of our victory at Boston, because the success not only seemed very equivocal, but because the conquerors lost three to one more than the vanquished. The last do not pique themselves upon modern good breeding, but level only at the officers, of whom they have slain a vast number. We are a little disappointed, indeed, at their fighting at all, which was not in our calculation. . . . The Congress, not asleep neither, have appointed a Generalissimo, Washington, allowed a very able officer, who distinguished himself in the last war. Well! we had better have gone on robbing the Indies; it was a more lucrative trade.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Aug. 7, 1775.

The Americans will admire him [Gray] and you, and they are the only people by whom one would wish to be admired. The world is divided into two nations—men of sense that *will* be free, and fools that like to be slaves.

To the Countess of Ailesbury:

PARIS,
Aug. 20, 1775.

I have been sea-sick to death; I have been poisoned by dirt and vermin; I have been stifled by heat, choked by dust, and starved for want of anything I could touch: and yet, Madam, here I am, perfectly well, not in the least fatigued; and, thanks to the rivelled parchments, formerly faces, which I have seen by hundreds, I find myself almost as young as when I came hither first in the last century. . . . Madame du Deffand came to me the instant I arrived, and sat by me whilst I stripped and dressed myself; for, as she said, since she cannot see, there was no harm in my being stark. . . . I sat with her till half an hour after two in the morning, and had a letter from her before my eyes were open again. In short, her soul is immortal, and forces her body to bear it company.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 23, 1775.

What I have to say, I can tell your Ladyship in a word, for it was impossible to see anything but the Queen! Hebes and Floras, and Helens and Graces, are street-walkers to her. She is a statue of beauty, when standing or sitting; grace itself when she moves. She was dressed in silver, scattered over with *laurier-roses*; few diamonds, and feathers. . . . For beauty, I saw none, or the Queen effaced all the rest. After the minuets were French country dances, much encumbered by the long trains, longer tresses, and hoops. As the weather was excessively sultry, I do not think the clothes, though of gauze and the lightest silks, had much taste. In the intervals of dancing, baskets of peaches, China oranges (a little out of season), biscuits, ices, and wine and water, were presented to the royal family and dancers.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Sept. 6, 1775.

They will not believe me when I tell them that the American war is *fashionable*, for one is forced to use that word to convey to them an idea of the majority. A great lady asked me the other day, if I was not a Bostonian? and I have not met with a single Frenchman who does not express indignation or sneer contempt at all our late Acts of Parliament. M. de Castries being told that Lord North has the Garter, was surprised and said for what ? for having lost America ?

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

Sept. 16, 1775.

The charming Queen is gone out of fashion, so I am no longer in love with her.

To George Selwyn :

Sept. 16, 1775.

I do not tell you about Mons. Turgot's regulations and reformations, because you care no more about their *patrie* than your own; but you shall hear a *bon mot* of Madame du Deffand. Mons. Turgot has begun several reforms and retracted them: she said, " Dans les bon vieux tems on reculoit pour mieux sauter, au lieu que Mons. Turgot saute pour mieux reculer."

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

[*Undated.*]

Madame du Deffand and I set out last Sunday at seven in the evening, to go fifteen miles to a ball, and came back after supper; and another night, because it was but one in the morning when she brought me home, she ordered the coachman to make the tour of the Quais, and drive gently because it was so early.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Oct. 10, 1775.

This country is far more happy. It is governed by benevolent and beneficent men, under a prince who has not yet betrayed a fault, and who will be as happy as his people if he always employs such men. Messieurs de Turgot and Malesherbes are philosophers in the true sense, that is, legislators; but, as their plans tend to serve the public, you may be sure they do not please interested individuals. The French, too, are light and fickle; and designing men, who have no weapon against good men but ridicule, already employ it to make a trifling nation laugh at its benefactors.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 17, 1775.

P.S.—To my sorrow I did not know the last year's Act, to favour the Bristol manufacturer, laid a duty of one hundred and fifty per cent. on French china, and I paid at Dover seven guineas and a half for a common set of coffee things that had cost me but five.

To the Rev. William Mason:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Oct. 25, 1775.

I saw a King who accords everything that is asked for the good of his people, and I saw two ministers, Messieurs de Malesherbes and Turgot, who do not let their master's benevolent disposition rust. The latter is attempting to take off *corvées*, that quintessence of cruel and ostentatious despotism, but the *country gentlemen*, that race of interested stupidity, will baffle him. Monsieur de Malesherbes, in the most simple and unaffected manner, gave me an account of his visitation of the Bastille, whence he released the prisoners, half of whom were mad with the misfortunes, and many of whom he could not find even the causes of their commitment. One man refused his liberty: he said he had been prisoner fifteen years, and had nothing in the world left; that the King lodged and fed him, and he would not quit the Bastille unless they would give him half his pension. M. de Malesherbes reported it to the King, who replied, "*C'est juste*," and the man has fifteen hundred livres a year and his freedom. This excellent magistrate, who made my tears run down my cheeks, added, that what the prisoners complained of most was the want of pen and ink. He ordered it. The demons remonstrated and said the prisoners would only make use of the pen to write memorials against the ministers; he replied, "*Tant mieux.*"

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 27, 1775.

P.S.—I have run through a volume of Sterne's *Letters*, and have read more unentertaining stuff.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 28, 1775.

At my return I found everything in great confusion. The ministers had only provoked and united—not intimidated, wounded, or divided America. Errors in or neglect of execution have rendered everything much worse; and at this instant they are not sure that the King has a foot of dominion left on that continent. Boston must be, if it is not, abandoned.

. . . In the Commons, Mr. Conway, in a better speech than ever was made, exposed all their outrages and blunders; and Charles Fox told Lord North, that not Alexander nor Caesar had ever conquered so much as he had lost in one campaign. Even his lordship's friends, nay the Scotch, taunt him in public with his laziness.

Nov. 14, 1775.

Orloff the Great, or rather the Big, is here; and as proud of his infamous diamonds as the Duchess of Kingston herself. He dances gigantic dances and makes gigantic love; but not conquests: yet he has quitted his post with honour, for the Empress has appointed two to supply his functions—I suppose they are Gog and Magog. Orloff talks an infinite deal of nonsense; but parts are not necessary to a royal favourite or to an assassin.

[Orloff was the favourite of Catherine II of Russia.]

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Nov. 23, 1775.

On Sunday night, indeed, I was singularly entertained at Monsieur de Guines's, who gave a vast supper to the Prince of Hesse and the goddesses most in fashion, as the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Sefton, &c. We were twenty-eight at supper; but before it, a Monsieur Tessier, of whom I have heard much in France, acted an entire play of ten characters, and varied his voice, and countenance, and manner, for each so perfectly, that he did not name the persons that spoke, nor was it necessary. I cannot decide to which part he did most justice, but I would go to the play every night if I could see it so acted.

Dec. 4, 1775.

Loo at Princess Amelia's, loo at Lady Hertford's, are the capital events of my history, and a Sunday alone, at Strawberry, my chief entertainment.

To the Rev. William Cole:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Dec. 10, 1775.

The author . . . makes me blush, for he calls Mr. Gray and me *congenial pair*. Alas! I have no genius; and if any symptom of talent, so inferior to Gray's, that Milton and Quarles might as well be coupled together. We rode over the Alps in the same chaise, but Pegasus drew on his side and a cart-horse on mine. I am too jealous of his fame to let us be coupled together.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 20, 1775.

I am mighty busy about Mariette's sale, where I have been so lucky as to ruin myself. I have got Madame d'Olonne; Madame du Deffand says I have paid dearer for her than any of her lovers did in her lifetime.

Dec. 27, 1775.

There are some better verses by Dean Barnard, of which I will procure a copy if I can. They are an answer to a gross brutality of Dr. Johnson, to which a properer answer would have been to fling a glass of wine in his face. I have no patience with an unfortunate monster trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence that his arrogance suggests, and who thinks that what he has read is an excuse for everything he says.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 28, 1776.

The Government is straining every nerve to muster a great army in America, though it must combat for its very landing. Fifteen thousand Hessians and Brunswickers are retained. This force, if half of it can get thither and land, must be maintained from hence. We are not apt to be frugal about our armies abroad. Guess at the millions this will cost; and come and see your country before all its splendour is at an end! Boston is famishing: what is the fate of Quebec, we do not yet know.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Feb. 18, 1776.

Lo, there is just appeared a classic work: a history, not majestic like Livy, nor compressed like Tacitus; not stamped with character like Clarendon; perhaps not so deep as Robertson's *Scotland*, but a thousand degrees above his *Charles*; not pointed like Voltaire, but as accurate as he is inexact; modest as he is *tranchant* and sly as Montesquieu without being so *recherché*. The style is as smooth as a Flemish picture, and the muscles are concealed and only for natural uses, not exaggerated like Michael Angelo's to show the painter's skill in anatomy; nor composed of the limbs of clowns of different nations, like Dr. Johnson's heterogeneous monsters. This book is Mr. Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

To Sir William Hamilton:

I believe the late Prince [Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died nine years before George II, his father] thought that maxim of our law was literally true that *the King never dies.*

[In 1900, London said that Edward the Seventh, then Prince of Wales, was suffering from the disease of his mother's longevity.]

To the Rev. William Mason:

Feb. 29, 1776.

Mr. Cambridge had been with me, and asked me if I knew the famous Beaumarchais, who is in England; I said, "No, Sir, nor ever intend it." "Well, now," said he, "that is exactly my way: I made a resolution early never to be acquainted with authors, they are so vain and so *troublesome.*"

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 22, 1776.

We know nothing new from America, since the general belief that the attempt on Quebec has failed by the death of Montgomery, who was not so fortunate as Wolfe, to die a conqueror, though very near being so.

. . . What else can I tell you? That dissipation and gaming continue to stride before the war. Yes, verily. A new club is opened in St. James's Street, that piques itself on surpassing all its predecessors. But this is almost commonplace. The Duke of Wirtemberg, who has wasted revenues enough to be worthy to be of it, is here, but *here* is no phenomenon.

A senator of Rome, while Rome survives,

can continue to waste as much in one evening as a German prince in an opera for a season. But it is the nation that is really gaming deep—we have set twelve provinces on the cast of a die.

To the Rev. William Mason:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
April 16, 1776.

The Countess-Duchess [Elizabeth Chudleigh] has raised my opinion of her understanding, which was always but at low ebb; for she has behaved so sensibly and with so little affectation, that her auditory are loud in applause of her. She did not once squall, scream, or faint, was not impudent, nor gorgeous, looked well though pale and trembling; was drest all in black, yet in silk, not crape; with no pennon hoisted but a widow's peak. She spoke of her innocence and of her awe of so venerable an assembly.

To Sir Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
April 17, 1776.

You may think of America, if you please; but we think and talk but of one subject, the solemn comedy that is acting in Westminster Hall. Deep wagers had been laid that the Duchess-Countess would decamp before her trial.

. . . The scene opened on Wednesday with all its pomp, and had drawn hither even a Countess Castiglione, from Milan. The doubly-noble prisoner went through her part with universal admiration. Instead of her usual ostentatious folly, and clumsy pretensions to cunning, all her conduct was decent, and even seemed natural. Her dress was entirely black and plain; her attendants not too numerous, her dismay at first perfectly unaffected. A few tears balanced cheerfulness enough; and her presence of mind and attention never deserted her.

April 24, 1776.

If the Pope expects his Duchess back, he must create her one, for her peers have reduced her to a Countess. Her folly and obstinacy now appear in their full vigour; at least her faith in the Ecclesiastical Court, trusting to the infallibility of which she provoked this trial, in the face of every sort of detection. A living witness of the first marriage, a register of it fabricated long afterwards by herself, the widow of the clergyman who married her, many confidants to whom she had trusted the secret, and even Hawkins the surgeon, privy to the birth of her child, appeared against her. . . . The Duchess, who could produce nothing else of consequence in her favour, tried the powers of oratory. . . . She concluded her rhetoric with a fit, and the trial with rage, when convicted of the bigamy. The Attorney-General laboured to have her burnt in the hand, but the Judges were hustled into an opinion against it, and it was waived. So all this complication of knavery receives no punishment, but the loss of the Duchy. . . .

[The Duchess' mother] was coming home late at night, with two of the old pensioners as patrol, walking behind the coach. She was asleep, and was awakened by three footpads, one of whom held a pistol at her breast. She coolly put her head out of the other window, and said, " Fire! " The patrol fired, and shot the robber.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
May 17, 1776.

As I knew no more than the newspapers would tell you, I did not announce to you the retreat of the King's army from Boston. Great pains were taken, and no wonder, to soften this disgrace.

July 17, 1776.

I remember when my father went out of place, and was to return visits, which ministers are excused from doing, he could not guess where he was, finding himself in so many new streets and squares. This was thirty years ago. They have been building ever since, and one would think had imported two or three capitals. London could put Florence into its fob-pocket. . . . This little island will be ridiculously proud some ages hence of its former brave days, and swear its capital was once as big again as Paris, or—what is to be the name of the city that will then give laws to Europe—perhaps New York or Philadelphia.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

July 17, 1776

As I came home, two footpads, just at the entrance of my own Twickenham, stepped up to my footman on horseback, damned him and bid him stop. Luckily it was not David, but the young fellow, who rode up to the coachman and bid him drive on; and so we shall not make a paragraph in the newspapers I expected to hear a pistol calling after us, but the lad saw nothing but a large stick, which one of them held up at him.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 11, 1776.

The Congress has declared all the provinces independent, has condemned the Mayor of New York to be hanged for corresponding with their enemies, and have seized Franklin, not the famous doctor, but one of the King's governors. I hope this savage kind of war will not proceed; but they seem to be very determined, and that makes the prospect very melancholy. . . . The young men of this age seem to have made a law amongst themselves for declaring their fathers superannuated at fifty, and then dispose of the estates, as if already their own.

How culpable to society was Lord Holland for setting an example of paying such enormous, such gigantic debts! Can you believe that Lord Foley's two sons have borrowed money so extravagantly, that the interest they have contracted to pay, amounts to eighteen thousand pounds a-year? I write the sum at length, lest you should think I have mistaken, and set down two or three figures too much. The legislature sits quiet, and says it cannot put a stop to such outrageous doings; but thus is it punished for winking at the plunder of the Indies, which cannot suffice. Our Jews and usurers continue to lounge at home, and commit as much rapine as Lord Clive!

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 22, 1776.

The expedition against Charleston has failed. A man-of-war is lost, with a captain, a lieutenant, and two hundred men, and, as Lord Cranley told me, Sir Peter Parker himself is wounded in six places.

They were forced besides to burn a store-ship; and what is ten times worse, *the cowardly rebels* behaved remarkably well. It is called a very ill-advised attempt; though ten days ago what bragging of having got a fifty-gun ship over the bar of Charleston, which had always been thought impossible!

To the Rev. William Mason:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Oct. 8, 1776.

Voltaire has lately written a letter against Shakespeare, . . . and it is as downright Billingsgate as an apple-woman would utter if you overturned her wheelbarrow. Poor old wretch! how envy disgraces the brightest talents! How Gray adored Shakespeare! Partridge, the almanac-maker, perhaps, was jealous of Sir Isaac Newton. Dr. Goldsmith told me, he himself envied Shakespeare, but Goldsmith was an idiot, with once or twice a fit of parts. It hurts one when a real genius like Voltaire can feel more spite than admiration, though I am persuaded that his rancour is grounded on his conscious inferiority. . . .

The colonies have an agent openly at Versailles, and their ships are as openly received into their ports.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 4, 1776.

At last the confirmation is come of New York being in possession of General Howe, having been abandoned by the provincials. Three thousand men sallied out of their lines, but were repulsed by three regiments, with little loss of life on either side, but thirteen or fourteen of the King's officers were wounded. Three days after Howe was in the town it was fired by some provincials, and a quarter of it burnt before the flames could be extinguished. Howe is now encamped within four miles of the enemy's lines.

Nov. 24, 1776.

There is another victory, a naval one, over the provincials on the Lake Champlain. They have lost their whole fleet, have burnt Crown Point, and are retired to Ticonderago, where, I think, they are besieged.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 17, 1776.

Doctor Franklin, at seventy-two, is arrived in a frigate at Nantes, and has brought in two prizes that he took in his way.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 24, 1777.

The tide of victories continues: Fort Washington was taken at the end of the year, and Rhode Island since. A great deal is still to do, and not much less if the war was over. It does not appear yet that Dr. Franklin has persuaded France to espouse America openly. One hears a great deal of underhand support, and in general the disposition of the French for war with us; but I never believe but on facts.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Feb. 27, 1777.

That old ruinous fragment of faction, Lord Temple . . . pretends . . . that the said John [in prison on suspicion of arson] had received 300 *l.* from Silas Deane, for the purpose of burning, not only Bristol, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, but the Bank of England, for stone and gold are wonderfully combustible. The natural philosophers in power believe that Dr. Franklin has invented a machine of the size of a toothpick case, and materials, that would reduce St. Paul's to a handful of ashes.

Strawberry Hill,
March 28, 1777.

Caius Manlius Washingtonius Americanus, the dictator, has got together a large army, larger than that our ally the Duke of Wirtemburg was to have sold us, and General Howe who has nothing but salt provisions in our metropolis, New York, has not twenty thousand pounds' worth of pickles as he had at Boston.

To Sir Horace Mann:

April 3, 1777.

It is my opinion that the King's affairs are in a very bad position in America. I do not say that his armies may not gain advantages again; though I believe there has been as much design as cowardice in the behaviour of the provincials, who seem to have been apprised that protraction of the war would be more certainly advantageous to them than heroism. Washington, the dictator, has shown himself both a Fabius and a Camillus. His march through our lines is allowed to have been a prodigy of generalship. In one word, I look upon a great part of America as lost to this country!

To the Rev. William Mason:

April 18, 1777.

The payment of the King's debts was gratefully accorded yesterday by those who had contributed to cause his necessities. Charles Fox made a great figure in behalf of Lord John's motion for a committee. The latter apologised for the secession of his friends, on their finding they could do no good. Wilkes made a panegyric on the real King of France for his tenderness to his brothers, unlike the gloomy tyrant—and then he paused—Louis XI.

To Sir Horace Mann:

April 28, 1777.

I attended him [Lord Orford] to Houghton, and saw nothing but evidence of distraction. The gentlemen of the country came to congratulate his recovery; yet, for more than six weeks, he would do nothing but speak in the lowest voice, and would whisper to them at the length of the table, when the person next to him could not distinguish what he said. Every evening, precisely at the same hour, sitting round a table, he would join his forehead to his mistress's (who is forty, red-faced, and with black teeth, and with whom he has slept every night these twenty years), and there they would sit for a quarter of an hour, like two paroquets, without speaking. Every night, from seven to nine, he regularly, for the whole fortnight, made his secretary of militia, an old drunken, broken tradesman, read Statius to the whole company, though the man could not hiccup the right quantity of syllables. Imagine what I suffered!

Arlington Street,
May 14, 1777.

In my private opinion, he has been mad these twenty years and more. On his coming of age, I obtained a fortune of one hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds for him: he would not look at her. Had I remained charged with his affairs six months longer on his last illness, he would have been five thousand a-year richer than the day he fell ill. My reward was, not to see him for three years.

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 16, 1777.

I have seen Sheridan's new comedy [*The School for Scandal*], and liked it much better than any I have seen since *The Provoked Husband*. There is a great deal of wit and good situations, but it is too long, has two or three bad scenes that might easily be omitted, and seemed to me to want nature and truth of character; but I have not read it, and sat too high to hear it well. It is admirably acted.

To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 18, 1777.

One effect the American war has not had, that it ought to have had; it has not brought us to our senses. Silly dissipation rather increases, and without an object. The present folly is late hours. Everybody tries to be particular by being too late; and, as everybody tries it, nobody is so. It is the fashion now to go to Ranelagh two hours after it is over. You may not believe this, but it is literal. The music ends at ten; the company go at twelve. Lord Derby's cook lately gave him warning. The man owned he liked his place, but said he should be killed by dressing suppers at three in the morning. The Earl asked him coolly at how much he valued his life? That is, he would have paid him for killing him.

To the Rev. William Cole:

June 19, 1777.

I believe McPherson's success with *Ossian* was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London till some time after he had undone and poisoned himself there.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Aug. 4, 1777.

Garrick is dying of the yellow jaundice on the success of Henderson, a young actor from Bath—*Enfin donc desormais* there must never be a good player again. . . . Voltaire and Garrick are the god and goddess of Envy.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 8, 1777.

Have you read General Burgoyne's rhodomontade, in which he almost promises to cross America in a hop, step, and a jump? I thought we were cured of hyperboles. He has sent over, too, a copy of his talk with the Indians, which they say is still more supernatural. I own I prefer General Howe's taciturnity, who at least, if he does nothing, does not break his word.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 1, 1777.

General Burgoyne has taken Ticonderaga, and given a new complexion to the aspect of affairs, which was very wan indeed. General Howe is gone with a great force somewhither, and the moment is very critical. I don't pretend to form any judgment. Eleven months ago I thought America subdued; and a fortnight ago, it was as little likely to be subdued as ever. We, the people, know little of the truth.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Sept. 16, 1777.

I have got a delightful plaything, if I had time for play. It is a new sort of camera-obscura for drawing the portraits of persons, or prospects, or insides of rooms, and does not depend on the sun or anything. The misfortune is, that there is a vast deal of machinery and putting together, and I am the worst person living for managing it. You know I am impenetrably dull in everything that requires a grain of common sense. The inventor is to come to me on Friday, and try if he can make me remember my right hand from my left. I could as soon have invented my machine as manage it; yet it has cost me ten guineas, and may cost me as much more as I please for improving it.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Sept. 21, 1777.

It is such a perfecting of the camera-obscura, that it no longer depends on the sun, and serves for taking portraits with a force and exactness incredible; and serves almost as well by candlelight as by day. It is called *the delineator*, and is invented within these eighteen months by a Mr. Storer, a Norfolk man, one of the modestest and humblest of beings. Sir Joshua Reynolds and West are gone mad with it, and it will be their own faults if they do not excel Rubens in light and shade, and all the Flemish masters in truth. It improves the beauty of trees,—I don't know what it does not do—everything for me, for I can have every inside of every room here drawn minutely in the size of this page. Mr. Storer fell as much in love with Strawberry Hill as I did with his instrument. The perspectives of the house, which I studied so much, are miraculous in this camera. The gallery, cabinet, round drawing room, and great bed chamber, make such pictures as you never saw. The painted glass and trees that shade it are Arabian tales. This instrument will enable engravers to copy pictures with the most precision: and with it you may take a vase or the pattern of a china jar in a moment; architecture and trees are its greatest beauty; but I think it will perform more wonders than electricity, and yet it is so simple as to be contained in a trunk, that you may carry in your lap in your chaise.

Oct. 5, 1777.

You ask the history of Burgoyne the Pompous. He is a natural son of Lord Bingley, who put him into the entail of the estate, but when young Lane came of age the entail was cut off. He ran away with the old Lord Derby's daughter, and has been a fortunate gamester. Junius was thought unjust, as he was never supposed to do more than play very well. I have heard him speak in Parliament, just as he writes; for all his speeches were written and laboured, and yet neither in them nor in his conversation, did he ever impress me with an idea of his having parts. He is however a very useful commander, for he feeds the *Gazette* and the public, while the Howes and the war are so dumb.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Oct. 8, 1777.

St. Paul is my model for letter-writing, who being a man of fashion, and very unaffected, never studies for what he shall say, but in one paragraph takes care of Timothy's soul, and in the next of his own cloak.

To Earl Harcourt:

Oct. 18, 1777.

I have a gardener that has lived with me above five-and-twenty years; he is incredibly ignorant, and a mule. When I wrote to your Lordship, my patience was worn out, and I resolved at least to have a gardener for flowers. On your not being able to give me one, I half consented to keep my own; not on his amendment, but because he will not leave me, presuming on my long suffering. I have offered him fifteen pounds a year to leave me, and when he pleads that he is old, and that nobody else will take him, I plead that I am old too, and that it is rather hard that I am not to have a few flowers, or a little fruit as long as I live. I shall not try if I can make any compromise with him, for I own I cannot bear to turn him adrift, nor will starve an old servant, though never a good one, to please my nose and mouth. Besides, he is a Scot, and I will not be unjust, even to that odious nation; and the more I dislike him, the less will I allow my partiality to persuade me I am in the right. . . . I will take the liberty of letting you know, if I can persuade the serpent that has reduced my little Eden to be as nasty and barren as the Highlands, to take a pension and a yellow ribbon.

To Sir Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Nov. 7, 1777.

Though some still say that they believe Washington beaten, they do not use, I observe, much stronger terms than *received a check*. . . .

Of what there is no doubt is, *the check* Burgoyne *has received*, and the distress of his army, that the last accounts left in danger of being starved. There have been accounts of his recovering the blow, but I cannot find one person who believes that. In one word, it is a very serious moment; and, without greater views, the misery of so many who have relations and friends both in Howe's and Burgoyne's armies is terrible. It is known that the latter had twenty-six officers wounded; and as their names are not come, ten times the number may be suffering the worst anxiety. The distance of the war augments its horrors almost as much as its expense, and makes it grow every day more irksome.

Dec. 4, 1777.

Sir William Howe's aide-de-camp arrived on the first; he confirmed the account of two, not three, engagements between the General and Dictator Washington. . . . Washington having attacked him in his post, was repelled, and is retired into the Jerseys, the King having been restored to the sovereignty of Philadelphia. . . .

On Tuesday night came news from Carleton at Quebec, which indeed had come from France earlier, announcing the total annihilation (as to America) of Burgoyne's army.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 5, 1777.

The accounts that are come, own that the provincials have treated him [Burgoyne] and his fellow-prisoners with the utmost humanity.

Dec. 11, 1777.

Lord North yesterday declared he should during the recess prepare to lay before the Parliament proposals of peace to be offered to the Americans! I *trust we have force enough to bring forward an accommodation.* They were his very words. Was ever proud insolent nation sunk so low! Burke and Charles Fox told him the administration thought of nothing but keeping their places; and so they will, and the members their pensions, and the nation its infamy. Were I Franklin, I would order the Cabinet Council to come to me at Paris with ropes about their necks, and then kick them back to St. James's.

To the Earl of Ossory:

Jan. 8, 1778.

Lord Cornwallis, on the 10th, having passed the Delaware, and being joined by Sir T. Wilson with the troops from New York, attacked Red Bank, which the provincials abandoned too, and left their cannon and stores; so, if you believe authority, they do nothing but supply the King's troops.

To the Rev. William Mason :

Jan. 17, 1778.

General Howe has been to take another look at Washington, and passed eldest again. The town of Froome, concluding *Burgoyne* was a Frenchman by his name, made great rejoicings on his being taken prisoner.

Feb. 4, 1778.

Charles Fox has tumbled old Saturn from the throne of oratory, and if he has not all the dazzling lustre, has much more of the solid materials. They say nothing ever excelled his oration against the *unfortunate Minister* [North], who was truly unfortunate that day, for had Lord George [Germaine] been present, the thunder had fallen on him. Charles's speech on Monday was as marvellous for method and memory, and was really unanswerable, for not one of the ministers knew what to say, and so said nothing, and that silence cost them many votes. In short, the minority amounted to above an hundred and sixty, in which were several Tories.

Feb. 12, 1778.

I prefer Charles Fox's "native wood notes" to Burke's feigned voice, though it goes to the highest pitch of the gamut of wit.

Apropos, his last Friday's parody of Burgoyne's talk with the Indians, was the *chef-d'œuvre* of wit, humour, and just satire, and almost suffocated Lord North himself with laughter; as his pathetic description of the barbarities of the Cis-atlantic army

Drew iron tears down Barré's cheek.

I wish I could give you an idea of that superlative oration. . . . Governor Johnstone said he rejoiced there were no strangers in the gallery, as Burke's speech would have excited them to tear the ministers to pieces as they went out of the House; the ministers are much more afraid of losing their places.

Feb. 18, 1778.

A story related in the House of Commons. Somebody passing along the road in Scotland, heard great outcries, and lamentation, and complaints of violence. He stopped to inquire the cause; another person replied, "Oh, they are only making volunteers," *i.e.* pressing volunteers.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 18, 1778.

Peace is not made, it is only implored,—and, I fear, only on this side of the Atlantic. In short, yesterday, *February* 17th, a most memorable era, Lord North opened his conciliatory plan,—no partial, no collusive one. In as few words as I can use, it solicits peace with the States of America: it haggles on no terms; it acknowledges the Congress, or anybody that pleases to treat; it confesses errors, misinformation, ill-success, and impossibility of conquest; it disclaims taxation, desires commerce, hopes for assistance, allows the independence of America, not verbally, yet virtually, and suspends hostilities till June 1779. It does a little more: not *verbally*, but *virtually*, it confesses that the Opposition have been in the right from the beginning to the end.

The warmest American cannot deny but these gracious condescensions are ample enough to content that whole continent; and yet, my friend, such accommodating facility had one defect,—it came too late. The treaty between the high and mighty States and France is signed; and instead of peace, we must expect war with the high allies. The French army is come to the coast, and their officers here are recalled.

The House of Commons embraced the plan, and voted it, *nemine contradicente*. It is to pass both Houses with a rapidity that will do everything but overtake time past. All the world is in astonishment.

March 5, 1778.

It looks very much now as if the war would very soon make itself. A French squadron is sailed westward, and Captain Digby has been despatched with another in pursuit of it. Seamen are not apt to be so formal and dilatory as plenipotentiaries. The passions too begin to awaken. The City grows moody again; the Stocks fall; the Ministers are warmly pressed in both Houses. The new loan of six millions does not take kindly. The bended knee to America does not please. Dr. Franklin boasts that Philadelphia will be starved into a Burgoyneism.

April 9, 1778.

Lord Chatham has again appeared in the House of Lords, and probably for the last time. He was there on Tuesday, against the earnest remonstrance of his physician; and, I think, only to make confusion worse confounded. He had intended to be very hostile to the ministers, and yet to force himself into all their places by maintaining the sovereignty of America, to which none of the Opposition but his own few followers adhere. . . . It appeared early in his speech that he had lost himself; he did not utter half he intended, and sat down: but, rising to reply to the Duke of Richmond, he fell down in an apoplectic fit, and was thought dead. They transported him into the Jerusalem Chamber, and laid him on a table. In twenty minutes he recovered his senses, and was carried to a messenger's house adjoining, where he still remains. The scene was very affecting; his two sons, and son-in-law, Lord Mahon, were round him. The House paid a proper mark of respect by adjourning instantly.

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 9, 1778.

Have you heard how Voltaire has been at his own Apotheosis? He has literally been crowned with laurel in a side box at his *Irène*, and seen the actors and actresses decorate his bust with garlands on the stage. As he is so very old, one must excuse his submitting to this vanity; nay, it must have been moving,—yet one is more charmed with the *violette*, *qui se cache sous l'herbe.*

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 9, 1778.

We shall be in no want of sights this summer: every county will have a camp of its own; the coasts will be amused with sieges. An American privateer has attempted Whitehaven, and plundered Lord Selkirk's house. . . .

Last night the House of Commons voted a funeral and monument to Lord Chatham at the public expense, and the members are to walk at the burial.

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 12, 1778.

The characteristics of the age are frenzy, folly, extravagance, and insensibility; no wonder when such stars are predominant, that ruin both stalks on, and is not felt or apprehended.

About ten days ago, I wanted a housemaid, and one presented herself very well recommended. I said, "But, young woman, why do you leave your present place?" She said she could not support the hours she kept; that her lady never went to bed till three or four in the morning. "Bless me, child," said I, "why, you tell me you live with a bishop's wife: I never heard that Mrs. North gamed or raked so late." "No, Sir," said she, "but she is three hours undressing." Upon my word, the edifice that takes three hours to demolish, must at least be double the time in fabricating!

May 31, 1778.

It is actually come out on the agitation of the changes in the law, that at 60 *l.* per commission, the Chancellor reaped seven thousand pounds last year by bankruptcies!

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 31, 1778.

All England, which had abandoned him, found out, the moment his eyes were closed, that nothing but Lord Chatham could have preserved them. How lucky for him that the experiment cannot be made! Grief is fond, and grief is generous. . . . An annuity of four thousand pounds is settled on the title of Chatham, and twenty thousand pounds allotted to pay his debts. The opposition and the administration disputed zeal; and neither care a straw about him. He is already as much forgotten as John of Gaunt.

General Burgoyne has succeeded and been the topic, and for two days engrossed the attention of the House of Commons; and probably will be heard of no more.

June 16, 1778.

The meteor of the reading world is dead, Voltaire. That throne is quite vacant. . . . It is from beyond the Atlantic that the world, perhaps, will see genius revive. They seem to set out with a politeness with which few empires have commenced. We have not shown ourselves quite so civilized. We hectored and called names, talked fire and sword, but have made more use of the first than of the second. Our generals beg to be tried, and our ministers not to be tried.

To the Countess of Ailesbury:

June 25, 1778.

Poor Mrs. Clive has been robbed again in her own lane, as she was last year, and has got the jaundice, she thinks, with the fright. I don't make a visit without a blunderbuss; so one might as well be invaded by the French.

To the Rev. William Mason:

June 26, 1778.

Distress is already felt; one hears of nothing but of the want of money; one sees it every hour. I sit in my blue window and miss nine in ten of the carriages that used to pass before it. Houses sell for nothing, which, two years ago, nabobs would have given lacks of diamonds for. Sir Gerard Vanneck's's house and beautiful terrace on the Thames, with forty acres of ground, and valued by his father at twenty thousand pounds, was bought in last week at six thousand. Richmond is deserted; an hundred and twenty coaches used to be counted at the church-door—there are now twenty.

July 4, 1778.

Children break their playthings to see the inside of them. Pope thought superior beings looked on Newton but as a monkey of uncommon parts: would not he think that we have been like babies smashing an empire to see what it was made of? Truly I doubt whether there will be a whole piece left in three months: the conduct bears due proportion to the incapacity—you ought to be on the spot to believe it. When Keppel's messenger Mr. Berkeley arrived, neither the First Lord of the Admiralty nor the Secretary was to be found! and now Mr. Keppel is returned, we learn that the East and West India fleets, worth four millions, are at stake, and the French frigates are abroad in pursuit of them.

. . . All my old friend has told me of Voltaire's death is, that the excessive fatigues he underwent by his journey to Paris, and by the bustle he made with reading his play to the actors and hearing them repeat it, and by going to it, and by the crowds that flocked to him; in one word, the agitation of so much applause at eighty-four threw him into a strangury, for which he took so much laudanum that his frame could not resist all, and he fell a martyr to his vanity. Nay, Garrick, who is above twenty years younger, and as full as vain, would have been choked with such doses of flattery; though he would like to die the death. . . .

What has an army of fifty thousand men fighting for sovereignty achieved in America? retreated from Boston, retreated from Philadelphia, laid down their arms at Saratoga, and lost thirteen provinces! Nor is the measure yet full!

To Sir Horace Mann:

July 7, 1778.

The King's army has evacuated Philadelphia, from having eaten up the country, and has returned to New York. Thus it is more compact, and has less to defend.

General Howe is returned, richer in money than laurels. I do not know, indeed, that his wealth is great.

When will the world know that peace and propagation are the two most delightful things in it? As his Majesty of France has found out the latter, I hope he will not forget the former.

To the Rev. William Mason:

July 16, 1778.

Jean Jacques [Rousseau] is certainly dead as well as Voltaire.

. . . Mr. Nicholls and I went last week to see the new apartment at Osterley Park. The first chamber, a drawing-room, not a large one, is the most superb and beautiful that can be conceived, and hung with Gobelin tapestry, and enriched by Adam in his best taste, except that he has stuck diminutive heads in bronze, no bigger than a half-crown, into the chimney-piece's hair. The next is a light plain green velvet bed-chamber. The bed is of green satin richly embroidered with colours, and with eight columns; too theatric, and too like a modern head-dress, for round the outside of the dome are festoons of artificial flowers. What would Vitruvius think of a dome decorated by a milliner? The last chamber after these two proud rooms, chills you: it is called the Etruscan, and is painted all over like Wedgwood's ware, with black and yellow small grotesques. Even the chairs are of painted wood. It would be a pretty waiting-room in a garden. I never saw such a profound tumble into the Bathos. It is going out of a palace into a potter's field. Tapestry, carpets, glass, velvet, satin, are all attributes of winter. There could be no excuse for such a cold termination, but its containing a cold bath next to the bed-chamber:—and it is called taste to join these incongruities!

July 18, 1778.

I do not know whether it is true, what has been said, that my father on being advised to tax America, replied, "It must be a bolder minister than I am." But that motto of his spoke his opinion. . . .

Two years ago I meditated leaving England if it was enslaved. I have no such thought now. I will steal into its bosom when my hour comes, and love it to the last.

July 24, 1778.

Some jackanapes at Bristol (I don't know who) has published Chatterton's Works; and I suppose to provoke me to tell the story, accuses me of treating that marvellous creature with contempt; which having supposed, contrary to truth, he invites his readers to feel indignation at me. It has more than once before been insinuated that his disappointment from me contributed to his horrid fate. You know how gently I treated him. He was a consummate villain, and had gone enormous lengths before he destroyed himself. . . . The almost incredible genius of Chatterton will be ascertained. He had generally genuine powers of poetry; often wit, and sometimes natural humour. I have seen reams of his writing, besides what is printed. He had a strong vein of satire, too, and very irascible resentment; yet the poor soul perished before he was nineteen! He had read, and written, as if he was fourscore, yet it cannot be discovered when or where. He had no more principles than if he had been one of all our late administrations. He was an instance that a complete genius and a complete rogue can be formed before a man is of age.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Aug. 21, 1778.

The site of Arundel Castle is fine, and there are some good tombs of the Fitzalans at the church, but little remains of the castle; in the room of which is a modern brick house; and in the late Duke's time the ghost of a giant walked there, his Grace said—but I suppose the present Duke has laid it in the Red Sea—of claret.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 17, 1778.

The god of merchantmen has wrought miracles: all our fleets are come in from Portugal, the West Indies, and every other mart: he has been as cunning as if he were the demon of smugglers. . . .

The Spanish Ambassador, whose size makes him look as if he represented the King of Lilliput, diverts the town with his gallantries, which are not at all in the style of the novels of his country, nor consist in mere serenades. He made a visit lately to a house of ill odour, and, though they say his wife is jealous, he left his two footmen at the door with flambeaux. His generosity, too, was not of a piece with the masters of Peru. He gave the nymph but half-a-guinea, and a shilling to the maid. As a pigmy does not pay with his person, the damsels made much noise against the receipt of silver pennies, which might be in proportion to his stature, but not to his character. To stifle their clamours, he declared he was the Venetian Resident; and now he has a quarrel on his hands with that Minister for the double scandal.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Oct. 23, 1778.

This sublime age reduces everything to its quintessence: all periphrases and expletives are so much in disuse, that I suppose soon the only way of making love will be to say "Lie down."

ARLINGTON STREET,
Jan. 9, 1779.

Sir William Meredith has written a large pamphlet, and a very good one. It is to show, that whenever the Grecian republics taxed their dependents, the latter resisted, and shook off the yoke. He has printed but twelve copies: the Duke of Gloucester sent me one of them.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Jan. 14, 1779.

There is, in sooth, a charming novelty to-day of a very different kind; an answer from Mr. Gibbon to the monks that have attacked his two famous chapters. It is the quintessence of argument, wit, temper, spirit, and consequently of victory. I did not expect anything so luminous in this age of Egyptian darkness—nor the monks either. Alas! how can he have any of the leaven left?

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 29, 1779.

Garrick is dead; not a public loss, for he had quitted the stage. He is to be buried on Monday in great ceremony in Westminster Abbey; but, not having been so inattentive to worldly riches as Lord Chatham, his family will not be provided for by Parliament. They had both great merit in their different walks, and were both good actors; but we are Athenians enough to be full as fond of the stage as of the state. Both, at present, are a little in want of a genius.

There is a report that the poor simple Lord Maynard has shot himself at Naples—is it true? The Duke of Dorset is almost in as bad a scrape as if *he* had married Lady Maynard [the notorious Nancy Parsons]. He is waiting for a Duchess till Lady Derby is divorced. He would not marry her before Lord Derby did, and now is forced to take her, when he himself has made her a very bad match. A quarter of our Peeresses will have been wives of half our living Peers.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Feb. 1, 1779.

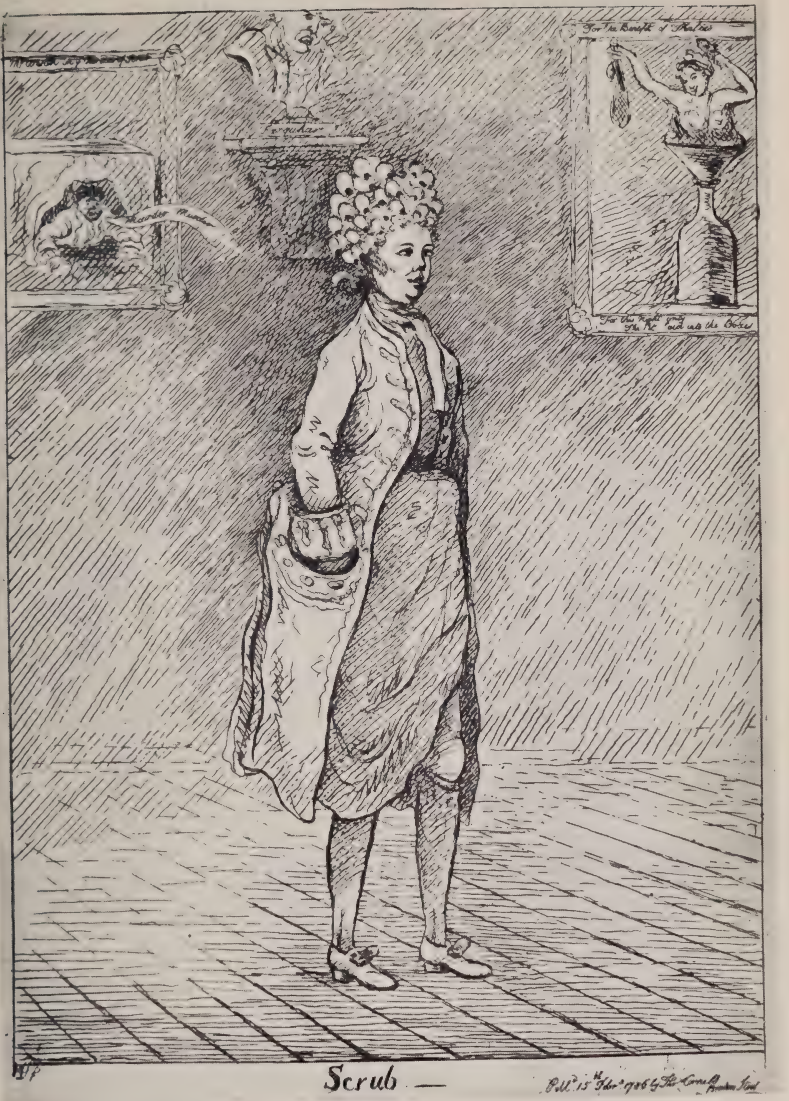
Yes, Madam, I do think the pomp of Garrick's funeral perfectly ridiculous. It is confounding the immense space between pleasing talents and national services. What distinctions remain for a patriot hero, when the most solemn have been showered on a player?—but when a great empire is on its decline, one symptom is, there being more eagerness on trifles than on essential objects. . . .

I do not at all mean to detract from Garrick's merit, who was a real genius in his way, and who, I believe, was never equalled in both tragedy and comedy. Still I cannot think that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents. . . . In declamation, I confess, he never charmed me; nor could he be a gentleman; his Lord Townley and Lord Hastings were mean, but then too the parts are indifferent, and do not call for a master's exertion.

I should shock Garrick's *devotees* if I uttered all my opinion: I will trust your Ladyship with it—it is, that Le Texier is twenty times the genius. . . .

Half I have said I know is heresy, but fashion had gone to excess, though very rarely with so much reason. Applause had turned his head, and yet he was never content even with that prodigality. His jealousy and envy were unbounded; he hated Mrs. Clive, till she quitted the stage, and then cried her up to the skies, to depress Mrs. Abington. He did not love Mrs. Pritchard, and with more reason, for there was more spirit and originality in her Beatrice than in his Benedick. . . .

Posterity would believe me, who will see only his writings; and


For the Benefit of Thalia
Farquhar
For this Night only
The Pit laid into the Boxes
Scrub —
Publd. 15th Febr. 1786 by Tho. Cornell Bruton Street

MRS. ABINGTON AS SCRUB IN *THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM*
From an etching in the Burney Collection.

who will see those of another modern idol, far less deservedly enshrined, Dr. Johnson. . . .

What campaign will restore this country to its greatness? It is blotted out of the list of mighty empires; and they who love processions, may make a splendid funeral for it!—but indeed it was buried last year, with Lord Chatham, at whose interment there were not half the noble coaches that attended Garrick's!

To Sir Horace Mann:

ARLINGTON STREET,
Feb. 11, 1779.

The good people of Edinburgh have set but an ugly example. There has been a serious insurrection against the Papists, and two mass-houses were burnt; and the Provost quieted the tumult only by promising that the toleration of Popery should not be extended to Scotland. . . .

The sentence [acquitting Admiral Keppel] arrived at half-an-hour after nine, and in two hours the whole town was illuminated. . . . Palliser [Keppel's accuser] escaped from Portsmouth this morning at five, and arrived in a hired post-chaise at the Admiralty; but was known as he entered, and was pulled by the populace by the coat, but got in safe. We passed twice by his house in Pall Mall just now, and found a mob before it, but a strong guard of soldiers and constables. The people have not been riotous yet: but as they are flinging squibs, and the streets are full, there will be accidents if no determined mischief.

Feb. 12, 1779.

My servants, who have been out this morning, tell me that about three o'clock the mob forced their way into Palliser's house, in spite of the guards, and demolished everything in it; and that they broke the windows of Lord George Germaine and of Lord North, and that several of the rioters are taken up. . . .

You talk of skating on the Arno—it is hot enough here to bathe in the Thames. I was literally forced to throw off the quilt of my bed the night before last—the women are afraid of an earthquake. . . .

P.S.—The mob entirely gutted Sir Hugh Palliser's house, but the furniture had been removed.

Feb. 18, 1779.

I promised you a sequel to my history of illuminations, and here it is. They were repeated on Friday night, the 12th; and were more universal than on the preceding evening, but without the least disorder or riot. The day before yesterday the Admiral himself arrived, as privately as he could; but at night all Westminster was again lighted up and part of the City, and guns and crackers were fired till morning, and yet no mischief done. The two Houses have voted compliments to him, and the City its freedom. Palliser has resigned his seat at the Admiralty, and vacated that in Parliament, for fear of being expelled. . . .

Feb. 19, 1779.

The Admiral was at the House yesterday, when the Speaker harangued him in a fine oration, they say; to which he made a very modest and pathetic answer. To-morrow he is to be congratulated and banqueted by the City, on which, I hear, we are again to be illuminated; but I am tired of crackers, and shall go quietly to Strawberry.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

BEDFORDSHIRE,
Feb. 23, 1779.

P.S.—Mr. Beauclerk has just called, and told me a shocking history. Sir Hugh Palliser has a sister at York, whom he supported. As if the poor woman was not wretched enough with his disgrace and ruin, or accessory to his guilt, the mob there has demolished her house, and she is gone mad. What a bill would the authors of the American war have to pay, if they were charged as they deserve with all the calamities it has given date to! however, I do believe they are as sorry as if they were penitent!

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 25, 1779.

It was but yesterday Lord North could tell the House he had got the money on the loan, and is happy to get it under eight per cent. Then the new taxes are to come, and new discontent. . . .

Admiral Keppel has behaved with much decency, and more temper than could be expected. There was more riot on Saturday, when he dined in the City, and much fracture of windows; but it is generally believed that the Court hired the mob, to make the other side sick of rejoicing. The Admiral has declined another dinner, with the West India merchants, to prevent more tumult.

March 9, 1779.

Your nephew desired me to give him a list of pamphlets for you; I told him, as is true, that there is scarcely any such thing. The pamphleteers now vent themselves in quotidian letters in the newspapers. Formerly, you know, there were only weekly essays in a *Fog's Journal* or *Craftsman*: at present, every morning paper has one page of political invective at least, and so coarse, that they would be as sour as vinegar before they reached Florence: you would *cross* yourself at reading them.

March 22, 1779.

At home, we are fed with magnificent hopes and promises that are never realized. For instance, to prove discord in America, Monsieur de la Fayette was said to rail at the Congress, and their whole system and transactions. There is just published an intercourse between them that exhibits enthusiasm in him towards their cause, and the highest esteem for him on their side. For my part, I see as little chance of recovering America as of reconquering the Holy Land.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

BEDFORDSHIRE,
April 8, 1779.

I was interrupted by the strangest story I ever heard, and which I cannot yet believe, though it is certainly true. Last night as Miss Wray [Ray] was getting into her coach in Covent Garden from the play, a clergyman shot her through the head, and then himself. She is dead; but he is alive to be hanged—in the room of Sir Hugh Palliser. Now, Madam, can one believe such a tale? How could poor Miss Ray have offended a divine? She was no enemy to the church militant or naval, to the Church of England or the church of Paphos. . . .

April 9, 1779.

The assassin's name is Hackman; he is brother to a reputable tradesman in Cheapside, and is of a very pleasing figure himself, and most engaging behaviour.

[Miss Ray was Lord Sandwich's mistress.]

To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
April 17, 1779.

The poor assassin was executed yesterday. The same day Charles Fox moved for the removal of Lord Sandwich, but was beaten by a large majority; for in Parliament the ministers can still gain victories.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

ARLINGTON STREET,
May 22, 1779.

Nothing material has happened since I wrote last—so, as every moment of a civil war is precious, every one has been turned to the interest of diversion. There have been three masquerades, an Installation, and the ball of the Knights at the Haymarket this week; not to mention Almack's festino, Lady Spencer's, Ranelagh and Vauxhall, operas and plays. The Duchess of Bolton too saw masks—so many, that the floor gave way, and the company in the dining-room were near falling on the heads of those in the parlour, and exhibiting all that has not yet appeared in Doctors' Commons. At the Knights' ball was such a profusion of strawberries, that people could hardly get into the supper-room.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 31, 1779.

Lord Cornwallis sails to-day to command America, but the fleet is not yet gone. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing that it had been a great joke in Queen Anne's war, that Lord Peterborough was galloping about in Spain inquiring for his army—Lord Cornwallis will have none to hunt for.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

June 16, 1779.

The town has wound up the season perfectly in character by a fête at the Pantheon by subscription. Le Texier managed it; but it turned out sadly. The company was first shut into the galleries to look down on the supper, then let to descend to it. Afterwards they were led into the subterraneous apartment, which was laid with mould, and planted with trees, and crammed with nosegays: but the fresh earth, and the dead leaves, and the effluvia of breaths made such a stench and moisture, that they were suffocated; and when they remounted, the legs and wings of chickens and remnants of ham (for the supper was not removed) poisoned them more. A Druid in an arbour distributed verses to the ladies; then the Baccelli and the dancers of the Opera danced; and then danced the company; and then it being morning, and the candles burnt out, the windows were opened; and then the stewed-danced assembly were such shocking figures, that they fled like ghosts as they looked. . . .

There is another person, one Dr. Franklin, who, I fancy, is not sorry that we divert ourselves so well.

To Sir Horace Mann:

June 16, 1779.

Methinks, if the accounts of all wars were to be stated, it would be worth ambition's while to examine the sum total, and calculate whether the object aimed at is not ten thousand times too dear. I doubt I must not propose examining the mere *cash* account. The lives, alas! go for nothing. We have sent fifty thousand men to America, and recruits! How many will ever return? And where are all the children that would have been begotten in six years of peace? Oh! and now here is a new account to be opened!

These would be called at present the gloomy speculations of a solitary man. Posterity would think there was some sense in them—and yet posterity will perhaps be as foolish on some other point. We condemn the wars of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and do not conceive what they quarrelled about; yet we, who are at war with France and Spain because we would not be content to let America send us half the wealth of the world in its own way, shall not be deemed very wise hereafter. We not only killed the hen that laid a golden egg every day, but must defend the very shop at home where we sold our eggs.

July 7, 1779.

How much larger the war will be for the addition of Spain, I do not know. Hitherto it has produced no events but the shutting of our ports against France, and the junction of nine ships from Ferrol with the French squadron. They talk of a great navy getting ready at Cadiz, and of mighty preparations in the ports of France for an embarkation. As all this must have been foreseen, I suppose we are ready to resist all attacks. . . .

I have been often and much in France. In the provinces they may still be gay and lively; but at Paris, bating the pert *étourderie* of very young men, I protest I scarcely ever saw anything like vivacity—the Duc de Choiseul alone had more than any hundred Frenchmen I could select. Their women are the first in the world in everything but beauty; sensible, agreeable, and infinitely informed. The *philosophes*, except Buffon, are solemn, arrogant, dictatorial coxcombs —I need not say superlatively disagreeable. The rest are amazingly ignorant in general, and void of all conversation but the routine with women.

July 9, 1779.

The Duchesses of Ancaster have not been less singular. The three last were never sober. The present Duchess-Dowager was natural daughter of Panton, a disreputable horse-jockey of Newmarket; and the new Duchess was some lady's woman, or young lady's governess. Fortune was in her most jocular moods when she made all these matches, or had a mind to torment the Heralds' Office.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

July 14, 1779.

Are you not sorry, Madam, for the poor Duke of Ancaster, especially since he made so noble and sensible a will ? I think his attention to his mother must half kill her. I hear he has left a legacy to a very small man that was always his companion, and whom, when he was drunk, he used to fling at the heads of the company, as others fling a bottle.

July 20, 1779.

A courtier said yesterday, "We must act offensively"; I replied, "I thought we had done that sufficiently already, for we had offended all the world."

To Sir Horace Mann :

Aug. 4, 1779.

Private news we have none, but what I have long been bidden to expect, the completion of the sale of the pictures at Houghton to the Czarina. The sum stipulated is forty or forty-five thousand pounds, I neither know nor care which; nor whether the picture-merchant ever receives the whole sum, which probably he will not do, as I hear it is to be discharged at three payments—a miserable bargain for a mighty empress! Fresh lovers, and fresh, will perhaps intercept the second and third payments. Well! adieu to Houghton! about its mad master I shall never trouble myself more.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 5, 1779.

I should be ashamed of complaining with such an exemplar of fortitude hard by as my poor old friend, Lady Blandford. . . . Miss Stapylton, who is also a virtue personified, has tended her from the moment she heard of her illness, and has literally scarce been in bed since. Miss Stapylton has £30,000 and Lady Blandford nothing. I wish we had some of these exalted characters in breeches! These two women shine like the last sparkles in a piece of burnt paper, which the children call the parson and clerk. Alas! the rest of our old ladies are otherwise employed; they are at the head of fleets and armies.

To Earl Harcourt:

Oct. 1779.

Paul Jones, to be sure, has been agreeable; and were Oxford not so near Nuneham, I should not have sighed if he could have sailed up the Isis, and committed sacrilege on some college plate, though good Dr. Johnson holds sacrilege the sin against the Holy Ghost, who, I suppose he thinks, has a peculiar fondness for silver basins and ewers.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 11, 1779.

Nothing has happened since my last, though near a month ago, but the surprisal of Stony Point by the Americans, where they made eight hundred prisoners. These events seem trifles to me, who look on America as totally lost, and do not take account of the modes by which we part with the ruins. . . .

I am removing into a new house in London, that I bought last winter, as if I believed I had several years to come. It is in Berkeley Square, whither for the future you must direct. It is a charming situation, and a better house than I wanted—in short, I would not change my two pretty mansions for any in England.

To the Rev. William Mason :

Berkeley Square,
Oct. 21, 1779.

Perhaps you have been expecting that the combined fleets would take Ireland—perhaps they may, though not so easy, when a nation knows how to assert its rights; but in the mean time the Irish have chosen to take their kingdom into their own hands. They have twenty-eight thousand men in arms, *a committee* of whom attended the Address to the Castle.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Nov. 16, 1779.

I questioned him [your nephew] about Vesuvius: he repeated Sir William Hamilton's account of it to you, and I long to see it. I had not heard of the insurrection and frenzy of the people.

To the Rev. William Mason :

Nov. 16, 1779.

I have very lately heard an account of the eruption of Vesuvius, and one part that was quite new to me. The people rose and were on the point of burning the theatre where the King was at the Opera—enraged at the insensibility.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

Nov. 21, 1779.

I am sorry, Madam, to inform you, if you have not heard it, that the troubles in Ireland ripen. An express came yesterday, that the independent army had invested the House of Commons, and forced the members to take an oath of voting for free trade and a short money bill. The mob, too, *palliser'd* the houses of the Attorney-General Scott and Sir Henry Cavendish, who had ventured to plead a little for the English government.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Nov. 28, 1779.

That old meteor, Wilkes, has again risen above the horizon, when he had long seemed virtually extinct. The citizens, revolted from the court on the late disgraces, have voted him into the post of Chamberlain of London, a place of fifteen hundred pounds a year. How Massaniello and Rienzi and Jack Cade would stare at seeing him sit down as comfortably as an Alderman of London!—If he should die of a surfeit of custard at last!

To the Rev. William Mason:

Dec. 11, 1779.

MacDonald, the former's [Lord Gower's] son-in-law, has made as absurd, though not so black a figure as Adam. He abused Lord North in very gross, yet too applicable terms, and next day pleaded he had been drunk, recanted, and was all admiration and esteem for his Lordship's talents and virtues; so much for Parliament! . . .

I have read Sheridan's *Critic*, but not having seen it, for they say it is admirably acted, it appeared wondrously flat and old, and a poor imitation; it makes me fear I shall not be so much charmed with *The School for Scandal* on reading, as I was when I saw it.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Dec. 20, 1779.

Well! but my story comes only 'cross the Irish Channel. Lord C., a recent peer of that kingdom, and married to a great heiress there, a very amiable woman, had, however, a more favourite mistress. The nymph, like my Lord, was no mirror of constancy, but preferred a younger, handsomer swain. The Peer, frantic with jealousy, discovered an assignation, and, hiring four bravoes, broke in upon the lovers; when, presenting a pistol to the head of his rival, he bade him make instant option of being shot, or reduced to the inability of giving any man jealousy. The poor young man was so ungallant as to prefer a chance for life on any terms. The brutal Lord ordered his four ruffians to seize the criminal, and with his own hand performed the bloody operation. The victim died the next day, the murderer escaped, but one of his accomplices is taken.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 23, 1779.

You are to know, Madam, that I have in my custody the individual ebony cabinet in which Madame de Sévigné kept her pens and paper for writing her matchless letters. It was preserved near Grignan by an old man who mended her pens, and whose descendant gave it last year to Mr. Selwyn, as truly worthy of such a sacred relic. It wears, indeed, all the outward and visible signs of such venerable preciousness, for it is clumsy, cumbersome, and shattered, and inspires no more idea of her spirit and *légèreté*, than the mouldy thigh-bone of a saint does of the unction of his sermons.

Jan. 13, 1780.

I have this morning been visiting a royal Duke, a Serene Margrave, and a king's daughter. Think what a constraint upon nerves, that for two months have been seeking repose on cushions and couches, and could scarce find it there!

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 13, 1780.

What might have been expected much sooner, appears at last,—a good deal of discontent; but chiefly where it was not much expected. The country gentlemen, after encouraging the court to war with America, now, not very decently, are angry at the expense. As they have long seen the profusion, it would have been happy had they murmured sooner. Very serious associations are forming in many counties; and orders, under the title of petitions, coming to Parliament for correcting abuses. They talk of the waste of money; are silent on the thousands of lives that have been sacrificed—but when are human lives counted by any side? . . .

Swift was a wild beast, who baited and worried all mankind almost, because his intolerable arrogance, vanity, pride, and ambition were disappointed.

To Robert Jephson:

Jan. 25, 1780.

This morning I sent, according to your permission, to Mr. Sheridan the elder to desire the manuscript of your tragedy [founded on Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*]. . . . If I did not distrust my own self-love, I should say that I think it must be a very interesting piece. . . . The word "Jehovah" will certainly not be suffered on the stage.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Jan. 29, 1780.

Lord George Gordon asked an audience, was admitted, and incontinently began reading his Irish pamphlet, and the King had the patience to hear him do so for above an hour, till it was so dark that the lecturer could not see. His Majesty then desired to be excused, and said he would finish the piece himself. "Well!" said the lunatic apostle, "but you must give me your honour that you will read it out." The King promised, but was forced to pledge his honour. . . .

Princess Amelie told us an excellent story t'other night of Lady Mary Coke. Her Royal Highness dines once a week at Lady Holdernesse's, with only the party for the evening loo. Lady Mary asked the same honour. The Princess insisted on a very small dinner, as she has on those occasions; but found a banquet. As she sat down, the Groom of the Chambers presented to her, as she thought, an empty gilt salver—for what purpose she could not guess; but on it lay (what she had not seen, being so purblind) two gold pins to pin her napkin, as is her way. Still she did not perceive they were of gold; and after dinner flung them away; when, to the eternal disgrace of magnificence, Lady Mary retired to hunt for her pins.

To Sir Horace Mann:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Feb. 6, 1780.

Within this week there has been a cast at hazard at the Cocoa tree, the differences of which amounted to an hundred and four-score thousand pounds. Mr. O'Birne, an Irish gamester, had won one hundred thousand pounds of a young Mr. Harvey of Chigwell, just started from a midshipman into an estate by his elder brother's death. O'Birne said, "You can never pay me." "I can," said the youth; "my estate will sell for the debt." "No," said O.; "I *will* win ten thousand—you shall throw for the odd ninety." They did, and Harvey won.

Feb. 6, 1780.

I must introduce a new actor to you, a Lord George Gordon,—metamorphosed a little too, for his family were Jacobites and Roman Catholics: he is the Lilburne of the Scottish Presbyterians, and an apostle against the Papists. He dresses, that is, wears long lank hair about his shoulders, like the first Methodists; though I take the modern ones to be no Anti-Catholics. This mad Lord, for so all his family have been too, and are, has likewise assumed the patronage of Ireland. . . .

It is just got abroad, that about a year ago we took possession of a trifling district in India called the Province of Oude, which contains four millions of inhabitants, produces between three and four millions of revenue, and has an army of 30,000 men: it was scarce thought of consequence enough to deserve an article in the newspapers. If you are so *old-style* as to ask how we came to take possession, I answer, by the new law of nations; by the law by which Poland was divided. You will find it in the future editions of Grotius, tit. *Si une terre est à la bienséance d'un grand Prince.* Oude appertained by that very law to the late Sujah Dowla. His successors were weak men, which *in India* is incapacity. Their Majesties the East India Company, whom God long preserve, have *succeeded.*

Feb. 22, 1780.

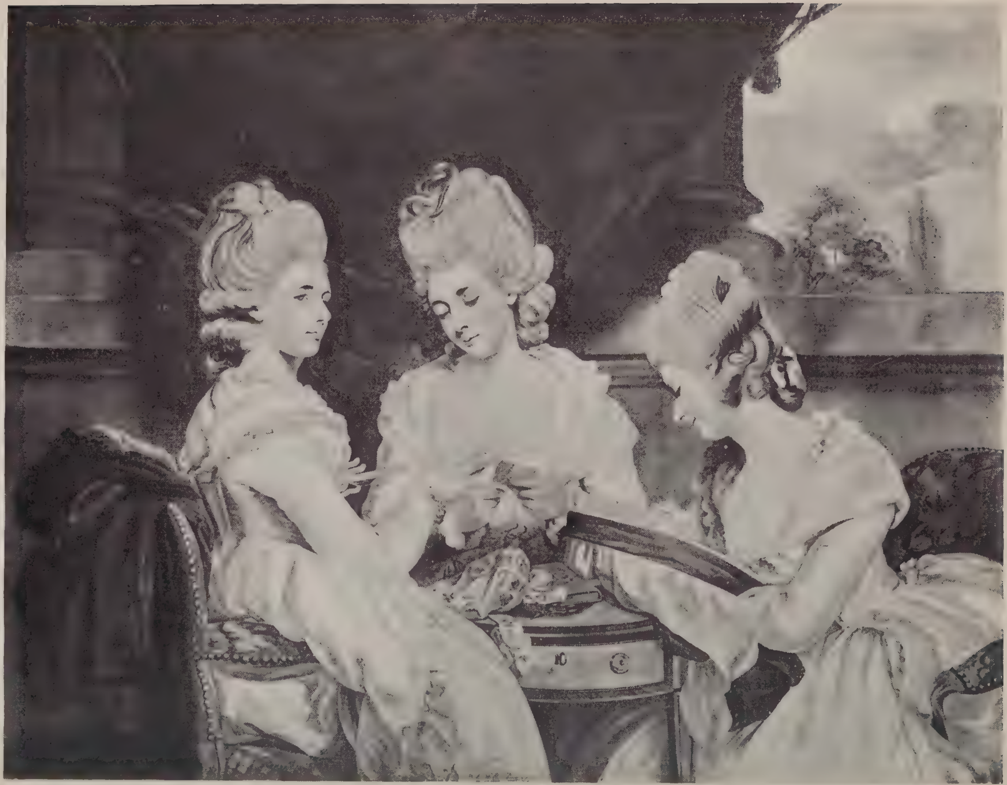
Sir George Savile, to humour the committee of Yorkshire, demanded last week a list of the King's pensions. The Speaker was suddenly taken ill, and the House adjourned till yesterday. The court, in the interval, took the resolution of resisting the demand, and a pitched battle was fought with reciprocal animosity. At one in the morning Lord North carried a softening of the question, not a rejection, but by *two* voices; which in Parliamentary language or calculation (for in such times the calculators always desert a sinking vessel) is a defeat.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
April 8, 1780.

The Opposition had kept secret their intended motions. The very first, made by Mr. Dunning, was a thundering one: the words were, "that the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." The walls could not believe their own ears; they had not heard such language since they had a wainscot. . . . Late at night Mr. Dunning's motion was carried by 233 to 215.

April 17, 1780.

Fluctuation is the present *mot* of the House of Commons. Lord North had a considerable majority, considering the moment, on Thursday.



THE LADIES ELIZABETH LAURA, CHARLOTTE MARIA, AND ANNE HORATIA WALDEGRAVE.

From a mezzotint after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 28, 1780.

Sir Joshua has begun a charming picture of my three fair nieces, the Waldegraves, and very like. They are embroidering and winding silk. . . .

I shall tell you a *bon mot* of Soame Jenyns, who, by the way, has been half killed at the nomination of members for Cambridgeshire, and then reserve the rest of my paper till I go to town. Seeing some members pairing off in the Speaker's Chamber, he said, "I think there are no happy pairs now in England, but those who pair here."

To Sir Horace Mann:

June 5, 1780.

The Jack of Leyden of the age, Lord George Gordon, gave notice to the House of Commons last week, that he would, on Friday, bring in the petition of the Protestant Association; and he openly declared to his disciples, that he would not carry it unless *a noble army of martyrs, not fewer than forty thousand*, would accompany him. Forty thousand, led by such a lamb, were more likely to prove butchers than victims; and so, in good truth, they were very near being. . . .

Early on Friday morning the conservators of the Church of England assembled in *St. George's* Fields to encounter the dragon, the old serpent, and marched in lines of six and six—about thirteen thousand only, as they were computed—with a petition as long as the procession, which the apostle himself presented; but, though he had given out most Christian injunctions for peaceable behaviour, he did everything in his power to promote a massacre. He demanded immediate repeal of toleration, told Lord North he could have him torn to pieces, and, running every minute to the door or windows, bawled to the populace that Lord North would give them no redress, and that now this member, now that, was speaking against them.

In the mean time, the peers, going to their own Chamber, and as yet not concerned in the petition, were assaulted; many of their glasses were broken, and many of their persons torn out of the carriages. Lord Boston was thrown down and almost trampled to death; and the two Secretaries of State, the Master of the Ordnance, and Lord Willoughby were stripped of their bags or wigs, and the three first came into the house with their hair all dishevelled. The chariot of Sir George Savile and Charles Turner, two leading advocates for the late toleration, though in Opposition, were demolished; and the Duke of Richmond and Burke were denounced to the mob as proper objects for sacrifice. Lord Mahon laboured to pacify the tempest, and towards eight and nine, prevailed on so many to disperse, that the Lords rose and departed in quiet; but every avenue to the other House was besieged and blockaded, and for four hours they kept their doors locked, though some of the warmest members proposed to sally out, sword in hand, and cut their way. Lord North and the House behaved with great firmness, and would not submit to give any other satisfaction to the rioters, than to consent to take the Popish laws into consideration on the following Tuesday; and, calling the Justices of the Peace, empowered them to call out the whole force of the country to quell the riot.

The magistrates soon brought the Horse and Foot Guards, and the pious ragamuffins soon fled; so little enthusiasm fortunately had inspired them; at least all their religion consisted in outrage and plunder; for the Duke of Northumberland, General Grant, Mr. Mackinsy, and others, had their pockets picked of their watches and snuff-boxes. Happily, not a single life was lost.

This tumult, which was over between nine and ten at night, had scarce ceased before it broke out in two other quarters. Old Haslang's Chapel was broken open and plundered; and, as he is a Prince of Smugglers as well as Bavarian Minister, great quantities of run tea and contraband goods were found in his house. This one cannot lament; and still less, as the old wretch has for these forty years usurped a hired house, and, though the proprietor for many years has offered to remit his arrears of rent, he will neither quit the house nor pay for it.

Monsieur Cordon, the Sardinian Minister, suffered still more. The mob forced his chapel, stole two silver lamps, demolished everything else, threw the benches into the street, set them on fire, carried the brands into the chapel, and set fire to that; and, when the engines came, would not suffer them to play till the Guards arrived, and saved the house and probably all that part of the town. Poor Madame Cordon was confined by illness. My cousin, Thomas Walpole, who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields, went to her rescue, and dragged her, for she could scarce stand with terror and weakness, to his own house.

June 8, 1780.

I came myself yesterday, and found a horrible scene. Lord

Mansfield's house was just burnt down, and at night there were shocking disorders. London and Southwark were on fire in six places; but the regular troops quelled the sedition by daybreak, and everything now is quiet. A camp of ten thousand men is formed in Hyde Park, and regiments of horse and foot arrive every hour.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

June 6, 1780.

You ask about Mr. Selwyn: have you heard his incomparable reply to Lord George Gordon, who asked him if he would choose him again for Luggershall? He replied, "His constituents would not." "Oh, yes; if you would recommend me, they would choose me if I came from the coast of Africa." "That is according to what part of the coast you came from: they would certainly, if you came from the Guinea coast."

June 7, 1780.

Yesterday Newgate was burnt, and other houses, and Lord Sandwich near massacred. At Hyde Park Corner I saw Guards at the Lord President's door, and in Piccadilly met George [Selwyn] and the Signorina, whom I wondered he ventured there. He came into my chaise in fury, and told me Lord Mansfield's house is in ashes, and that five thousand men were marched to Caen Wood—it is true, and that one thousand of the Guards are gone after them. A camp of ten thousand is forming in Hyde Park as fast as possible, and the Berkshire militia is just arrived. . . .

I was at Gloucester House between nine and ten. The servants announced a great fire; the Duchess, her daughters, and I went to the top of the house, and beheld not only one but two vast fires, which we took for the King's Bench and Lambeth; but the latter was the New Prison, and the former at least was burning at midnight. Colonel Heywood came in and acquainted his Royal Highness that nine houses in Great Queen Street had been gutted, and the furniture burnt; and he had *seen* a great Catholic distiller's at Holborn Bridge broken open and all the casks staved; and since, the house has been set on fire.

At ten I went to Lord Hertford's, and found him and his sons charging muskets. Lord Rockingham has two hundred soldiers in his house, and is determined to defend it. Thence I went to General Conway's, and in a moment a servant came in and said there was a great fire just by. We went to the street-door and thought it was St. Martin's Lane in flames, but it is either the Fleet Prison or the distiller's. I forgot that in the court of Gloucester House I met Colonel Jennings, who told me there had been an engagement at the Royal Exchange to defend the Bank, and that the Guards had shot sixty of the mob. . . .

After supper I returned to Lady Hertford, finding Charing Cross, and the Haymarket, and Piccadilly, illuminated from fear, though all this end of the town is hitherto perfectly quiet, lines being drawn 'cross the Strand and Holborn, to prevent the mob coming westward. Henry and William Conway arrived, and had seen the populace break open the toll-houses on Blackfriars Bridge, and carry off bushels of halfpence, which fell about the streets, and then they set fire to the toll-houses. General Conway's porter has seen five distinct conflagrations. . . .

Yet I assure your Ladyship there is no panic. Lady Aylesbury has been at the play in the Haymarket, and the Duke and my four nieces at Ranelagh, this evening. . . .

My printer, who has been out all night, and on the spots of action, says, not above a dozen were killed at the Royal Exchange, some few elsewhere; at the King's Bench, he does not know how many; but in other respects the calamities are dreadful. He saw many houses set on fire, women and children screaming, running out of doors with what they could save, and knocking one another down with their loads in the confusion. Barnard's Inn is burnt, and some houses, mistaken for Catholic. Kirgate says most of the rioters are apprentices, and plunder and drink have been their chief objects, and both women and men are still lying dead drunk about the streets: brandy is preferable to enthusiasm. . . .

Old Lady Albemarle, who followed me in [a] few minutes from Gloucester House, was robbed at Mrs. Keppel's door in Pall Mall, between ten and eleven, by a horseman. Sparrow, one of the delivered convicts, who was to have been hanged this morning, is said to have been shot yesterday as he was spiriting up the rioters.

BERKELEY SQUARE,
June 9, 1780.

The rioters attacked the Horse Guards about six in Fleet Street, and, not giving them time to load, were repelled by the bayonet. Twenty fell, thirty-five were wounded and sent to the hospital, where two died directly. . . .

A great public-house [in the Borough] had been destroyed, and a house at Redriffe, and another at Islington. Zeal has entirely thrown off the mask and owned its name—plunder. Its offspring have extorted money from several houses with threats of firing them as Catholics. Apprentices and Irish chairmen, and all kinds of outlaws, have been the most active. Some hundreds are actually dead about the streets, with the spirits they plundered at the distiller's; the low women knelt and sucked them as they ran from the staved casks. . . .

I forgot to tell your Ladyship that as I came to town I saw in chalk on a hack at Hammersmith, "*God blast the Pope.*"

To the Rev. William Mason:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 9, 1780.

Yesterday was some slaughter in Fleet Street by the Horse Guards, and more in St. George's Fields by the Protestant Association, who fell on the rioters, who appear to have been chiefly apprentices, convicts, and all kinds of desperadoes; for Popery is already out of the question, and plunder all the object. They have exacted sums from many houses to avoid being burnt as Popish. The ringleader Lord George is fled. The Bank, the destruction of all prisons and of the Inns of Court, were the principal aims.

The magistrates, intimidated by demolition of Fielding's and Justice Hyde's houses, did not dare to act. . . .

Many years ago I shocked Mrs. Macaulay by telling her, that had I been Luther and could have foreseen the woes I should occasion, I should have asked myself, whether I was authorised to cause the deaths of three or four hundred thousand persons, that future millions might be advantaged. The Spartan matron despised my scruples.

To Earl Harcourt:

June 10, 1780.

The Duke [of Gloucester], wrapped in a great-coat, and in a hackney coach, was surrounded by the mob in the Fleet Market, and obliged to give them his purse. . . .

Lord George Gordon was overtaken in his flight to Scotland by a party of Light Horse, and brought prisoner to the Horse Guards.

[1780].

My reasons for not appearing in Westminster Hall and signing a petition to Parliament *for a necessary and effectual reform of the* *expenditure of public money*, are not from disapprobation of the measure. . . . But the reason of my not signing such petition is, that possessing nothing but sinecure places, I must consider myself rather as a remote object of the reformation, than as a proper person to demand it. To petition for the abolition of sinecure places, and to hope not to be included in the reduction, would be unworthy of a man. . . . Neither can I demand the abolition of places, not held for life, but the possessors of which are more useful members of society, have smaller incomes than mine, and execute more business than I do, who execute none—for I must speak the truth and the whole truth. . . . My fortune may be decreased or taken away; but it never shall be augmented by any employment, pension, or favour, beyond what I now enjoy by the gift of my father alone. . . .

I have no merits to plead—but I cannot think it would become me to be at once a petitioner, and a party petitioned against.

To Sir Horace Mann:

BERKELEY SQUARE,
July 6, 1780.

The next chapter is that of the rioters, whose trials are begun. A score have been tried, and most of them condemned. They are apprentices, women, a black girl, and two or three escaped convicts. And these Catilines, without plan, plot, connection, or object, threw a million of inhabitants into consternation, burnt their houses about their ears, besieged the Parliament, drove it to adjourn for ten days, and have saddled the capital with ten thousand men; and still terrify us so dreadfully, that we dare not dismiss two camps at our gates, lest a negro miss, and her regiment of street-walkers, should overturn the state. Not a Frenchman, not an American, appears to have had a finger in a single outrage.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
July 18, 1780.

You are too hard, I think, on the remarried widower. His marrying again so soon is, in my opinion, a better proof of his love for his last wife, than his creation of a monument for her. He was impatient to be as happy as he had been. It requires more philosophy to venture a second time, when the first marriage is unprosperous.

[This latter case has been called the triumph of hope over experience.]

Aug. 23, 1780.

I have been writing letters and soliciting votes for Lord Macartney to be Governor of Madras; and yet can scarce wish to succeed: yet there is merit in not despising twenty thousand a year, in an age when commands over Indian mines and foreign embassies are thought below the acceptance of the beggars at Brookes's.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 24, 1780.

I have waited for news till I can send you none but bad. The Russian fleet is stalking in our Channel, and our own East and West India outward-bound fleets are gobbled up by the Spanish squadron off Cape Finisterre. This is the heaviest commercial blow we have yet received at once. It is an age since we have heard from America.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 1, 1780.

I have not been capering at balls in the torrid zone like your Ladyship's neighbourhood, but I have been jolting over stony roads in the midst of Africa; at least I thought so, though in the heart of Kent. I have seen nothing very charming, and little new.

Sept. 12, 1780.

Admiral Keppel is thrown out at Windsor; but, though all the royal bakers, and brewers, and butchers, voted against him, you must not imagine it was by mandate, . . . for his Majesty himself told the Admiral that he hoped he would carry his election: how saucy in his own servants to thwart his wishes!

To Sir Horace Mann:

Berkeley Square,
Sept. 19, 1780.

Admiral Keppel has been thrown out at Windsor, and, it is pretended, by the personal veto of the first inhabitant of the Castle: the consequence already has been that the counties of Surrey and Suffolk solicited the honour of electing the Admiral, who has accepted the offer from the former.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Sept. 23, 1780.

Charles Fox, I have just heard, has beaten Lord Lincoln from the hustings, of which I am very glad. George Selwyn has been here for a moment, this morning, on the road from *his* defeat. I did not quite enjoy him, as his errand was to give a glimpse of my house to the Signorina and the official Signora Madre, and he would point out twenty things to them of which they had no more conception than of the Apocalypse; yet he entertained me with some of his calamities; they hanged him in effigy, and dressed up a figure of Mimie, and pinned on its breast these words, alluding to the gallows, "This is what I told you, you would come to." From Gloucester, he went to Luggershall, where he was received by ringing of bells, and bonfires—"being driven out of my capital," said he, "and coming into that country of turnips, where I was adored, I seemed to be arrived in my Hanoverian dominions."

Sept. 27, 1780.

Long ago I said that the Devil's three names Satan, Lucifer, and Beelzebub, were given to him in his three capacities of president of priests, lawyers, and physicians. I repeat it now with rancour.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 9, 1780.

I have heard from Paris of the death of my dear old friend Madame du Deffand, whom I went so often thither to see. It was not quite unexpected, and was softened by her great age, eighty-four, which forbad distant hopes; and, by what I dreaded more than her death, her increasing deafness, which, had it become, like her blindness, total, would have been living after death. Her memory only *began* to impair; her amazing sense and quickness, not at all. I have written to her once a week for these last fifteen years, as correspondence and conversation could be her only pleasures. You see that I am the most faithful letter-writer in the world. . . .

An express arrived to-day from Lord Cornwallis, who with two thousand men has attacked General Gates in Carolina at the head of seven thousand, and entirely defeated him, killed nine hundred, and taken one thousand prisoners.

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Nov. 2, 1780.

Our old acquaintance Lord Pomfret, whose madness has lain dormant for some time, is broken out again; I mean, his madness is. He went down to Euston last week, and challenged the Duke of Grafton for an affront offered to him, he said, when the Duke was minister—you know what an age ago that was. The Duke declared his innocence, and advised him to consider on it. He did for two days; then said he was now cool, yet insisted on satisfaction. The Duke gave both letters to a magistrate, and then swore the peace against him; the only rational thing to be done. The Earl some years ago had many of these flippancies, and used to call out gentlemen in the playhouse, who he pretended had made faces at him. As madmen are generally cunning and malicious, it was generally such as looked unlikely to resent, whom he picked out. Once he unluckily selected General Moyston, and, drawing his curtains early in the morning, bade him rise and follow him into Hyde Park, for having laughed at him at court. Moyston denied having even seen him there. "Oh, then, it is very well," said my Lord. "No, by God, is not it," replied the General; "you have disturbed me when I had been in bed but three hours, and now *you* shall give *me* satisfaction: " but the Earl begged to be excused.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

Nov. 16, 1780.

A good courtier, yesterday, sang the praises to me of that atrocious villain, Arnold, who, he said, till he heard of André's execution, would not discover the persons at New York, with whom Washington was in secret correspondence; then indeed he did. Only think of the monster! I hope he will be a Privy Councillor! betraying to Sir Harry Clinton, in the height of his indignation for André, the wretched poor souls cooped up in New York, who are guilty of that correspondence. When I expressed my horror at such bloody treachery, and said I did not doubt but Lord Cornwallis's savage executions had hurried on André's fate, and were, besides cruel, indiscreet; the same apologist said, "Oh! we have more prisoners of theirs than they have of ours." How tender to their *own friends*, who they do not care if hanged, provided they can spill more buckets of blood! I know nothing of poor André; he is much commended, but so he would be if as black as Arnold.

To Lord Hailes :

Dec. 11, 1780.

I was much better acquainted with Archbishop Blackburne. He lived within two doors of my father in Downing Street, and took much notice of me when I was near man. It is not to be ungrateful and asperse him, but to amuse you, if I give you some account of him from what I remember. He was perfectly a fine gentleman to the last, to eighty-four; his favourite author was Waller, whom he frequently quoted. In point of decorum, he was not quite so exact as you have been told, Sir. I often dined with him,—his mistress (Mrs. Cruwys) sat at the head of the table, and Hayter, his natural son by another woman, and very like him, at the bottom, as chaplain: he was afterwards Bishop of London. I have heard, but do not affirm it, that Mrs. Blackburne, before she died, complained of Mrs. Cruwys being brought under the same roof. To his clergy he was, I have heard, very imperious. One story I recollect, which showed how much he was a man of this world! and which the Queen herself repeated to my father. On the King's last journey to Hanover, before Lady Yarmouth came over, the Archbishop being with her Majesty, said to her, " Madam, I have been with your minister Walpole, and he tells me that you are a wise woman, and do not mind your husband's having a mistress." He was a little hurt at not being raised to Canterbury on Wake's death [1737], and said to my father, " You did not think on me; but it is true, I am too old, I am too old."

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

Dec. 17, 1780.

As folks in the country love to hear of *London fashions*, know, Madam, that the reigning one amongst the *quality* is to go after the opera to the lottery offices, where their Ladyships bet with the keepers. You choose any number you please; if it does not come up next day, you pay five guineas; if it does, receive forty, or in proportion to the age of the *tirage*. The Duchess of Devonshire in one day won nine hundred pounds.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Dec. 21, 1780.

I am sorry that my letters of late years contain so many eras; this dates a new one, of an additional war with Holland.

Dec. 30, 1780.

My letters, I think, are rather eras than journals. Three days ago commenced another date—the establishment of a family for the Prince of Wales. I do not know all the names, and fewer of the faces that compose it; nor intend. I, who kissed the hand of George I, have no colt's tooth for the Court of George IV. . . .

We do not yet know the extent of our loss. You would think it very slight, if you saw how little impression it makes on a luxurious capital. An overgrown metropolis has less sensibility than marble; nor can it be conceived by those not conversant in one. I remember hearing what diverted me then; a young gentlewoman, a native of our rock, St. Helena, and who had never stirred beyond it, being struck with the emotion occasioned there by the arrival of one or two of our China ships, said to the captain, "There must be a great solitude in London as often as the China ships come away!" Her imagination could not have compassed the idea, if she had been told that six years of war, the absence of an army of fifty or sixty thousand men and of all our squadrons, and a new debt of many, many millions, would not make an alteration in the receipts at the door of a single theatre in London. I do not boast of, or applaud, this profligate apathy. When pleasure is our business, our business is never our pleasure; and, if four wars cannot awaken us, we shall die in a dream!

To Lord Hailes:

Jan. 1, 1781.

I confess I have not quite so heinous an idea of sacrilege as Dr. Johnson. Of all kinds of robbery, that appears to me the lightest species which injures nobody. Dr. Johnson is so pious, that in his journey to your country, he flatters himself that all his readers will join him in enjoying the destruction of two Dutch crews, who were swallowed up by the ocean after they had robbed a church. I doubt that uncharitable anathema is more in the spirit of the Old Testament than of the New.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Jan. 2, 1781.

The ancient sovereigns of this isle are come to a *non plus* too. The Countess of Albany is retired into a convent. You know they live at Florence. Last St. Andrew's Day, who is the favourite saint *there too*, the Count got so beastly drunk, that at night every filthy consequence ensued. The Countess complaining, he tore her hair, and endeavoured to strangle her. Her screams alarmed the family, and saved her. She privately acquainted the Great Duke, and by his authority and connivance she contrived to take shelter in a convent, declaring she will never return to her husband again, who has in vain reclaimed her from the Great Duke.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Jan. 4, 1781.

This good town is quite happy, for it has gotten a new plaything—a Dutch war; and the folks that are to gain by privateering, have persuaded those who are to pay the piper, to dance for joy. In the midst of this exultation came accounts that would make anybody shudder, but an overgrown capital, who care for nothing but their daily bread, news, and *circenses*. All Barbadoes and half Jamaica are annihilated. The inhabitants are buried or famishing. The shipping too has suffered deplorably. The events in America are not more flattering. Leslie, who had taken a walk into two or three open towns, one of which was Norfolk, that we burnt three or four years ago, has been recalled and is re-embarked, to try to save Lord Cornwallis, who has found the country as hostile as it was proclaimed to be friendly, and is in great danger too from five thousand men despatched by Washington to strengthen Gates. An expedition sent against the Spanish settlements has been so totally destroyed by the climate that not a single man is left alive. The officers, to the number of twenty-five, are all dead too.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 18, 1781.

There is a contest at the India House about one Mr. Benfield; who, by the way, is believed to be agent for the Nabob of Arcot, and to have retained nine members of Parliament in the interest of that petty sovereign—scandal, to be sure!

To the Rev. William Mason:

Jan. 27, 1781.

Apropos to Gray, Johnson's Life, or rather criticism on his [Gray's] Odes, is come out; a most wretched, dull, tasteless, *verbal* criticism,—yet, timid too. But he makes amends, he admires Thomson and Akenside, and Sir Richard Blackmore, and has reprinted Dennis's criticism on *Cato*, to save time and swell his pay. In short, as usual, he has proved that he has no more ear than taste. . . .

You will be diverted to hear that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with a most civil panegyric. He came for more incense, I gave it, but alas! with too much sincerity; I added, " Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry *you* should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan History. . . . Though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have patience to read it." He coloured; all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and rapping his snuff-box, said, " It had never been put together before "—*so well* he meant to add—but gulped it. He meant *so well* certainly, for Tillemont, whom he quotes in every page, has done the very thing. Well, from that hour to this I have never seen him, though he used to call once or twice a week; nor has sent me the third volume, as he promised. I well knew his vanity, even about his ridiculous face and person, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably. The *History* is admirably written, especially in the characters of Julian and Athanasius, in both which he has piqued himself on impartiality—but the style is far less sedulously enamelled than the first volume, and there is flattery to the Scots that would choke anything but Scots, who can gobble feathers as readily as thistles. . . .

So much for literature and its fops!

Feb. 3, 1781.

I have not Dr. Johnson's *Lives*: I made a conscience of not buying them. However, having a mind to be possessed of these last volumes (I never even dipped into their predecessors), I inquired if I could buy the *Lives* separately from the edition of the Poems; no, the whole are sixty volumes. My purse made a conscience of laying out so much money for criticisms I despise, and for bodies of poetry that I never shall read again, and printed in so small type that I could not read them if I would. . . .

On Monday is to commence Lord George Gordon's trial, which, I suppose, will obliterate Holland and Russia and everything else, even Vestris.

Feb. 5, 1781.

I think I shall soon compass a transcript at least of Gray's *Life* by Demogorgon [Dr. Johnson] for you. I saw him last night at Lady Lucan's, who had assembled a *blue-stocking* meeting in imitation of Mrs. Vesey's Babels. It was so blue, it was quite Mazarine-blue. . . .

My servants tell me, for I have yet seen nobody else to-day, that Lord George [Gordon] was acquitted at five this morning—a wise manœuvre truly has been made; they punish him severely for eight months, and cannot convict him!

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Feb. 9, 1781.

The lost sheep is found; but I have more joy in one just person than in ninety and nine sinners that do not repent; in short, the renegade Gibbon is returned to me, after ten or eleven weeks, and pleads having been five of them at Bath.

Feb. 19, 1781.

Mrs. Cornelys, Almack, and Dr. Graham are forced to advertise diversions by public sale, and everybody goes indolently and mechanically to them all, without choice or preference. They who are *called the people of fashion* or the *ton* have contributed nothing of their own but being *too late*; nay, actually do go to most public diversions after they are over. . . .

I was at Mrs. Delany's this evening, when Mr. Frederic Montagu arrived from the House. They had put off the second reading till Friday, because Wednesday is the Fast Day, and Thursday Vestris's benefit. God has his day, a French dancer his, and then the national senate will be at leisure to think whether it will save three-halfpence-farthing out of eighteen millions that are to be raised in hopes of protracting the war, till we want at least eighteen millions more.

The tasteless pedant [Dr. Johnson] admires that wretched buffoon Dr. King. . . . But Dr. Johnson has indubitably neither taste nor ear, criterion of judgement, but his old woman's prejudices; where they are wanting, he has no rule at all.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 26, 1781.

The fanatic Lord George Gordon was the reigning hero a fortnight ago: the French dancers, Vestris and his son, have dethroned him, and are the reigning bubbles in the air at this moment. On Thursday was sevennight there was an opera for the sufferers by the late dreadful calamities at Barbadoes and Jamaica; the theatre was not half full. Last Thursday was the benefit of Vestris and son; the house could not receive or contain the multitudes that presented themselves. Their oblations amounted to fourteen hundred pounds.

To the Rev. William Mason:

March 3, 1781.

As if anybody loved reading or did read, Mr. Gibbon has treated them with his vast two volumes. I have almost finished the last, and some parts are more entertaining than the other, and yet it has tired me, and so I think it did himself. There is no spirit in it, nor does any one chapter interest one more than another. . . . Though these volumes are not polished like the first, you see that he is never thinking of his subject, but intending to make his periods worthy of himself. . . . He has made me a present of these volumes, and I am sure I shall have fully paid for them when I have finished them. . . . The style is translating bad Latin into English, that may be turned into classic Latin. I was charmed, as I owned, with the enamel of the first volume, but I am tired by this rhetoric diction, and wish again for Bishop Burnet's *And so*. . . .

At a blue-stocking meeting held by the Lady Lucan, Mrs. Montagu and Dr. Johnson kept at different ends of the chamber, and set up altar against altar there. There she told me as a mark of her high displeasure, that she would never ask him to dinner again. I took her side, and fomented the quarrel.

March 9, 1781.

Last week the Stocks pricked up their ass's ears six inches higher. Austria and Russia were to make peace for us. . . . But France, they say, has said nothing, and Spain has said no, and we, I believe, protest against the independence of America, which we can very well afford.

March 30, 1781.

Adieu, the golden sands of the Ganges (all the waters of which would not wash away our corruptions)! adieu the diamonds of Bengal! Rumbold is the last waiter at "White's" whose babe will be rocked in a cradle of gems; and Sykes the last footman who will be created a baronet for being worth some lacs of rupees! The Nabob of Arcot will have no more Members of Parliament for retainers, Lord Sandwich will carry no more gold muslins 'cross the Park, and should Lord North want another loan of twelve millions to enrich Mr. Drummond and his clerks and livery servants, he must not reckon on the Indian Company. Hyder Ali has dispersed all our visions of endless wealth; Lord Clive usurped, Lord Pigot died. . . . Tarleton is beaten, and the twenty thousand pounds that purchased Arnold's treachery are likely to have been bestowed to no purpose.

April 14, 1781.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has lent me Dr. Johnson's *Life of Pope*, which Sir Joshua holds to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. It is a most trumpery performance, and stuffed with all his crabbed phrases and vulgarisms, and much trash as anecdotes. . . . Was poor good sense ever so unmercifully overlaid by a babbling old woman? How was it possible to marshal words so ridiculously? He seems to have read the ancients with no view but of pilfering polysyllables, utterly insensible to the graces of their simplicity, and these are called standards of biography! I forgot, he calls Lord Hervey's challenging Pulteney, "summoning him to a duel." Hurlothrumbo talked plain English in comparison of this wight on stilts, but I doubt I have wearied you,—send me something to put my mouth in taste.

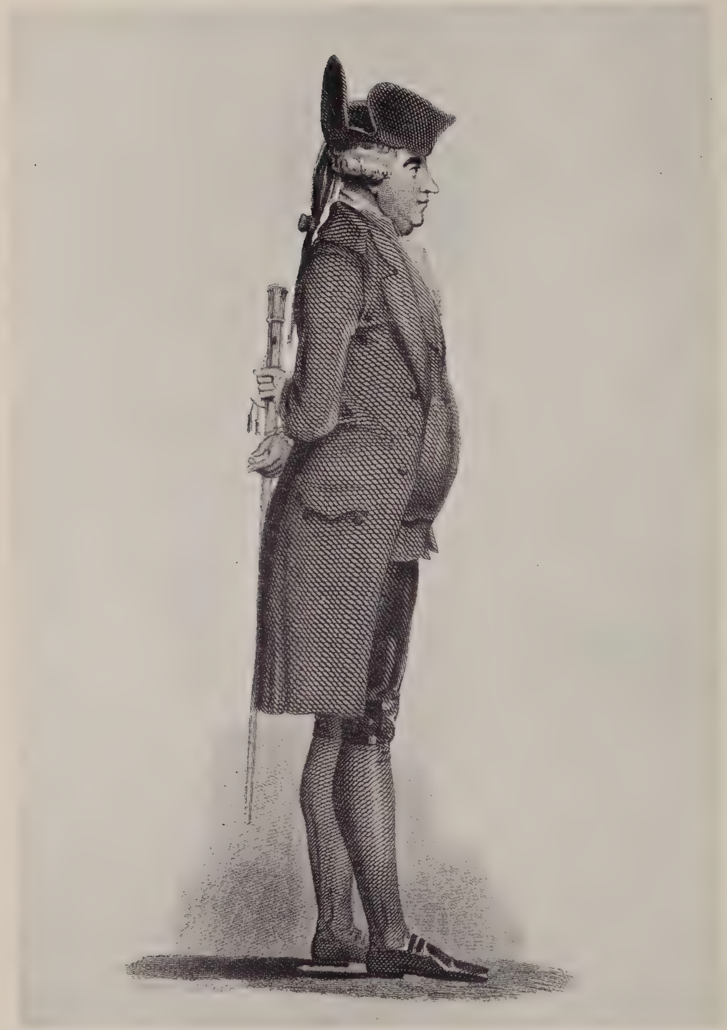
April 25, 1781.

Unfortunately, Dr. Franklin was a truer politician, when he said he would furnish Mr. Gibbon with materials for writing the "History of the Decline of the British Empire."

STRAWBERRY HILL,
May 6, 1781.

There is a picture at the Exhibition in which Stubbs has invented enamelling oil paintings, and it looks as if he would succeed—not that our painters will adopt it. They are as obstinate as mules or farmers....

The Exhibition is much inferior to last year's; nobody shines there but Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. . . .



JAMES BOSWELL.
After an original sketch by George Langton.

The picture of my three nieces is charming. Gainsborough has two pieces with land and sea, so free and natural, that one steps back for fear of being splashed.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

May 6, 1781.

Pharaoh, for which there is a rage. I doted on it above thirty years ago; but it is not decent to sit up all night now with boys and girls. My nephew, Lord Cholmondeley, the banker *à la mode*, has been demolished. He and his associate, Sir Willoughby Aston, went early t'other night to Brooks's, before Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick, who keep a bank there, were come; but they soon arrived, attacked their rivals, broke their bank, and won above four thousand pounds. "There," said Fox, "so should all usurpers be served!" He did still better; for he sent for his tradesmen, and paid as far as the money would go.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 17, 1781.

Dissipation is at high-water mark; but it is either without variety, novelty, and imagination, or the moroseness of age makes me see no taste in their pleasures. Lateness of hours is the principal feature of the times, and certainly demands no stress of invention. Every fashionable place is still crowded; no instance of selection neither. Gaming is yet general; though money, the principal ingredient, does not abound. My old favourite game, faro, is lately revived. I have played but thrice, and not all night, as I used to do; it is not decent to end where one began, nor to sit up with a generation by two descents my juniors. Mr. Fox is the first figure in all the places I have mentioned; the hero in Parliament, at the gaming-table, at Newmarket. Last week he passed four-and-twenty hours without interruption at all three, or on the road from one to the other; and ill the whole time, for he has a bad constitution, and treats it as if he had been dipped in the immortal river: but I doubt his heel at least will be vulnerable.

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 22, 1781.

Boswell, that quintessence of busybodies, called on me last week, and was let in, which he should not have been, could I have foreseen it. After tapping many topics, to which I made as dry answers as an unbribed oracle, he vented his errand. "Had I seen Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*?" I said, slightly, "No, not yet;" and so overlaid his whole impertinence.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

May 31, 1781.

As I came up St. James's Street, I saw a cart and porters at Charles's door; coppers and old chests of drawers loading. In short, his success at faro has awakened his host of creditors; but unless his bank had swelled to the size of the Bank of England, it could not have yielded a sop a-piece for each. Epsom, too, had been unpropitious; and one creditor has actually seized and carried off his goods, which did not seem worth removing. As I returned full of this scene, whom should I find sauntering by my own door but Charles? He came up and talked to me at the coach-window, on the Marriage Bill, with as much *sang-froid* as if he knew nothing of what had happened. I have no admiration for insensibility to one's own faults, especially when committed out of vanity. . . . The more marvellous Fox's parts are, the more one is provoked at his follies, which comfort so many rascals and blockheads, and make all that is admirable and amiable in him only matter of regret to those who like him as I do.

["1781, June 20. Sold by auction the library of Charles Fox, which had been taken in execution. Amongst the books were Mr. Gibbon's first volume of *Roman History*, which appeared, by the title-page, to have been given by the author to Mr. Fox, who had written in it the following anecdote:—'The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for this country till six heads of the principal persons in the Administration were laid on the table; eleven days after, this same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under those very Ministers, and has acted with them ever since!' Such was the avidity of bidders for the smallest production of so wonderful a genius, that by the addition of this little record, the book sold for three guineas." *Hor. Walpole's MS. Notes.*]

My prophecy on the short reign of faro is verified already. The bankers find that all the calculated advantages of the game do not balance pinchbeck *parolis* and debts of honourable women. The bankers, I think, might have had a previous and more generous reason, the very bad air of holding a bank:—but this country is as hardened against the *petite morale*, as against the greater.

June 3, 1781.

The rising generation does give one some hopes. I confine myself to some of this year's birds. The young William Pitt has again displayed paternal oratory. The other day, on the Commission of Accounts, he answered Lord North, and tore him limb from limb. If Charles Fox could feel, one should think such a rival, with an unspotted character, would rouse him. What if a Pitt and Fox should again be rivals!

June 6, 1781.

As soon as I came to town to-day Le Texier called on me, and told me he has miscarried of *Pygmalion*. The expense would have mounted to 150 *l.*, and he could get but sixty subscribers at a guinea a-piece. I am glad his experience and success have taught him thrift. I did not expect it. Sheridan had a heavier miscarriage last night. The two Vestris had imagined a *fête*, and, concluding that whatever they designed would captivate the town and its purses, were at the expense of 1200 *l.*, and, distributing tickets at two guineas a-piece, disposed of not two hundred. It ended in a bad opera, that began three hours later than usual, and at quadruple the price. There were bushels of dead flowers, lamps, country-dances—and a cold supper. Yet they are not abused as poor Le Texier was last year.

June 8, 1781.

Princess Amelia was at Marlborough House last night, and played at faro till twelve o'clock.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

June 28, 1781.

A few evenings ago I was invited by the old Lady Fitzwilliam at Richmond to see some pictures and Japan that were her father's, Sir Matthew Decker. I asked her if she had ever happened to hear a ridiculous story that I had been told in my youth, and which I concluded had only been a joke. It was, that Sir John Germaine, Lady Betty's husband, had been so exceedingly ignorant, that he believed his countryman Sir Matthew (they were both Dutch) was author of St. Matthew's Gospel. She replied directly, "It is so true, that Sir John had thence conceived such a reverence for my father's piety, that he left him 200 *l.* to be distributed amongst poor Dutch." Now, Madam, what story is improbable after this? Nor is it possible to add anything after it.

July 4, 1781.

Did your Ladyship hear of a Prince Sulkowski, who was lately in England ? He was competitor with the present King for the crown of Poland, is hideous, and covered with brilliants. George Selwyn said he had never before seen a monster set in diamonds.

To the Rev. William Cole :

July 7, 1781.

As to *orthodoxy*, excuse me if I think it means nothing at all but every man's own opinion. Were every man to define his faith, I am persuaded that no two men are or ever were exactly of the same opinion in *all* points; and as men are more angry at others for differing with them on a single point, than satisfied with their concurrence in all others, each would deem everybody else a heretic. . . . St. Peter and St. Paul disagreed from the earliest time, and who can be sure which was in the right ? and if one of the apostles was in the wrong, who may not be mistaken ? When you will tell me which was the orthodox, and which the heterodox apostle, I will allow that you know what orthodoxy is.

[Bishop Warburton said to Lord Sandwich: "Orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is another man's doxy."]

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

July 7, 1781.

Methinks Anacreon was the only sensible philosopher. If I loved wine, and should look well in a chaplet of roses, I would crown myself with flowers, and go drunk to bed every night *sans souci.*

To Sir Horace Mann :

Aug. 23, 1781.

I remember a story of old Thomas, Earl of Pembroke: he one day took it into his grave head to give eye-balls with charcoal to all his statues at Wilton, and then called his wife and daughters to see how much livelier the gods, goddesses, and emperors were grown ! Lively, indeed, for Mr. Arundel, his son-in-law, had improved on his Lordship's idea and with the same charcoal had distributed whole thickets of black hair over the bodies of the whole marble assembly.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 12, 1781.

Have you seen this epigram, which, for aught I know, may have been in the newspapers?

Oh England, no wonder your troubles begin,
When blockaded without, and block-headed within.

. . . You must get some standard pomegranates, Madam. I have one now in this room, above five feet high, in a pot, in full blow. At Paris, they mix them with their orange-tree.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 19, 1781.

I have lived too long, besides being a Prime Minister's son, not to know that letters are opened.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Oct. 7, 1781.

Lady Browne and I were, as usual, going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under her park-pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure on horseback pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman, and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped. To divert her fears, I was just going to say, Is not that the apothecary going to the Duchess? when I heard a voice cry "Stop!" and the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat under my arm. He said, "Your purses and watches!" I replied, "I have no watch." "Then your purse!" I gave it to him; it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, "Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you." I said, "No; you won't frighten the lady?" He replied, "No; I give you my word I will do you no hurt." Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch, but he said, "I am much obliged to you! I wish you good night!" pulled off his hat, and rode away. "Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it." "Oh! but I am," said she, "and now I am in terrors lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money that I carry on purpose." "He certainly will not open it directly," said I, "and at worst he can only wait for us at our return; but I will send my servant back for a horse and a blunderbuss," which I did. The next distress was not to terrify the Duchess, who is so paralytic and nervous. I therefore made Lady Browne go into the parlour, and desired one of the Duchess's servants to get her a glass of water, while I went into the drawing-room to break it to the Duchess. "Well," said I, laughing to her and the rest of the company, "you won't get much from us to-night." "Why," said one of them, "have you been robbed?" "Yes, a little," said I. The Countess trembled; but it went off.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Nov. 13, 1781.

I have had the gout in my right [hand] these three months; the fourth finger has discharged a shower of chalk-stones which makes me as a genealogist, no otherwise I protest to your priesthood, conclude that I am descended from Deucalion rather than Adam, unless there has been any intermarriage between the two families.

To Edmund Malone:

Nov. 23, 1781.

Voltaire's letter to me was printed. . . . Hereafter, perhaps, another letter of his may appear, in which that envious depreciator of Shakespeare and Corneille may be proved to have been as mean and dirty as he was envious.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 26, 1781.

An account came yesterday that could not but be expected, that Washington and the French have made Lord Cornwallis and his whole army prisoners. I do not know what others think, but to me it seems fortunate that they were not all cut to pieces. . . .

I cannot put on the face of the day, and act grief. Whatever puts an end to the American war will save the lives of thousands—millions of money too. If glory compensates such sacrifices, I never heard that disgraces and disappointments were palliatives; but I will not descant, nor is it right to vaunt of having been in the right when one's country's shame is the solution of one's prophecy, nor would one join in the triumph of her enemies.

Nov. 29, 1781.

By the tenth article of the capitulation, Lord Cornwallis demanded that the loyal Americans in his army should not be punished. This was flatly refused, and he has left them to be hanged. . . .

The warmth in the House of Commons is prodigiously rekindled; but Lord Cornwallis's fate has cost the administration no ground *there*. The names of most *éclat* in the Opposition are two names to which those walls have been much accustomed at the same period—Charles Fox and William Pitt, second son of Lord Chatham. Eloquence is the only one of our brilliant qualities that does not seem to have degenerated rapidly—but I shall leave debates to your nephew, now an ear-witness: I could only re-echo newspapers. Is it not another odd coincidence of events, that while the father Laurens is prisoner to Lord Cornwallis as Constable of the Tower, the son Laurens signed the capitulation by which Lord Cornwallis became prisoner?

To the Earl of Buchan:

Dec. 1, 1781.

I feel your pathetic expression on the distress of the public, which is visible even in this extravagant and thoughtless city. The number of houses to be let in every street, whoever runs may read.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 18, 1781.

I was diverted last night at Lady Lucan's. The moment I entered, she set me down to whist with Lady Bute—and who do you think were the other partners? the Archbishopess of Canterbury and Mr. Gibbon. . . .

When Mr. de Grey became Baron of Walsingham, he felt that so high a rank, and a title so illustrated, could not consort with commercial commissioners, he resigned his seat at the Board of Trade. Lord Carlisle obtained it for Storer, who kissed hands, vacated his seat, and was re-elected; but, lo! the great Baron of Walsingham cried, "Hold! I am above the place, but till I have another as lucrative, I will not relinquish the salary"—that is, livery and labour degrade;

wages for doing nothing, do not; and so poor Storer has already lost four hundred pounds, because a peer blushes to be in the red-book below his rank, but not to take another man's pension who works for it! Do you like, Madam, to see a grandee hopping with one foot on the *haut du pavé*, and t'other in the kennel, *partie per pale*, ermine and mud!

To Sir Horace Mann:

Dec. 31, 1781.

After Doctors' Commons had lain fallow for a year or two, it is again likely to bear a handsome crop of divorces. Gallantry in this country scorns a mask. Maids only intrigue, wives elope. *C'est l'étiquette.* Two young married ladies are just gone off—no, this is a wrong term for one of them; for she has just come to town, and drives about London, for fear her adventure should be forgotten before it comes into the House of Lords. It is a Lady Worseley, sister of Lady Harrington. On hearing she was gone away with a Major Blisset, another young gentleman said, at St. James's coffee-house, " I have been very secret; but now, I think, I am at liberty to show this letter." It was couched in these laconic and sentimental terms: " I have loved Windham, I did love Graham, but now I love only you, by God."

To the Rev. William Mason:

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Jan. 14, 1782.

Though my right hand is better, the left is totally useless and muffled to above the elbow with my old biennial visitor, the gout.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Jan. 19, 1782.

It is my belief, though still a problem, that Lord George Germaine has resigned; which is signing his confession, at least, that America is lost. The King has had a violent bleeding at (his own) nose, which returned yesterday at the drawing-room. Scarce any great ladies, except those immediately attached to the Court, were at the birth-day, in resentment for not having been asked to the Queen's balls last year. Upon my word, I believe every body will have spirit at last in England, except the two Houses of Parliament.

To Sir Horace Mann :

Feb. 7, 1782.

Lord Cornwallis is arrived, and that man of wretched fame, Arnold. There was something of humour mixed with the severity which the Americans meditated for him, had they taken him in his passage, as they attempted and were near doing. They intended to cut off his leg, which had been wounded in their service, and bury it with military honours, and then hang the rest of his person.

To the Rev. William Mason :

Feb. 7, 1782.

When Dr. Johnson was at work on his Shakespeare, Sir John said to him, "Well! Doctor, now you have finished your *Dictionary*, I suppose you will labour your present work *con amore* for your reputation." "No, Sir," said Johnson, "nothing excites a man to write but necessity." This was but the text—now for the illustration. A clergyman told Sir John very lately, that being with Johnson, he said to him, "Doctor, you have such command of your pen you can do anything: I wish you would write me a sermon." "No, Sir," said the mercenary; "I cannot write but for money; since I have dealt with the heathens, (the booksellers) I have no other inspiration. I knew they could not do without me, and I made them pay five guineas a sheet for my *Rasselas*; you must pay me if I write for you;" and the five guineas per sheet no doubt was the price. But I do not know why he called the booksellers *heathens*, unless for their worshipping such an uncouth idol as he is: yet he has other motives than lucre,—prejudice, and bigotry, and pride, and presumption, and arrogance, and pedantry are the hags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply him with paper.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

Feb. 9, 1782.

When Lord North told Lord George Germaine that he must go out, he replied, shrewdly, "And pray, my Lord, why are you to stay ?"

To the Rev. William Mason :

Feb. 14, 1782.

Washington is remarkably silent and serious, and when he banqueted his prisoner Lord Cornwallis, spoke little, never smiled, but happening to ask if it was true that Lord Dunmore was returning to resume his government of Virginia, and being answered in the affirmative, the hero burst out into a fit of laughter. This was the philosopher laughing at the ass that has left mumbling *thistles* for clover that is out of his reach.

There is a new genius, one Opy [Opie], a Cornish lad of nineteen, who has taught himself to colour in a strong, bold, masterly style, by studying nature, and painting from beggars and poor children. He has done a head of Mrs. Delany for the King—*oui vraiment*, it is pronounced like Rembrandt, but as I told her, it does not look older than she is, but older than she does.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 25, 1782.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Fox renewed the attack on Lord Sandwich, who was saved by a majority but of nineteen. On the next day but one, General Conway moved to address the King to take steps for peace with America. . . . The question was rejected but by *one* voice. . . .

Accustomed as you are to our newspapers, you will read in them with astonishment the detail of a late trial for adultery between Sir Richard Worseley and his wife, sister of the Countess of Harrington. To save her last favourite, she summoned thirty-four young men of the first quality to depose to having received her favours; and one of them, a Duke's son, to having bestowed an additional one on her. The number was reduced to twenty-seven, and but few of them were examined; and they blushed for her. A better defence for her was the connivance of the husband, who was proved to have carried one of the troop on his back to the house-top, to view his fair spouse stark naked in the bath. The jury was so equitable as to give the plaintiff but one shilling damages.

This trial happened on the very Friday of the drawn battle in the House of Commons. Sir Richard Worseley was missing; Lord North, inquiring for him, was told the cause of his absence. "Oh," replied the Minister pleasantly, "if all my cuckolds desert, I shall be beaten indeed."

At ten years old I had set my heart on seeing George I, and, being a favourite child, my mother asked leave for me to be presented to him; which to the First Minister's wife was granted, and I was carried by the late Lady Chesterfield to kiss his hand as he went to supper in the Duchess of Kendal's apartment. This was the night but one before he left England the last time; and now, fifty years afterwards, one of his great-grandsons and one of his great-granddaughters are my great-nephew and niece!

To the Rev. William Mason:

Feb. 28, 1782.

Last week at Princess Amelie's (another of my Courts in miniature), Lady Margaret Compton said she was as poor as Job. "I wonder," said Lady Barrymore, "why people only say *as poor as Job*, and never as rich, for in one part of his life he had great riches." "Yes," said I, "Madam, but then they pronounce his name differently, and call him *Jobb*."

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 1, 1782.

On Wednesday last, General Conway renewed his motion for an address of pacification with America, and carried the question by a majority of nineteen. His speech was full of wit, spirit, and severity; and after the debate Mr. Fox complimented him publicly on this second triumph, he also having been the mover of the repeal of the Stamp Act.

March 21, 1782.

Well! yesterday, as a repetition of the late motion, somewhat varied, was on the point of being made in the House of Commons, Lord North rose, and declared the whole administration was dissolved.

To the Rev. William Mason:

March 21, 1782.

Thank God! Thank God! what remains of this country and constitution may be saved: no art or industry has been employed to divide and break the opposition. Lord Shelburne has resisted nobly and wisely, and they triumph together. The Court has yielded completely—though not till this morning, when it had not above three hours left to hold out.

March 23, 1782.

George Selwyn said an excellent thing t'other night. Somebody at "White's" missing Keene and Williams, Lord North's confidants, asked where they were? "Sitting up with the corpse, I suppose," said Selwyn. This was quite in character for him, who has been joked with for loving to see executions and dead bodies.

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 26, 1782.

Here is the list of the Cabinet—Lord Thurlow to remain Chancellor; Lord Camden, President; Lord Rockingham, First Lord of the Treasury; General Conway, Commander-in-chief; Admiral Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Shelburne and Charles Fox, Secretaries of State; the Duke of Grafton, Privy Seal; with the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Ordnance; and Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; to have seats in the Cabinet. . . .

Well! this revolution is so surprising, and by me so unexpected, that I can only say, with a change in a Scripture phrase, "This is *not* the *Lord's* doing, but the *Commons*', and it is marvellous in our eyes!" If it produces the two points I have at heart, the recovery of the constitution (which it appears by this spirit in the House of Commons was not quite gone) and peace, I shall be content, and will never think on politics more. . . .

St. Kit's has followed Minorca! It is sad: yet let us save the constitution, and I shall not die broken-hearted. If England is free, and America free, though disunited, the whole earth will not be in vassalage.

April 12, 1782.

Ireland is little less estranged than America.

May 5, 1782.

Mr. Fox alone seems to be such a man. He already shines as greatly in place as he did in opposition, though infinitely more difficult a task. He is now as indefatigable as he was idle. He has perfect temper, and not only good humour but good nature; and, which is the first quality in a Prime Minister in a free country, has more common sense than any man, with amazing parts, that are neither ostentatious nor affected.

May 18, 1782.

Fortune's weathercock has changed once more in our favour; we were drowning, but now ride again in triumph through the streets of our capital, the Ocean. Two days ago, we learnt the conquest of the principal Dutch settlement—on Ceylon; and, as we have not many tributary monarchs left, I suppose, shall bully that Emperor, like our predecessors. We expect to be up to the ears in rubies, elephants, cinnamon, and pepper. However, as the House of Commons has at last had the decency to call some of our abominable nabobs to account, and are going to squeeze Sir Thomas Rumbold's sacks of diamonds and rupees, it is to be hoped that the poor Ceylonists will be plundered less impudently. . . .

But riches and cinnamon are baubles in comparison of glory. To-day we hear that Sir George Rodney has defeated—ay, and taken—Monsieur de Grasse in his own ship, *La Ville de Paris*, of a hundred and ten guns, three others of seventy-four, one of sixty-four, and sunk another of the line. We have lost three hundred, have seven hundred wounded (whom, alas! a West India climate will not recover), three captains, and Lord Robert Manners, a fine young fellow, only brother of the Duke of Rutland, who died of his wounds on the passage—but not one ship; yet you see the action must have been bloody.

May 21, 1782.

The whole town was illuminated to Rodney's health on Saturday night. I was just gone to bed in pain, when a mob, the masters of our ceremonies, knocked outrageously at the door, and would scarce have patience till the servants could put out lights; and till three in the morning there was no sleeping for rockets and squibs.

To the Rev. William Mason:

June 25, 1782.

Epic poetry is the art of being as long as possible in telling an uninteresting story; and an epic poem is a mixture of history without truth, and of romance without imagination. We are well off when from that *mésalliance* there spring some bastards called episodes, that are lucky enough to resemble their romantic mother, more than their solemn father.

To Sir Horace Mann:

July 1, 1782.

This is to announce an important event which you could not expect. Lord Rockingham died at one o'clock at noon to-day. . . .

Well! no man ever before attained twice the great object of his wishes, and enjoyed it both times for so short a season: the first time but a year—now, not four months. The death of the late Duke of Devonshire, and the want of a leader, set Lord Rockingham at the head of the Whigs, from his rank, great fortune, and fair character. Those were his pretensions and merit. His parts were by no means great: he was nervous, and mere necessity alone made him at all a speaker in Parliament; where, though he spoke good sense, neither flattery nor partiality could admire or applaud. He was rather trifling and dilatory in business than indolent. Virtues and amiability he must have possessed; for his party esteemed him highly, and his friends loved him with unalterable attachment. In the excess of faction that we have seen, he was never abused; and no man in public life, I believe, had ever fewer enemies.

To Earl Harcourt:

July 5, 1782.

The Prince of Wales dined with Mr. Fox yesterday by previous engagement; they drank royally. Charles went thence to Brooks's, stayed till four in the morning, and it being so early, finished the evening at White's with Lord Weymouth,—"and the evening and the morning and the next day were the first day."

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

July 7, 1782.

I have no hesitation in saying that I think Mr. Fox the fittest man in England for Prime Minister; I say it aloud and everywhere.

To Sir Horace Mann:

July 7, 1782.

On Thursday, at court, Mr. Fox arrived, took Lord Shelburne aside, asked him abruptly, if he was to be First Lord of the Treasury; and, being answered in the affirmative, said, "Then, my Lord, I shall resign"—went into the closet, and left the seals, which he had brought in his pocket, with the King. . . .

Mr. Fox's proclamation of his pretensions. . . has called forth a rival, who, it was foreseen, must become so sooner or later. Don't you anticipate me, and cry out "What! Mr. William Pitt?" Yes! he is to be Secretary of State—at two-and-twenty—that is some glory!

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 4, 1782.

Bankruptcies, houses to be sold or let, and robberies every night, fill up the gazette of our neighbourhood, but would make dull journals into another country.

To the Earl of Strafford:

Aug. 16, 1782.

Here we cannot stir, but armed for battle. Mr. Potts, who lives at Mr. Hindley's, was attacked and robbed last week at the end of Gunnersbury Lane, by five footpads who had two blunderbusses.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Aug. 20, 1782.

I am mighty glad that war is gone to sleep like a *paroli* at faro, and that the rain has cried itself to death; unless the first would dispose of all the highwaymen, footpads, and housebreakers, or the latter drown them, for nobody hereabouts dare stir after dusk, nor be secure at home.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 20, 1782.

Courts were not made for old age; it requires all the giddy insensibility of youth not to be struck with such farces. How one should smile if one could look down on a crowd of insects acting importance, dignity, or servility! And how would one of them reciprocally smile, could they observe one of our species tottering to the last to so foolish a pantomime! The young are a sort of insects who do remark that foolishness in their seniors—and they are in the right. Most things are excusable in youth, and almost all things become them. Few become the old but propriety, and that kind of quiet common sense that avoids particularities, and dreads to make itself talked of.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 31, 1782.

Just this moment I hear the shocking loss of the *Royal George*! Admiral Kempenfeldt is a loss indeed; but I confess I feel more for the hundreds of poor babes who have lost their parents!

To Earl Harcourt :

Sept. 7, 1782.

Charles Fox is languishing at the feet of Mrs. Robinson. George Selwyn says, " Who should the *man of the people* live with, but with the *woman of the people ?* "

To Sir Horace Mann :

Sept. 8, 1782.

We are in a state of war at home that is shocking. I mean, from the enormous profusion of housebreakers, highwaymen, and footpads; and, what is worse, from the savage barbarities of the two latter, who commit the most wanton cruelties. . . . In short, the grievance is so crying, that one dare not stir out after dinner but well-armed. If one goes abroad to dinner, you would think one was going to the relief of Gibraltar. . . . But no wonder—how should the morals of the people be purified, when such frantic dissipation reigns above them ? Contagion does not mount, but descend. A new theatre is going to be erected merely for people of fashion, that they may not be confined to vulgar hours—that is, to day or night. Fashion is always silly, for, before it can spread far, it must be calculated for silly people; as examples of sense, wit, or ingenuity could be imitated only by a few. All the discoveries that I can perceive to have been made by the present age, is to prefer riding about the streets rather than on the roads or on the turf, and being too late for everything. Thus, though we have more public diversions than would suffice for two capitals, nobody goes to them till they are over. This is literally true. Ranelagh, that is, the music there, finishes at half an hour after ten at night; but the most fashionable set out for it, though above a mile out of town, at eleven or later.

To the Rev. William Mason :

Sept. 20, 1782.

The papers are so full of lies that I have lately proposed as an economic plan, that every family should invent its own gazette. The housekeeper might give it out with the napkins in a morning, and it would serve for the day as well as what the newsman brings.

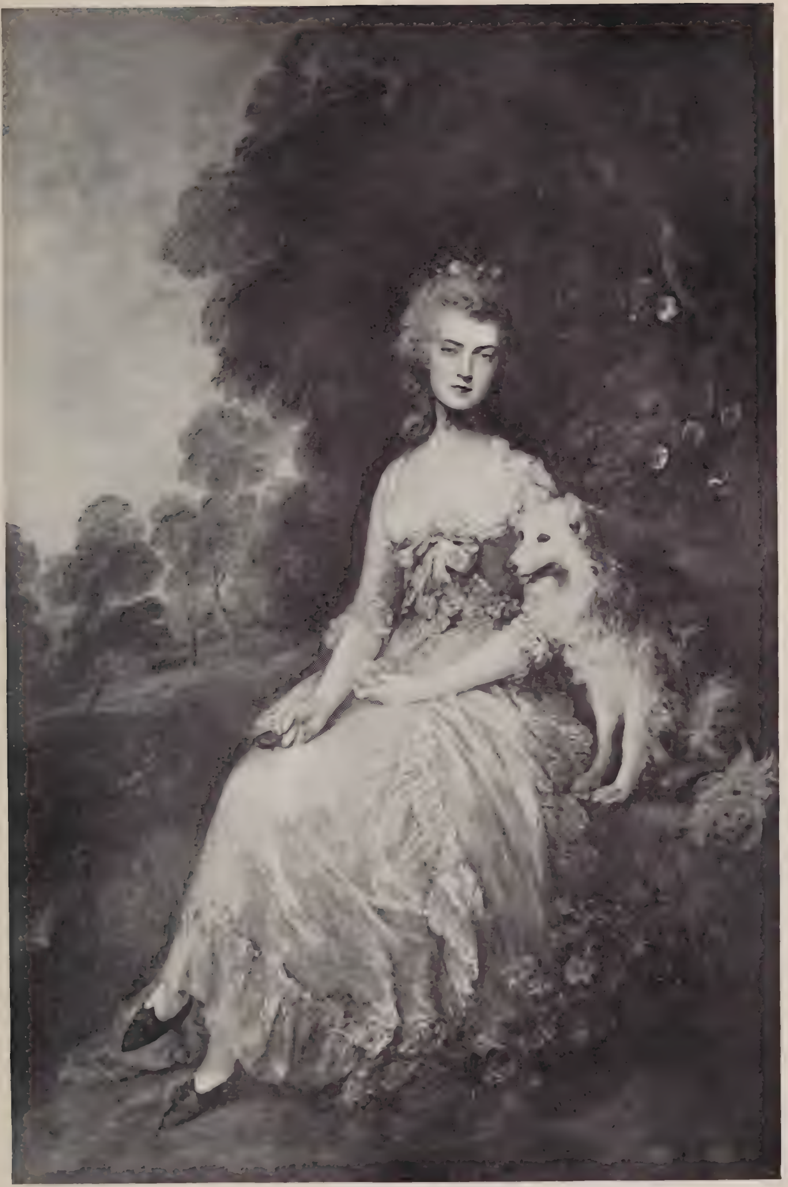


Photo: Emery Walker Ltd.

PERDITÁ (MRS. ROBINSON).
From a painting by Thomas Gainsborough. In the Wallace Collection.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

Oct. 1, 1782.

Mr. Churchill and my sister have been with me; I made a little assembly for them, and lighted up my gallery, but the terrors of highwaymen are so prevalent that I could muster but two cribbage and one commerce table. If partridge-shooting is not turned into robber-shooting, there will be an end of all society!

. . . *Cecilia* I did read, but, besides its being immeasurably long, and written in Dr. Johnson's unnatural phrase, I liked it far less than *Evelina.*

. . . Have you seen in the papers the excellent letter of Paul Jones to Sir Joseph Yorke ? *Elle nous dit bien des verités !* I doubt poor Sir Joseph cannot answer them! Dr. Franklin himself, I should think was the author. It is certainly written by a first-rate pen, and not by a common man-of-war.

To the Earl of Strafford :

Oct. 3, 1782.

I have lived here about thirty years, and used to go everywhere round at all hours of the night without any precaution. I cannot now stir a mile from my own house after sunset without one or two servants with blunderbusses. I am not surprised your Lordship's pheasants were stolen: a woman was taken last Saturday night loaded with nine geese, and they say has impeached a gang of fourteen housebreakers.

To Earl Harcourt :

Oct. 23, 1782.

Mrs. Clivden, I flatter myself, is really recovered, having had no relapse since I mentioned her last. She even partakes of the diversions of the carnival, which at Twickenham commences at Michaelmas, and lasts as long as there are four persons to make a pool. I am to go to her this evening to what she calls *only two tables.* I have preached against hot rooms, but the devil, who can conceal himself in a black ace as well as in an apple or a guinea, has been too mighty for me, and so, like other divines, when I cannot root out vice, I join in it.

Lady Cecilia [Johnstone] I have not seen this age. The highwaymen have cut off all communication between the nearest villages. It is as dangerous to go to Petersham as into Gibraltar. I comfort myself with the Gothicity of the times. Is not it delightful not to dare stir out of one's own castle but armed for battle?

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Nov. 3, 1782.

I have been for two days in town, and seen Mrs. Siddons. She pleased me beyond my expectation, but not up to the admiration of the *ton*, two or three of whom were in the same box with me. . . . She is a good figure, handsome enough, though neither nose nor chin according to the Greek standard, beyond which both advance a good deal. Her hair is either red, or she has no objection to its being thought so, and had used red powder. Her voice is clear and good; but I thought she did nor vary its modulations enough, nor ever approach enough to the familiar—but this may come when more habituated to the awe of the audience of the capital. Her action is proper, but with little variety; when without motion, her arms are not genteel. Thus you see, Madam, all my objections are very trifling; but what I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. . . .

Does your Ladyship know that Lord Monboddo has twice proposed to Mrs. Garrick? She refused him; I don't know whether because he says in his book that men were born with tails, or because they have lost them.

Nov. 10, 1782.

Mrs. Hobart, last Friday, invited me to her play, at Ham Common. . . . There was a great deal of good company collected from the environs, and even from London, but so armed with blunderbusses that when the servants were drawn up after the play, you would have thought it had been a midnight review of conspirators on a heath.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 10, 1782.

Western Europe has, upon the whole, made but a foolish figure of late, either in policy or arms. *We* have flung away men, money, and thirteen provinces. *France* has been spiteful, to gain nothing but the honour of mischief. Spain has been bombastly unsuccessful, and

Holland has betrayed imbecility in every light. Dr. Franklin may laugh at *us*; but surely he cannot reverence his allies.

Berkeley Square,
Nov. 26, 1782.

I have told you before of the savage state we are fallen into: it is now come to such perfection, that one can neither stir out of one's house safely, nor stay in it with safety. I was sitting here very quietly under my calamity on Saturday night, when, at half an hour after ten, I heard a loud knock at the door. I concluded that Mr. Conway or Lady Aylesbury had called after the Opera to see how I did; nobody came up; a louder knock. I rang to know who it was; but, before the servants could come to me, the three windows of this room and the next were broken about my ears by a volley of stones, and so were those of the hall and the library below, as a hint to me how glad I must be of my Lord Rodney's victory six or eight months ago. In short, he had dined at the London Tavern with a committee of the Common Council; for the Mayor and Aldermen had refused to banquet him. Thence he had paraded through the whole town to his own house at this end, with a rabble at his heels breaking windows for not being illuminated, for which no soul was prepared, as no soul thought on him; but thus our conquerors triumph! My servants went out and begged these Romans to give them time to light up candles, but to no purpose; and were near having their brains dashed out. I did not know that my windows were either French or Spaniards; but glaziers and tallow-chandlers always treat sashes as public enemies. As next day was Sunday, I expected to remain in a temple of the winds; but my glazier at least had the charity to repair the mischief that perhaps he had done.

Your sister-in-law, Mrs. Mann [with her granddaughter], was robbed about ten days ago in New Park, between three and four in the afternoon; the prudent matron gave the highwayman a purse with very little money, but slipped her watch into the bag of the coach. The cavalier, not being content, insisted on more. The poor girl, terrified, gave him not only her own pinchbeck watch, but her grandmother's concealed gold one.

Dec. 2, 1782.

The day that I little expected to live to see, is arrived! Peace came this morning: thank God! That is the first thought: the effusion of human gore is stopped, nor are there to be more widows and orphans out of the common course of things.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Dec. 7, 1782.

Do such ancients as I deign to conform to new modes? I cannot think Mrs. Siddons the greatest prodigy that ever appeared, nor go to see her act the same part every week and cry my eyes out every time. Were I five-and-twenty, I suppose I should weep myself blind, for she is a fine actress, and fashion would make me think a brilliant what now seems to me only a very good rose diamond.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 25, 1782.

Mrs. Siddons continues to be the mode, and to be modest and sensible. She declines great dinners, and says her business and the cares of her family take up her whole time. When Lord Carlisle carried her the tribute money from Brooks's, he said she was not *maniérée* enough. "I suppose she was grateful," said my niece, Lady Maria. Mrs. Siddons was desired to play "Medea" and "Lady Macbeth."—"No," she replied, "she did not look on them as female characters." She was questioned about her transactions with Garrick: she said, "He did nothing but put her out; that he told her she moved her right hand when it should have been her left.—In short," said she, "I found I must not shade the tip of his nose."

Jan. 30, 1783.

I was last night at Mrs. Montagu's to hear Le Texier read *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and was tired to death; for though it had merit at first in the infancy of comedy, it is mere farce, and has no characters.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 3, 1783.

The papers will tell you of a little disturbance at Portsmouth, where a Scotch regiment, destined for the East Indies, mutinied, claiming a promise of being disbanded at the Peace. They almost murdered their colonel, but have been quieted, on assurance that none shall go involuntarily. A second regiment caught the spirit, but were more easily pacified. Would not one think that our nabobs have drained the Indies, when men would rather go back to Scotland than to mines of gold and diamonds?

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

March 11, 1783.

The old Lady Walpole died on Sunday at eighty-seven. Did I ever tell your Ladyship a trait of her, that was very respectable? She was daughter of a French *refugee* staymaker. When Ambassadress, the late Queen of France was surprised at her speaking French so well, and asked her how it happened. She replied, "Madame, c'est ce que je suis Françoise."—"Vous!" said the Queen, "et de quelle famille?"—"D'aucune, Madame," replied my aunt. Would not one rather have made that answer than have been able to say, a Montmorenci? . . . Apropos of *bon mots*, has our Lord told you that George Selwyn calls Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt "The idle and the industrious apprentices?" If he has not, I am sure you will thank me, Madam.

March 16, 1783.

I don't know whether I ought to afflict your Ladyship with the dreadful account I received last night from Sir Horace Mann of the devastation of Sicily and Calabria, nor where you will find horror enough adequate to the calamity! What do you think of one hundred and thirty-two cities, towns, and castles totally destroyed? This is literally sweeping

> Towns to the grave, and nations to the deep.

There are vanished besides two islands and a whole river! One Calabrian Prince has lost seventeen manors!

To Sir Horace Mann:

April 3, 1783.

The new Cabinet kissed hands yesterday: the Duke of Portland, as First Lord of the Treasury.

[*April* 4] Of new preferments, to-day produced but the following: Burke, Paymaster [etc.].

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

April 17, 1783.

In a dearth of English novelties, perhaps, Madam, you may be willing to learn the latest mode at Paris. It is, to speak broken French—not to ridicule Britons, but in lowly imitation of us.

To Sir Horace Mann:

April 30, 1783.

The Lord-Advocate of Scotland, who has sold himself over and over, is prosecuting Sir Thomas Rumbold for corruption at Madras! This Rumbold was a waiter at White's. There are two or three of like origin, who have returned from Bengal incrusted with gold and diamonds. This trial has disclosed a scene of tyranny in the East India Company itself as royally iniquitous as could issue from the council chamber of Petersburg. We talk and write of liberty, and plunder the property of the Indies. The Emperor destroys convents, and humbles the Pope; the Czarina preaches toleration, but protects the Jesuits; and these two philosophic sovereigns intend to divide Constantinople, after sacrificing half a million of lives! In one age, religion commits massacres; in another, philosophy. Oh! what a farce are human affairs!

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 7, 1783.

The town is overrun with painters, as much as with disbanded soldiers, sailors, and ministers, and I doubt half of all four classes must be hanged for robbing on the highway, before the rest can get bread, or anybody else eat theirs in quiet.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 8, 1783.

Mr. William Pitt's motion for reform of the House of Commons was rejected at past two this morning by 293 to 149. . . . This great majority will, I hope, at least check such attempts.

To the Rev. William Mason:

May 11, 1783.

The Duc de Chartres is arrived. This *amiable Prince* (to talk in the style of the newspapers on like occasions) is, note it, six-and-thirty, is married, and has daughters. Lady Clermont made a great dinner and assembly for him on Thursday. He came dirty, and in a frock with metal buttons enamelled in black, with hounds and horses, a fashion I remember here above forty years ago. . . . The moral Madame de Genlis was mistress of this old cub and is now governess to the Princesses, his daughters; you see, we may still learn from France.

To Sir Horace Mann:

May 29, 1783.

Mr. William Pitt, though little supported, indulges himself in shining; and does shine marvellously. His language is thought equal to his father's; his reasoning much superior; and no wonder, if at all good! He is less deficient, even when speaking on affairs of money; and in his last speech, had more fire than usual. Is not all this wonderful at twenty-three? Is not it wonderful, when he can shine, though within the orbit of Mr. Fox, and opposed to him? . . .

We have not only the Duc de Chartres, but three ladies of the Court, the Ducs de Coigny, Fitz-James, and Polignac, husband of the Queen's favourite, and various others, and more coming. These wise men from the East, like those of ancient time, are led by a star to a stable; their great object was Newmarket; at least, the Royal Duke's horses and dogs are so much his taste, that he not only has *them* on his buttons, but their copulations; and, at the first dinner made for him, pointed out the particular representations to Lady Duncannon. . . . As our newspapers take as great liberties as any Prince of the Blood, they have made due mention of such vulgar indelicacy; and, as it gave great offence, his Serene Highness has not exhibited his stud and kennel any more.

To the Rev. William Mason:

June 1, 1783.

P.S.—I have writ to Mr. Conway again. The Prince of Wales and the Duc de Chartres sup with him to-night. I excused myself.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

June 20, 1783.

[The Duc de Guines, his daughters and Lady Pembroke came to Strawberry Hill about 8 p.m.]

The first word M. de Guines said was to beg I would show them all I could—imagine, Madam, what I could show them when it was pitch dark!

Of all houses upon earth, mine, from the painted glass and overhanging trees, wants the sun the most, besides the star chamber and passage being obscured on purpose to raise the gallery. They ran their foreheads against Henry VII, and took the grated door of the tribune for the dungeon of the castle. I mustered all the candlesticks in the house, but before they could be lighted up, the young ladies, who, by the way, are extremely natural, agreeable, and civil, were seized with a panic of highwaymen, and wanted to go. I laughed and said, I believed there was no danger, for that I had not been robbed these two years. However, I was not quite in the right; they were stopped in Knightsbridge by two footpads, but Lady Pembroke having lent them a servant besides their own unique, they escaped—and so much for the French and the rain: I wish the latter were as near going as the former!

STRAWBERRY HILL,
July 14, 1783.

Prince William . . . had been with the Princess in the morning, and returned of his own accord to dinner. She presented me to him, and I attempted, at the risk of tumbling on my nose, to kiss his hand, but he would not let me. You may trust me, Madam, who am not apt to be intoxicated with royalty, that he is charming. Lively, cheerful, talkative, manly, well-bred, sensible, and exceedingly proper in all his replies. You may judge how good-humoured he is, when I tell you that he was in great spirits all day, though with us old women—perhaps he thought it preferable to Windsor!

[This Prince was afterwards King William IV.]

To Sir Horace Mann:

July 30, 1783.

I am tormented all day and every day by people that come to see my house, and have no enjoyment of it in summer. It would be even in vain to say that the plague is here. I remember such a report in London when I was a child, and my uncle, Lord Townshend, then Secretary of State, was forced to send guards to keep off the crowd from the house in which the plague was said to be; they would go and *see* the plague!

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 4, 1783.

Lord Lewisham lately gave a dinner to a certain electoral prince [the Prince of Wales] who is in England, and at which *à la mode de son pays* they drank very hard. The conversation turned on matrimony: the foreign *altesse* said he envied the Dukes of Devon and Rutland, who, though high and mighty princes too, had been at liberty to wed two charming women whom they liked; but for his part he supposed he should be forced to marry some ugly German b——, I forget the other letters of the word—and then turning to the Irish Master of the Rolls [Rigby], asked what *he* would advise him to do? "Faith, Sir," said the Master, "I am not yet drunk enough to give advice to a Prince of [Wales] about marrying." I think it one of the best answers I ever heard. . . .

Virtue knows to a farthing how much it has lost by not having been vice.

To Earl Harcourt:

Aug. 5, 1783.

The Prince of Wales dined lately at Gunnersbury. Before they rose from table, Lady Clermont said, "I am sure the Duke of Portland is dying for a pinch of snuff," and pushed her box to him 'cross the Princess [Amelia], who said to her, "Pray, Madam, where did you learn that breeding? did the Queen of France teach it to you?"

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 27, 1783.

Crawfurd has been robbed in Oxford Road in a hackney-coach at ten at night. He lost twenty guineas and his pocket-book; and as he has always presence of mind enough to be curious, Hare says that he said to the highwayman, "You must have taken other pocket-books: could not you let me have one instead of mine?"

. . . A Sir Blundel Carlton, as great a fool as the outset of his Christian name seemed to promise, was addressed for charity by an old woman who had nursed him. He would give her nothing. She urged her care and tenderness, and how well she had brought him up. He fell into a passion, and swore she had been his greatest foe. "They tell me," said he, "that I was the finest child in the world, and that you changed me at nurse."

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 27, 1783.

The definitive treaty, they say, is signed; the French and we are exceedingly fond. Presents pass weekly between the Duchesses of Polignac and Devonshire; and so many French arrive, that they overflow even upon me, and visit Strawberry as one of our sights.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 9, 1783.

Sir William Hamilton was at Park Place, and gave us the full details of the Calabrian devastation, and more than he chose to insert in his book: of which one dreadful instance shall suffice:—Many crushed wretches perished, because the priests insisted on having the rubbish of churches removed first to deliver the consecrated wafers, who, they ought to have supposed, were capable of helping themselves.

To the Earl of Strafford:

Sept. 12, 1783.

[I] went to Astley's, which indeed was much beyond my expectation. I do not wonder any longer that Darius was chosen king by the instructions he gave to his horse; nor that Caligula made his consul. Astley can make his dance minuets and hornpipes; which is more extraordinary than to make them vote at an election, or act the part of a magistrate, which animals of less capacities can perform as dexterously as a returning officer or a Master in Chancery.—But I shall not have even Astley now: her Majesty the Queen of France, who has as much taste as Caligula, has sent for the whole *dramatis personæ* to Paris.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 27, 1783.

I wish some of the engineers of the American war were to be created dukes of New England, and earls of Boston and Charleston; and that since they have been so unlike the Romans, who acquired the titles of Africani for conquering hostile countries, our Machiavels were to be denominated from the provinces that they have lost.

To the Earl of Strafford:

Oct. 11, 1783.

I own, I am glad on Sunday when there is no paper, and no fresh lies circulating.

To the Rev. William Mason:

Berkeley Square,
Nov. 8, 1783.

Pray be assured that I never trifle on so solemn and dear an interest as the immortality of the soul; though I do not subscribe to every childish and fantastic employment that silly people have chalked out for it.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 12, 1783.

Lord Temple made a speech in the Lords which nobody minded or answered; and Mr. William Pitt in the Commons behaved with candour and great decency. Mr. Fox shone with new superiority; but even masterly eloquence is not his first quality. All his conduct is manly, and marked with strong sense, and first-rate common sense, which is the most useful of all. In short, he has *that*, and frankness and firmness, and the utmost good humour; and therefore you will not wonder I am partial to him, and think him the only man I have seen who unites all those qualities like my father. I wish he may be minister as long.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Dec. 2, 1783.

The politicians of London, who at present are not the most numerous corporation, are warm on a bill for a new regulation of the East Indies, brought in by Mr. Fox. Some even of his associates apprehended his being defeated, or meant to defeat him; but his marvellous abilities have hitherto triumphed conspicuously, and on two divisions in the House of Commons he had majorities of 109 and 114. . . . His competitor, Mr. Pitt, appears by no means an adequate rival. Just like their fathers, Mr. Pitt has brilliant language, Mr. Fox solid sense; and such luminous powers of displaying it clearly, that mere eloquence is but a Bristol stone, when set by the diamond reason.

Do not wonder that we do not entirely attend to things of earth:

fashion has ascended to a higher element. All our views are directed to the air. *Balloons* occupy senators, philosophers, ladies, everybody. France gave us the *ton*; and, as yet, we have not come up to our model. Their monarch is so struck with the heroism of two of his subjects who adventured their persons in two of these new *floating batteries*, that he has ordered statues of them, and contributed a vast sum towards their marble immortality. All this may be very important: to me it looks somewhat foolish.

To the Earl of Strafford:

Dec. 11, 1783.

With regard to letter-writing, I am firmly persuaded that it is a province in which women will always shine superiorly; for our sex is too jealous of the reputation of good sense, to condescend to hazard a thousand trifles and negligences, which give grace, ease, and familiarity to correspondence.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 30, 1783.

American news may now be a neutral article; Washington, *qui*, *il me semble*, *tranche un peu du roi*, has instituted a military order, and calls it the Order of Cincinnatus, *ce qui tranche un peu du pédant.* He sent it to La Fayette, and it made an uproar in Paris. As the *noblesse* spell only by the ear, they took it for the order of St. Senatus. They had recourse to the calendar, and, finding no such saint in heaven's almanac, they concluded it was a new canonization at Boston, and were enraged that Washington should encroach on the papacy as well as on the diadem. . . .

You laugh at my distresses, Madam, but it is a very serious thing to have taken an old cook as yellow as a dishclout, and have her seduced by a jolly dog of a coachman, and have her miscarry of a child and go on with a dropsy. All my servants think that the moment they are useless I must not part with them, and so I have an infirmary instead of a *ménage*; and those that are good for anything do nothing but get children, so that my house is a mixture of a county and foundling hospital.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 8, 1784.

I do not mean to impeach the late King's goodness to him [Sir Robert Walpole]; but, for presents, he most assuredly never made him but two: a very large diamond, but with a great flaw in it, which Lady Mary had; and, after the Queen's death, her crystal hunting-bottle, with a golden stopper and cup. I have often heard my father mention these as the only *presents.*

To the Rev. William Mason:

Feb. 2, 1784.

I thank you for your condolence on the death of my brother, and on the considerable diminution of my own fortune, though neither are events to which I am not perfectly reconciled. . . .

I do lose fourteen hundred a-year by his death, but had I reason to expect to keep it so long? I had twice been offered the reversion for my own life, and positively refused to accept it, because I would receive no obligation that might entangle my honour and my gratitude, and set them at variance.

To Sir Horace Mann:

March 12, 1784.

Our ladies who used to contribute to enliven correspondence, are become politicians, and, as Lady Townley says, "squeeze a little too much lemon into conversation." They have been called back a little to their own profession—dress, by a magnificent ball which the Prince of Wales gave two nights ago to near six hundred persons, to which the Amazons of both parties were invited; and not a scratch was given or received!

March 26, 1784.

We have no private news at all. Indeed, politics are all in all. I question whether any woman intrigues with a man of a different party. Little girls say, "Pray, Miss, of which side are you?" I heard of one that said, "Mama and I cannot get papa over to our side!"

March 30, 1784.

Add to all these difficulties the incapacity of the new Ministers. Mr. Pitt is certainly an extraordinary young man; but is he a supernatural one? Do not trust to me but believe the Foreign Ministers. There is but one voice amongst them on the marvellous superiority of Mr. Fox, and the unheard-of facility of doing business with him. *He* made the peace between the Turks and Russia; and Simonin, the latter's Minister, told the King himself so in the Drawing-room since Fox's fall. On the contrary, those foreigners talk loudly of the extreme ignorance of the new Secretaries. Our Ambassador at Paris is a proverb of insufficience. Lord Shelburne (who, by the way, seems likely to succeed one of his successors, Lord Sydney), said the other day, "Upon my word, I hear that the Duke of Dorset's letters are written very well; he talks of the ceded islands as if he knew where they are."

April 11, 1784.

Mr. Fox himself is still struggling to be chosen for Westminster, and maintains so sturdy a fight, that Sir Cecil Wray, his antagonist, is not yet three hundred ahead of him, though the court exerts itself against him in the most violent manner, by mandates, arts, &c.—nay, sent at once a body of two hundred and eighty of the Guards to give their votes as householders, which *is* legal, but which my father in the most quiet seasons would not have dared to do. At first, the contest threatened to be bloody: Lord Hood being the third candidate, and on the side of the court, a mob of three hundred sailors undertook to drive away the opponents; but the Irish chairmen, being retained by Mr. Fox's party, drove them back to their element and cured the tars of their ambition of a naval victory. In truth, Mr. Fox has all the popularity in Westminster; and, indeed, is so amiable and winning, that, could he have stood in person all over England, I question whether he would not have carried the Parliament. The beldams hate him: but most of the pretty women in London are indefatigable in making interest for him, the Duchess of Devonshire in particular. I am ashamed to say how coarsely she has been received by some worse than tars!—But me nothing has shocked so much as what I heard this morning: at Dover they roasted a poor *fox* alive by the most diabolic allegory!—a savage meanness that an Iroquois would not have committed. Base, cowardly wretches! how much nobler to have hurried to London and torn Mr. Fox himself piecemeal! I detest a country inhabited by such stupid barbarians. I will write no more to-night; I am in a passion!

April 29, 1784.

There are as warm parties for Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt at Versailles and Amsterdam as in Westminster. At the first, I suppose, they exhale in epigrams; are expressed at the second by case-knives; at the last they vent themselves in deluges of satiric prints, though with no more wit than there is in a case-knife. I was told last night that our engraved pasquinades for this winter, at twelvepence or sixpence a-piece, would cost six or seven pounds.

[" Fox said that Sayers's Caricatures had done him more mischief than the debates in Parliament, or the works of the press. The prints of Carlo Khan, Fox running away with the India House, Fox and Burke quitting Paradise when turned out of office, and many other of these publications, had certainly a vast effect on the public mind."—LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.]

To Miss Hannah More:

May 6, 1784.

Mr. Walpole thanks Miss More a thousand times, not only for so obligingly complying with his request, but for letting him have the satisfaction of possessing and reading again and again her charming and very genteel poem, the *Bas Bleu.*

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 19, 1784.

Captain Cook's *Voyage* I have neither read nor intend to read. I have seen the prints—a parcel of ugly faces, with blubber lips and flat noses, dressed as unbecomingly as if both sexes were ladies of the first fashion; and rows of savages, with backgrounds of palm-trees. Indeed I shall not give five guineas and a half—nay, they sell already for nine, for such uncouth lubbers; nor do I desire to know how unpolished the north or south poles have remained ever since Adam and Eve were just such mortals. My brother's death has made me poor, and I cannot now afford to buy everything I see.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

June 25, 1784.

One is never safe by day or night: Mrs. Walsingham, who has bought your brother's late house at Ditton, was robbed a few days ago in the high road, within a mile of home, at *seven* in the evening. The *dii minorum gentium* pilfer everything. Last night they stole a couple of yards of lead off the pediment of the door of my cottage. A gentleman at Putney, who has three men-servants, had his house broken open last week, and lost some fine miniatures, which he valued so much that he would not hang them up. You may imagine what a pain this gives me in my baubles! I have been making the round of my fortifications this morning, and ordering new works.

June 30, 1784.

I have, at last, seen an air-balloon; just as I once did see a tiny review, by passing one accidentally on Hounslow Heath. I was going last night to Lady Onslow at Richmond, and over Mr. Cambridge's field I saw a bundle in the air not bigger than the moon, and she herself could not have descended with more composure if she had expected to find Endymion fast asleep. It seemed to 'light on Richmond Hill; but Mrs. Hobart was going by, and her *coiffure* prevented my seeing it alight.

To Sir Horace Mann:

July 8, 1784.

One of my hundred nieces has just married herself by an expedition to Scotland. It is Mrs. Keppel's second daughter; a beautiful girl, and more universally admired than her sister or cousins the Waldegraves. For such an exploit her choice is not a very bad one; the swain is eldest son of Lord Southampton. Mrs. Keppel has been persuaded to pardon her, but Lady Southampton is inexorable; nor can I quite blame her, for she has thirteen other children, and a fortune was very requisite; but both the bride and bridegroom are descendants of Charles II, from whom they probably inherit stronger impulses than a spirit of collateral calculation.

To the Earl of Strafford:

Aug. 6, 1784.

In my youth, philosophers were eager to ascribe every uncommon discovery to the deluge; now it is the fashion to solve every appearance by conflagrations. If there was such an inundation upon the earth, and such a furnace under it, I am amazed that Noah and company were not boiled to death.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 9, 1784.

The rage of air-balloons still continues, both here and in France. The Duc de Chartres made a campaign in one, that did not redound to his glory more than his former one by sea. As he has miscarried on three elements, he should try if he could purify himself by the fourth.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 19, 1784.

The dying Pretender has acknowledged his natural daughter Lady Charlotte Stuart, and created her Duchess of Albany, and declared her his heiress. I heard a report some time ago in town, that his queen, as soon as she is dowager, intends to come to England and marry Alfieri, who is or was here, being sent out of Rome at the instance of the Cardinal of York.

Aug. 26, 1784.

The new Duchess of Albany, the only child the dying Pretender ever had, was by a Mrs. Walkinshaw, sister of the woman of the bed-chamber to the late Princess of Wales. The mother and daughter lived in a convent, at Paris, on a moderate pension from the Cardinal of York.

To the Earl of Strafford:

Sept. 7, 1784.

The summer is come at last, my Lord, dressed as fine as a Birthday, though not with so many flowers on its head. In truth, the sun is an old fool, who apes the modern people of fashion by arriving too late: the day is going to bed before he makes his appearance; and one has scarce time to admire his embroidery of green and gold. It was cruel to behold such expanse of corn everywhere, and yet see it all turned to a water-souchy. If I could admire Dante,—which, asking Mr. Hayley's pardon, I do not,—I would have written an olio of Jews and Pagans, and sent Ceres to reproach Master Noah with breaking his promise of the world never being drowned again.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Sept. 30, 1784.

I cannot fill my paper, as they do, with air-balloons; which, though ranked with the invention of navigation, appear to me as childish as the flying kites of schoolboys. I have not stirred a step to see one; consequently, have not paid a guinea for gazing at one, which I might have seen by only looking up into the air. An Italian, one Lunardi, is the first *airgonaut* that has mounted into the clouds in this country. . . . When I heard how wonderfully he had soared, I concluded he had arrived within a stone's throw of the moon—alas! he had not ascended above a mile and a half: so pitiful an ascension degraded him totally in my conceit. As there are mountains twice as high, what signifies flying, if you do not rise above the top of the earth? any one on foot may walk higher than this man-eagle! . . .

There does seem to be a storm still brewing in Ireland, though a favourable turn has happened. The people of property have found out there is no joke in putting votes into the hands of the Catholics. They were Irish heads that did not make that discovery a little sooner. Can there be a greater absurdity than Papists voting for members of Parliament?

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Oct. 15, 1784.

As I was writing this, my servants called me away to see a balloon; I suppose Blanchard's, that was to be let off from Chelsea this morning. I saw it from the common field before the window of my round tower. It appeared about a third of the size of the moon, or less, when setting, something above the tops of the trees on the level horizon. . . .

I chiefly amused myself with ideas of the change that would be made in the world by the substitution of balloons to ships. I supposed our seaports to become *deserted villages*; and Salisbury Plain, Newmarket Heath, (another canvass for alteration of ideas,) and all downs (but *the* Downs) arising into dockyards for aerial vessels. Such a field would be ample in furnishing new speculations. But to come to my ship-news:—

"The good balloon Daedalus, Captain Wing-ate, will fly in a few days for China; he will stop at the top of the Monument to take in passengers." . . .

In those days Old Sarum will again be a town and have houses in it.

There will be fights in the air with wind-guns and bows and arrows; and there will be prodigious increase of land for tillage, especially in France, by breaking up all public roads as useless.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Oct. 23, 1784.

It is very true, Madam, we are robbed in the face of the sun, as well as at the going down thereof. I know not how other districts fare, but for five miles round us we are in perpetual jeopardy. Two of our justices, returning from a cabinet council of their own, at Brentford, were robbed last week, before three o'clock, at the gates of Twickenham. . . .

I smile at the adoration paid to these aerial Quixotes; and, reflect that, as formerly, men were admired for their courage in risking their lives in order to destroy others; now they are worshipped for venturing their necks *en pure perte*—much more commendably I do allow; yet fame is the equal object of both.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Nov. 8, 1784.

Ireland, as far as my spare intelligence extends, is a little come to its senses. Landed property, though no genius, has discovered that Popery, if admitted to a community of votes, would be apt to inquire into the old titles of estates; and to remember, that prescription never holds against any Church militant, especially not against the Church of Rome. You know I have ever been averse to toleration of an intolerant religion. I have frequently talked myself hoarse, with many of my best friends, on the impossibility of satisfying *Irish* Catholics without restoring their estates. It was particularly silly to revive the subject in this age, when Popery was so rapidly declining. . . .

I have had as many disputes on the reformation of Parliament. I do not love removing landmarks.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Nov. 28, 1784.

There are now and then such angelic beings as Mr. Hanway and Mr. Howard; but our race in general is pestilently bad and malevolent. I have been these two years wishing to promote my excellent friend

Mr. Porter's plan for alleviating the woes of chimney-sweepers, but never could make impression on three people; on the contrary, have generally caused a smile.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Dec. 2, 1784.

Lunardi, the Neapolitan secretary, is said to have bought three or four thousand pounds in the stocks, by exhibiting his person, his balloon, and his dog and cat, at the Pantheon for a shilling each visitor. Blanchard, a Frenchman, is his rival; and I expect that they will soon have an air-fight in the clouds, like a stork and a kite.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Jan. 13, 1785.

You see the *airgonauts* have passed the Rubicon. By their own account they were exactly birds; they flew through the air, perched on the top of a tree, some passengers climbed up and took them in their nest. . . . If the project is ever brought to any perfection, (though I apprehend it will be addled, like the ship that was to live under water and never came up again,) it will have a different fate from other discoveries, whose inventors are not known. In this age all that is done (as well as what is never done) is so faithfully recorded, that every improvement will be registered chronologically. . . . If there is no air-sickness, and I were to go to Paris again, I would prefer a balloon to the packet-boat, and had as lief roost in an oak as sleep in a French inn, though I were to caw for my breakfast like the young ravens.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Feb. 2, 1785.

Our newspapers are deservedly forbidden in France for impudent scandal on the French Queen. I am always ashamed that such cargoes of abuse should be dispersed all over Europe; and frequently our handsomest women are the themes. What Iroquois must we seem to the rest of the world! . . .

[*Feb.* 4] As I was an infant when my father became Minister, I came into the world at five years old; knew half the remaining courts of King William and Queen Anne, or heard them talked of as fresh; being the youngest and favourite child, was carried to almost the first operas, kissed the hand of George the First, and am now hearing the frolics of his great-great-grandson;—no, all this cannot have happened in one life! I have seen a mistress of James the Second, the Duke of Marlborough's burial, three or four wars, the whole career, victories, and death of Lord Chatham, the loss of America, the second conflagration of London by Lord George Gordon—and yet I am not so old as Methusalem by four or five centuries!

March 5, 1785.

At night there were great illuminations. I expected to have catched a great cold; for, the mob at eleven o'clock at night knocking at my door with their commands, I rung my bell in great haste for candles, for fear of having my windows broken, as they were two years ago, when I had the gout too; and the servants running in to draw up the curtains, and leaving all the doors open, turned my room from a hot-house to an ice-house: however, I got no damage.

[*March* 6] We are threatened with illuminations again to-morrow night, as they talk of Mr. Fox being carried in procession to the House of Commons in the morning. I wish some mischief do not happen; our new generation are rather bacchanalian.

[*March* 8] There were illuminations again last night, but I hear of no riot or mischief, except of some fractures of glass in my square: a few panes were broken at my next door, in the windows of her Dowager Grace of Beaufort, who would not put out lights; and many in those of Lady Mary Coke, who never misses an opportunity of being an Amazon, or a martyr, or a tragedy queen.

[*March* 9] We are certainly in a very embarrassing situation with Ireland. Our raw boy of a Minister [Mr. Pitt] has most rashly and unadvisedly plunged himself into a great difficulty, and promised to that country much more than was necessary. The dissatisfaction, however, is not near so great here as might have been expected; yet, as it will certainly meet with many other discontents, which Mr. Pitt's ignorance and inexperience, not at all cooled by his vanity and insolence, have sown, his situation grows but tottering.

. . . Monday last did not pass so quietly as I had heard at first: the new Marquis of Buckingham, who had been profuse of lights last Friday, thought he had done enough, and would not exhibit one on Monday. The mob demolished his windows.

. . . We have a mass of matters besides on the carpet; as, India in several branches, the reform of Parliament, the late taxes, and more to be laid. Pitt has certainly amazing Parliamentary abilities; he has not yet given any indication of others; and, if he gains experience, it is likely to be at his own cost. His measures hitherto have been precipitate and indigested.

April 8, 1785.

You must not talk of age to me, who am as much broken as if I was an hundred. General Oglethorpe, who sometimes visits me, and who is ninety-five, has the activity of youth when compared with me. His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom: two years and a half ago, he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor. *I* could carry a cannon as easily as let off a pistol. There is indeed a circumstance that makes me think myself an antediluvian: I have literally seen *seven* descents in one family. I do not believe Oglethorpe can boast of recollecting a longer genealogy. In short, I was schoolfellow of the two last Earls Waldegrave, and used to go to play with them in the holidays when I was about twelve years old. They lived with their grandmother, natural daughter of James II. One evening while I was there, came in her mother, Mrs. Godfrey, that King's mistress—ancient, in truth, and so superannuated that she scarce seemed to know where she was. I saw her another time in her chair in St. James's Park, and have a perfect idea of her face, which was pale, round, and sleek. Begin with her; then count her daughter, Lady Waldegrave; then the latter's son, the Ambassador; his daughter, Lady Harriot Beard; her daughter, the present Dowager Countess of Powis; and her daughter, Lady Clive—there are six: and the last now lies in of a son, and might have done so six or seven years ago, had she married at fourteen.

May 7, 1785.

Of conversation, the chief topic is air-balloons. A French girl, daughter of a dancer, has made a voyage into the clouds, and nobody has yet broken a neck; so, neither good nor harm has hitherto been produced by these aerial enterprises.

[*May* 13] Three more balloons sail to-day; in short, we shall have a prodigious navy in the air, and then what signifies having lost the empire of the ocean ?

May 29, 1785.

As to great estates and titles, what securities are they? Half our nobility are undone, and every day going into exile, from their own extravagance. . . .

Most of my nieces are unexceptionable. That is a great deal to say in an age not rigorous, and of ample license. I wonder our women are not much worse; for our newspapers are so indiscriminately scurrilous, to the great joy of devout old women, that pretty young women might be hardened, and trust to not being worse treated than many who are blameless. I have no patience with hags who have no temptations, and think that frequent church-going authorizes them to spread scandal from Sunday noon to next Sunday morning.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 20, 1785.

Apropos, Madam, t'other night I was sitting with Mrs. Vesey; there was very little light; arrived Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a person whom I took for Mr. Boswell. I sewed up my mouth, and, though he addressed me two or three times, I answered nothing but yes or no. Just as he was going away, I found out that it was Mr. Richard Burke, and endeavoured to repair my causticity. I am not quite in charity with Sir Joshua; he desired to come and see my marvellous Henry VII; when he saw it, he said, "It is in the old hard Flemish manner." For hard, it is so bold, that it is one of the great reasons for doubting its antiquity; and for Flemish, there is nothing Flemish in it, except a *chiaroscuro*, as masterly as Rubens's; but it is not surprising that Sir Joshua should dislike colouring that has lasted so long! . . .

A sort of folly I do not admire is air-balloons; but I believe their reign is over. They say, Monsieur Pilatrier and another man have been burnt to cinders, and Mr. Sadler has not been heard of yet.

To Sir Horace Mann:

June 24, 1785.

You will find by our and the French Gazettes, that *air-navigation* has received a great blow; the first *airgonaut*, poor Pilatrier, and his companions, having broken their necks. He had the Croix de St. Louis in his pocket, and was to have put it on the moment he should have crossed the Channel and landed in England. I have long thought that France has conceived hopes of annihilating our Pyrenees by these flying squadrons. Here they have been turned into a mere job for getting money from gaping fools. One of our adventurers, named Sadler, has been missing, and is supposed lost in the German Ocean.

[*June* 28] Notwithstanding Pilatrier's miscarriage, balloonation holds up its head. Colonel Fitzpatrick, Lord Ossory's brother, has ascended in one from Oxford, and was alone. Sadler, whom I thought lost, is come to light again, and was to have been of the voyage; but the vessel not being potent enough for two, the Colonel went alone, had a brush with a high hill in his descent, but landed safe about fifteen miles from the University. How Posterity will laugh at us, one way or other! If half-a-dozen break their necks, and balloonism is exploded, we shall be called fools for having imagined it could be brought to use: if it should be turned to account, we shall be ridiculed for having doubted.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

June 30, 1785.

I have been for two or three days in town, where I heard two Hessian French horns, who are reckoned super-eminent. They are as reasonable as March, the tooth-drawer; they ask *but* ten guineas for an evening.

July 4, 1785.

Mr. Herschel has found out that our globe is a comely middle-aged personage, and has not so many wrinkles as seven stars, who are evidently our seniors. Nay, he has discovered that the Milky Way is not only a mob of stars, but that there is another dairy of them still farther off. . . .

I will read no more of Rousseau; his *Confessions* disgusted me beyond any book I ever opened. . . .

The parson of Teddington and his wife were robbed, at half-an-hour after nine last night, by three footpads, with pistols, at my back gate. My housekeeper heard the bustle from her room that is over the Holbein chamber. I was in the library, but knew nothing of the matter till to-day. It is agreeable to have banditti at one's doors!

July 9, 1785.

I made no commentary on General Oglethorpe's death, Madam, because his very long life was the great curiosity, and the moment he is dead the rarity is over; and, as he was but ninety-seven, he will not be a prodigy compared with those who reached to a century and a half. He is like many who make a noise in their own time from some singularity, which is forgotten, when it comes to be registered with others of the same genius, but more extraordinary in their kind. How little will Dr. Johnson be remembered, when confounded with the mass of authors of his own calibre!

July 23, 1785.

It is very true that as the hill would not go to see Madame de Genlis she has come to see the hill. . . . Her person is agreeable, and she seems to have been pretty. Her conversation is natural and reasonable, not *précieuse* and affected, and searching to be eloquent, as I had expected. I asked her if she had been pleased with Oxford, meaning the buildings, not the wretched oafs that inhabit it. She said she had had little time; that she had wished to learn their plan of education, which, as she said sensibly, she supposed was adapted to our constitution. I could have told her that it is directly repugnant to our constitution, and that nothing is taught there but drunkenness and prerogative, or, in their language, Church and King. I asked if it is true that the new edition of Voltaire's works is prohibited: she replied, severely,—and then condemned those who write against religion and government, which was a little unlucky before her friend *Miss Wilkes* [the daughter of John Wilkes].

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 10, 1785.

I have heard since my return, that Sir William Hamilton's renowned Vase, which had disappeared with so much mystery, is again discovered; not in the tomb, but in the treasury of the Duchess of Portland, in which I fancy it had made ample room for itself. He told me it would never go out of England.

[The Emperor of Austria had suppressed the Flemish convents and confiscated their property.]

. . . A mightier potentate, who sets aside codes, too, without ceremony, is going to sell part of his plunder by auction at Brussels. I have seen the catalogues of the jewels and pictures that are to be sold; and I took the trouble of counting them. Of pictures there are above three hundred and thirty. . . . Sir Joshua Reynolds is gone to see them; yet there are but three of Rubens, two of Vandyck, one of Snyder, and half-a-dozen of Jordaens. The rest are of old Flemish masters, and most being large altar-piece and too big for private houses, I should think would not sell well. It is said that the Catholics will not purchase such sacrilegious goods; but we virtuosos are seldom so scrupulous.

Of pearls there are more than seventeen thousand, probably small; and four thousand and six hundred diamonds, all roses, besides table diamonds. I used to imagine that most of the precious stones one sees in churches were false, concluding priests were too wise to lose the interest of their treasures. However, this sale confirms a contradictory opinion that I formed long ago; which was, that the bushels of diamonds, rubies, and pearls, with which the portraits of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth are so gorgeously decked, had been embezzled from convents. The present profusion will lower their own value.

Caesar is said to have already realised three millions sterling by the suppression of monachism. . . . Had I been Luther, and been really conscientious, which I doubt whether he was, and could have foreseen by what torrents of gore the Church was to be purified, I should have asked myself whether, for the benefit of any number of future millions of souls, I had a right to occasion the slaughter of a present million of lives; I should have hesitated on my mission, and I believe not have taken out my patent.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Aug. 26, 1785.

A stranger even than a revolution in politics has happened at Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan is committed to the Bastille for forging the Queen's hand to obtain a collar of diamonds; I know no more of the story: but, as he is very gallant, it is guessed (*here* I mean) that it was for a present to some woman. These circumstances are little Apostolic, and will not prop the falling Church of Rome. They used to forge donations and decretals. This is a new manœuvre. Nor were Cardinals wont to be treated so cavalierly for peccadilloes. The House of Rohan is under a cloud: his Eminence's cousin, the Prince of Guémené, was forced to fly, two or three years ago, for being the Prince of Swindlers. *Our* nabobs are not treated so roughly; yet I doubt they collect diamonds still more criminally. . . .

Last year Mr. Fox was burnt in effigy; now Mr. Pitt is. Oh! my dear Sir, it is all a farce! . . .

In detestation of a maxim ascribed to [Sir Robert Walpole] by his enemies, that *every man has his price*, the tariff of every Parliament since has been as well known as the price of beef and mutton; and the universal electors, who cry out against that traffic, are not a jot less vendible than their electors.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 29, 1785.

I cannot make the same excuse for the pious editors of Dr. Johnson's *Prayers*: see what it is to have friends too honest! How could men be such idiots as to execute such a trust? One laughs at every page, and then the tears come into one's eyes when one learns what the poor being suffered, who even suspected his own madness? One seems to be reading the diary of an old almswoman; and, in fact, his religion was not a step higher in its kind. Johnson had all the bigotry of a monk, and all the folly and ignorance too. He sets himself penances of reading two hundred verses of the Bible per day; proposes to learn high Dutch and Italian at past sixty, and at near seventy *begins* to think of examining the proofs . . . of that religion which he had believed so implicitly. So anile was his faith, that on a fast-day he reproaches himself with putting a little milk into his coffee inadvertently! . . .

Methinks this specimen, and Rousseau's *Confessions*, should be lessons against keeping journals, which poor Johnson thought such an excellent nostrum for a good life. How foolish might we all appear, if we registered every delirium!

Sept. 17, 1785.

Dr. Burney and his daughter, Evelina-Cecilia, have passed a day and a half with me. He is lively and agreeable; she half-and-half sense and modesty, which possess her so entirely, that not a cranny is left for affectation or pretension. Oh! Mrs. Montagu; you are not above half as accomplished.

Next, I have been two days in town to meet Mr. Conway and Lady Aylesbury. We went to see the Prince's new palace in Pall Mall; and were charmed. It will be the most perfect in Europe. There is an august simplicity that astonished me. You cannot call it magnificent; it is the taste and propriety that strike. Every ornament is at a proper distance, and not one too large, but all delicate and new, with more freedom and variety than Greek ornaments; and, though probably borrowed from the Hôtel de Condé and other new palaces, not one that is not rather classic than French. . . . There are three most spacious apartments, all looking on the lovely garden, a *terreno*, the state apartment, and an attic. The portico, vestibule, hall, and staircase will be superb, and, to my taste, full of perspectives; the jewel of all is a small music-room, that opens into a green recess and winding walk of the garden. In all the fairy tales you have been, you never was in so pretty a scene, Madam: I forgot to tell you how admirably all the carving, stucco, and ornaments are executed; but whence the money is to come I conceive not—all the tin mines in Cornwall would not pay a quarter. How sick one shall be after this chaste palace, of Mr. Adam's gingerbread and sippets of embroidery!

To Sir Horace Mann:

Oct. 4, 1785.

It was said of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, that she never put dots over her *i's* to save ink: how she would have enjoyed modern economy in that article! She would have died worth a thousand farthings more than she did—nay, she would have known exactly how many; as Sir Robert Brown did, who calculated what he had saved by never having an orange or lemon on his sideboard.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Oct. 6, 1785.

Have you got Boswell's most absurd enormous book? The best thing in it is a *bon mot* of Lord Pembroke. The more one learns of Johnson, the more preposterous assemblage he appears of strong sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudices, of pride, brutality, fretfulness, and vanity; and Boswell is the ape of most of his faults, without a grain of his sense. It is the story of a mountebank and his zany.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Oct. 27, 1785.

Do you know, Madam, that the fashion now is, not to have portraits but of an *eye*? They say, "Lord! don't you know it?" A Frenchman is come over to paint eyes here!

To Sir Horace Mann:

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Oct. 30, 1785.

[Mrs. Damer] has lately carved two colossal heads for the bridge at Henley, which is the most beautiful one in the world, next to the Ponte di Trinità, and was principally designed by her father, General Conway.

To Lady Browne:

Dec. 14, 1785.

My poor old friend [Kitty Clive] is a great loss; but it did not much surprise me, and the manner comforts me. I had played at cards with her at Mrs. Gostling's three nights before I came to town, and found her extremely confused, and not knowing what she did: indeed, I perceived something of the sort before, and had found her much broken this autumn. It seems, that the day after I saw her, she went to General Lister's burial and got cold, and had been ill for two or three days. On the Wednesday morning she rose to have her bed made; and while sitting on the bed, with her maid by her, sunk down at once, and died without a pang or a groan.

To Sir Horace Mann:

Jan. 8, 1786.

I know nothing of the Continent but from our newspapers, the last intelligence in the world to be trusted. They are common sewers of lies, scandal, abuse, and blunders. What must Europe think of us from our travellers, and from our own accounts of ourselves?—Oh! not much worse than we deserve! The mail from France was robbed last night in Pall Mall, at half-an-hour after eight—yes, in the great thoroughfare of London, and within call of the guard at the Palace. The chaise had stopped, the harness was cut, and the portmanteau was taken out of the chaise itself. A courier is gone to Paris for a copy of the despatch. What think you of banditti in the heart of such a capital? yet at Dublin, I believe, the outrages are ten times more numerous. Methinks we are not much more civilised than the ages when the Marches of Wales and Scotland were theatres of rapine.

Feb. 13, 1786.

A finger of each hand has been pouring out a hail of chalk-stones and liquid chalk; and the first finger, which I hoped exhausted, last week opened again and threw out a cascade of the latter, exactly with the effort of a pipe that bursts in the streets: the gout followed, and has swelled both hand and arm; and this codicil will cost me at least three weeks. I must persuade myself, if I can, that these explosions will give me some repose; but there are too many chalk-eggs in the other fingers not to be hatched in succession. . . .

I am obliged to you for your accounts of the House of *Albany*; but that extinguishing family can make no sensation here when we have other guess matter to talk of in a higher and more flourishing race: and yet were rumour—ay, much more than rumour, every voice in England—to be credited, the matter, somehow or other, reaches even from London to Rome. [This matter was the reported marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Catholic.]

March 16, 1786.

Most other debates roll on the affair of Mr. Hastings, who is black-washed by the opposition, and is to be white-washed by the House of Commons. I do not know who is guilty or innocent; but I have no doubt but India has been blood-washed by our countrymen! . . .

La Piozzi, from whom I have just seen a very clever letter [from Mme. Piozzi, the former Mrs. Thrale] to Mrs. Montagu, to disavow a jackanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.

March 28, 1786.

The French excel us all in ornaments of taste—I mean, in such ornaments as do not rise to serious magnificence; but they must keep within doors: they may deck dress, furniture, china, and snuff-boxes; but buildings, cities, gardens, will not allow of spangles. . . .

Two days ago appeared Madame Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.* I am lamentably disappointed—in her, I mean; not in him. I had conceived a favourable opinion of her capacity. But this new book is wretched; a high-varnished preface to a heap of rubbish, in a very vulgar style, and too void of method even for such a farrago. Her panegyric is loud in praise of her hero; and almost every fact she relates disgraces him. . . . His friends (of whom he made a woful choice) have taken care to let the world know, that in behaviour he was an ill-natured bear, and in opinions as senseless a bigot as an old washerwoman—a brave composition for a philosopher!

[*March* 29] In fact, the poor man is to be pitied: he was mad, and his disciples did not find it out, but have unveiled all his defects; nay, have exhibited all his brutalities as wit, and his lowest conundrums as humour. Judge!—The Piozzi relates, that a young man asking him where Palmyra was, he replied, "In Ireland; it was a bog planted with palm-trees!"

To Thomas Walpole the Younger:

April 8, 1786.

The catalogue of the Duchess of Portland's collection is come out. . . . There are hundreds of old-fashioned snuff-boxes that were her mother's, who wore three different every week; and they probably will sell for little more than the weight of the gold. . . . They [are] so ugly.

To Sir Horace Mann:

April 30, 1786.

The tragedy, or rather, I suppose, the farce, of Mr. Hastings's trial is also to commence to-morrow, when he is to make his defence before the House of Commons; where the majority of his judges are *ready* to be astonished at his eloquence, and the transparency of his innocence, and the lustre of his merit.

[*May* 4] Nature ought, no doubt, to take the *ton* from people of fashion, unless Nature is willing to indulge them in the opportunity of contradicting her! Indeed, at present, our fine ladies seem to copy her—at least, the ancient symbols of her; for, though they do not exhibit a profusion of naked bubbies down to their shoe-buckles, yet they protrude a prominence of gauze that would cover all the dugs of Alma Mater. . . .

Mr. Hastings used two days in his defence, which was not thought a very modest one, and rested rather on Machiavel's code than on that of rigid moralists.

May 29, 1786.

Most certainly it was not the plan of any part of my life to end my career with princes and princesses though I began with them, and was carried to Leicester House in my childhood to play with the late Duke of Cumberland and Princess Mary. Fate has again in my latter days thrown me amongst royalties; and (what is not common), though I have quitted the world, I seem to have *retired into Drawing-rooms.*

Ever since the late King's death, I have made Princess Amelie s parties once or twice a-week: then, *bien malgré moi*, I was plunged into Gloucester House: and now by Princess Amelie I have been presented to the Prince of Wales at her house; and by my niece Lady Horatia's marriage with Captain Conway, who is a principal favourite of his Royal Highness, I have dined with the Prince at Lord Hertford's, and since at his own palace, where he was pleased to give a dinner to the two families. . . .

I attended Princess Amelie to the rehearsal of Handel's Jubilee in Westminster Abbey, which I had been far from meditating; but, as she had the Bishop of Rochester's gallery, it was quite easy, and I had no crowd to limp through. The sight was really very fine, and the performance magnificent; but the chorus and kettle-drums for four hours were so thunderful, that they gave me the headache, to which I am not at all subject.

June 22, 1786.

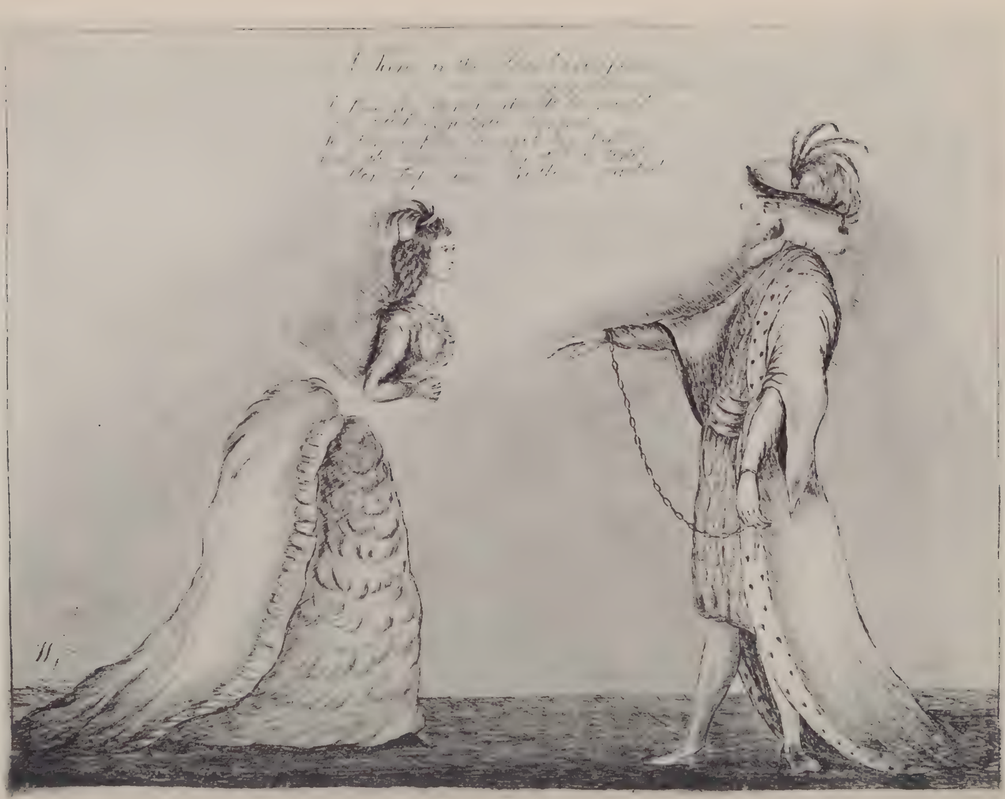
The great culprit Hastings's fate is not decided; but, to his and mankind's surprise, the House of Commons last week voted him on one of the articles deserving to be impeached, and Mr. Pitt declared on that article against him: so, Burke has proved to have been in the right in his prosecution.

The French prisoners have come off better than I expected. . . . The Cardinal, supposing him merely a dupe, is not sufficiently punished. . . . For that rascal Cagliostro, he should be punished for joining in the mummery, and shut up for his other impositions. . . . He is come hither—and why should one think but he may be popular here too!

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Dec. 12, 1786.

In truth, except for such a predominant genius as Shakespeare or Milton, I hold authors cheap enough: what merit is there in pains, and study, and application, compared with the extempore abilities of such men as Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, or Mr. Pitt? What puerile matters are the Orations of Cicero, composed, corrected, and re-written at fifty or sixty years of age, in comparison of what start and flow and overflow from our prodigies, the moment they are men?



ELIZABETH FARREN AND ROBERT BENSLEY IN *THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.*

From a print in the Burney Collection.

. . . I shall be more juvenile to-night, for I am going to Mrs. Cowley's new play, which I suppose is as *instructive* as the *Marriage of Figaro*, for I am told it approaches to those of Mrs. Behn in Spartan delicacy; but I shall see Miss Farren, who, in my poor opinion, is the first of all actresses.

Feb. 9, 1787.

Every day I meet with red-hot politicians in petticoats, and told your Ladyship how I had been schooled by one of them, and how docile I was.

. . . If you could bring over Mr. Sheridan, he would do something: he talked for five hours and a half on Wednesday, and turned everybody's head. One heard everybody in the streets raving on the wonders of that speech. . . .

[This was Sheridan's speech in the House of Commons against Warren Hastings.]

Mr. Pitt and 174 other persons found Mr. Hastings guilty last night, and only sixty-eight remained thinking with *the pamphlet* and your Ladyship, that he is as white as snow.

Strawberry Hill,
June 14, 1787.

Lord Hertford is to give his Royal Highness a ball on Monday, to which I am asked; but I have sent my excuse, as dancing and the next reign are not in unison with seventy and limping.

June 28, 1787.

I have been sending some layers of clove-carnations to Lady Ravensworth, for which Lady Euston wrote to me. I had not so many as I wished, the severe weather of last year having killed most of mine; and my gardener is so bad, that he does not restock me soon. I offered him an annuity some years ago, if he would leave me; but he desired to be excused, as it was not so good as his place, and he knew nobody else would take him; so I have been forced to keep him, because nobody else will.

To the Earl of Strafford:

July 28, 1787.

Our little part of the world has been quiet as usual. The Duke of Queensberry has given a sumptuous dinner to the Princesse de Lamballe—*et voilà tout.* I never saw her, not even in France. I have no particular *penchant* for sterling princes and princesses, much less for those of French plate.

[This was the Princess so horribly murdered by the mob early in the French Revolution.]

. . . Mrs. Walsingham is making her house at Ditton (now baptized Boyle Farm) very orthodox. Her daughter Miss Boyle, who has real genius, has carved three tablets in marble with boys, designed by herself. Those sculptures are for a chimney-piece; and she is painting panels in grotesque for the library, with pilasters of glass in black and gold. Miss Crewe, who has taste too, has decorated a room for her mother's house at Richmond, which was Lady Margaret Compton's, in a very pretty manner. How much more amiable the old women of the next age will be, than most of those we remember, who used to tumble at once from gallantry to devout scandal and cards! and revenge on the young of their own sex the desertion of ours. Now they are ingenious, they will not want amusement.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 6, 1787.

There lives at Kingston a Mrs. Barnard, a very wealthy hen-Quaker. She has a passion for beautiful black and white cows, never parts with a pretty calf, and consequently has now a hecatomb as striped and spotted as leopards and tigers. The Queen happened to see this ermined drove, and being struck with the beauty of their robes, sent a page to desire to purchase one. Mrs. Barnard replied, she never sold cows, but would lend her Majesty her bull with all her heart. Apropos to court, it is not a recent story, I believe, but did you ever hear, Madam, that Mrs. Herbert, the Bedchamber Woman, going in a hackney-chair, the chairmen were excessively drunk, and after tossing and jolting her for some minutes, set the chair down; and the foreman, lifting up the top, said, "Madam, you are so drunk, that if you do not sit still, it will be impossible to carry you." . . .

I have not visited Mr. Herchel's giant telescope, though so near me. In truth, the scraps I have learnt of his discoveries have confounded me: my little head will not contain the stupendous idea of an infinity of worlds.

Oct. 5, 1787.

I dined last Monday at Bushy (for you know I have more *penchant* for ministers that are out than when they are in) and never saw a more interesting scene. Lord North's spirits, good humour, wit, sense, drollery, are as perfect as ever—the unremitting attention of Lady North and his children, most touching. Mr. North leads him about, Miss North sits constantly by him, carves meat, watches his every motion, scarce puts a bit into her own lips; and if one cannot help commending her, she colours with modesty and sorrow till the tears gush into her eyes. If ever loss of sight could be compensated, it is by so affectionate a family.

To Miss Hannah More:

Oct. 14, 1787.

France seems sunk indeed in all respects. What stuff are their theatrical goods, their *Richards*, *Ninas*, and *Tarares*! But when their *Figaro* could run threescore nights, how despicable must their taste be grown!

To Hon. Thomas Walpole:

Dec. 9, 1787.

We lived two years upon the dotages of Dr. Johnson and his foolish biographers. . . . Montaigne . . . surfeits me with his own vanity. I cannot conceive why Montaigne is so much admired, unless by people who would like to talk as much of themselves.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Berkeley Square,
Dec. 15, 1787.

You shall not lose a very good-humoured story of Lord North. Colonel Barré made him a visit lately: Lord North said,— "Colonel Barré, nobody will suspect us of insincerity, if we say that we should always be overjoyed to *see* each other."

[Lord North was blind, Barré almost so.]

Jan. 15, 1788.

My histrionic acquaintance spreads. I supped at Lady Dorothy Hotham's with Mrs. Siddons, and have visited and been visited by her, and have seen and liked her much, yes, very much, in the passionate scenes in *Percy*; but I do not admire her in cool declamation, and find her voice very hollow and defective. I asked her in which part she would most wish me to see her? She named Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*; but I begged to be excused. With all my enthusiasm for Shakespeare, it is one of his plays that I like the least. The story of the caskets is silly, and, except the character of Shylock, I see nothing beyond the attainment of a mortal: Euripides, or Racine or Voltaire, might have written all the rest. Moreover, Mrs. Siddons's warmest devotees do not hold her above a demi-goddess in comedy. I have chosen Athenais, in which she is to appear soon; her scorn is admirable. . . .

The Russian Empress, the Austrian Emperor, and Mount Vesuvius are playing the devil with the world.

To Thomas Barrett:

June 5, 1788.

I finished Mr. Gibbon a full fortnight ago, and was extremely pleased. It is a most wonderful mass of information, not only on history, but almost on all the ingredients of history, as war, government, commerce, coin, and what not. If it has a fault, it is in embracing too much. . . . The last chapter of the fourth volume, I own, made me recoil, and I could scarcely push through it. So far from being Catholic or heretic, I wished Mr. Gibbon had never heard of Monophysites, Nestorians, or any such fools! But the sixth volume made ample amends; Mahomet and the Popes were gentlemen and good company. . . .

Mr. Sheridan, I hear, did not quite satisfy the passionate expectation that had been raised; but it was impossible he could, when people had worked themselves into an enthusiasm of offering fifty—ay, *fifty* guineas for a ticket to hear him.

To The Earl of Strafford:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 17, 1788.

The streets are as green as the fields: we are burnt to the bone, and have not a lock of hay to cover our nakedness: oats are so dear, that I suppose they will soon be eaten at Brooks's and fashionable tables as a rarity. . . . Mrs. Walsingham's [ball] at Ditton . . . would have been very pretty, for she had stuck coloured lamps in the hair of all her trees and bushes, if the east wind had not danced a reel all the time by the side of the river. . . .

But General Conway, Mrs. Damer, and everybody else were drowned by Mr. Sheridan, whose renown has engrossed all fame's tongues and trumpets. Lord Townshend said he should be sorry were he forced to give a vote directly on Hastings, before he had time to cool; and one of the peers saying the speech had not made the same impression on him, the Marquis replied, " A seal might be finely cut, and yet not be in fault for making a bad impression."

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

July 9, 1788.

My verdure begins to recover its bloom, Madam, like yours. I did not despair, for, in this country, nobody pays his debts like rain. It may destroy your flowers, but you cannot complain of want of fruit; cherries, apples, walnuts, are more exuberant than their leaves; I don't believe that a single blossom will fail of coming of age. Cherries, I am told, are cried in London at a halfpenny a pound—Kentish ones, I mean,—which is cheaper than they have been since William the Conqueror landed there.

To Miss Hannah More :

July 12, 1788.

I am nauseated by the Madams Piozzi, &c., and the host of novel-writers in petticoats, who think they imitate what is inimitable, *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. . . . But *you* I exhort, and would encourage to write; and flatter myself you will never be royally gagged and promoted to fold muslins, as has been lately wittily said on Miss Burney.

To Thomas Walpole the Younger :

July 21, 1788.

We have hen novelists and poetesses in every parish.

To the Earl of Strafford:

Aug. 2, 1788.

I do not believe the present King of France knows much more of what he, or rather his Queen, is actually doing, than I do. I rather pity him; for I believe he means well, which is not a common article of my faith.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 16, 1788.

Most true, Madam, neither my person nor age seem suited to be prominent on the hustings; but my long connection with Lord John's grandmother, and thence with him, made it impossible for me to avoid contributing my vote; but I contrived so well, that I was in my own house again by twenty minutes after nine in the morning; and by choosing a Monday, before the mob had recovered their drunkenness of the Sabbath, there was much less crowd in the Garden [Covent Garden] than on a common market-day. A week later, and I must have been carried on a chairman's horse—an exhibition I should have excused myself: in a word, I have been confined a fortnight by the gout in my left arm, hand, and knee, and cannot yet put on a coat. . . .

Lady Juliana Penn, once mistress of a revenue of 36,000 *l.* a year, is now lodging modestly, humbly, and tranquilly at Petersham on 600 *l.* a year; and her mind is so reconciled to her fortune, that she is still very handsome.

Sept. 6, 1788.

A late Bishop of Amiens was a saint, and yet had a great deal of wit. A lady went to consult him whether she might wear *rouge*: she had been with several *directeurs*, but some were so severe, and some so relaxed, that she could not satisfy her conscience, and therefore was come to Monseigneur to decide for her, and would rest by his sentence. " I see, Madam," said the good Prelate, " what the case is: some of your casuists forbid *rouge* totally; others will permit you to wear as much as you please. Now, for my part, I love a medium in all things, and therefore I permit you to wear *rouge* on one cheek only."

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

I am going to marry both the Berrys, and told them so this morning; it will be the easiest thing in the world, for by giving them a straw, they are mine at once, by becoming strawberries.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Oct. 11, 1788.

I have made a much more, to me, precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here with their father for this season. . . . Mr. Berry has carried his daughters for two or three years to France and Italy, and they are returned the best-informed and the most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age. They are exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and, being qualified to talk on any subject, nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation—not more apposite than their answers and observations. The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language. The younger draws charmingly, and has copied admirably Lady Di's gipsies, which I lent, though for the first time of her attempting colours. They are of pleasing figures; Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes, that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. She is less animated than Mary, but seems, out of deference to her sister, to speak seldomer, for they dote on each other, and Mary is always praising her sister's talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, though fashionably; but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons. In short, good sense, information, simplicity, and ease characterize the Berrys; and this is not particularly mine, who am apt to be prejudiced, but the universal voice of all who know them. The first night I met them I would not be acquainted with them, having heard so much in their praise that I concluded they would be all pretension. The second time, in a very small company, I sat next to Mary, and found her an angel both inside and out. Now I do not know which I like best. . . . I make no excuse for such minute details; for, if your Ladyship insists on hearing the humours of my district, you must for once indulge me with sending you two pearls that I found in my path.

To Sir Horace Mann the Younger :

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Feb. 12, 1789.

I now do believe that the King is coming to *himself*: not in the language of the courtiers, to his senses—but from their proof, viz., that he is returned to his *what ! what ! what !* which he used to prefix to every sentence, and which is coming to his nonsense. I am corroborated in this opinion by his having said much more sensible things in his lunacy, than he did when he was reckoned sane, which I do not believe he has been for some years.

[*Feb.* 22] The King is called recovered, and the English Regency is suspended, with fresh and grievous insults to the Prince, who with the Duke of York are violently hindered by the Queen from even seeing their father, though she and their sisters play at cards with him in an evening.

[*Feb.* 24] The King has seen the Prince [of Wales], and received him kindly, but the Queen was present.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory :

Feb. 24, 1789.

I am so antiquated as still to dine at four when I can, though frequently prevented, as many are so good as to call on me at that hour, because it is too soon for them to go home and dress so early in the morning.

To the Miss Berrys :

March 20, 1789.

P.S.—I have got a few hairs of Edward the Fourth's *head*, not *beard*; they are of a darkish brown, not auburn.

April 28, 1789.

I send you the most delicious poem upon earth. If you don't know what it is all about, or why, at least you will find glorious similes about everything in the world, and I defy you to discover three bad verses in the whole stack. . . .

How strange it is, that a man should have been inspired with such enthusiasm of poetry by poring through a microscope, and peeping through the keyholes of all the seraglios of all the flowers in the universe! I hope his discoveries may leave any impression but of the universal polygamy going on in the vegetable world, where, however, it is more gallant than amongst the human race; for you will find that they are the botanic ladies who keep harems, and not the gentlemen. Still, *I* will maintain that it is much better that we should have two wives than your sex two husbands.

[This book was *The Botanic Garden*, by Dr. Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin.]

To Miss Mary Berry:

June 30, 1789.

I do not know whether the *Arabian Nights* are of Oriental origin or not: I should think not, because I never saw any other Oriental composition that was not bombast without genius, and figurative without nature; like an Indian screen, where you see little men on the foreground, and larger men hunting tigers above the air, which they take for perspective. I do not think the Sultaness's narratives very natural or very probable, but there is a wildness in them that captivates. . . .

You should admire all bold and unique essays that resemble nothing else; the *Botanic Garden*, the *Arabian Nights*, and King's Chapel are above all rules.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

July 1, 1789.

In what a combustion is France! I understand nothing I hear or read. Necker dismissed and recalled by the people! . . . Famine threatens them, too; an Englishman who came back a few days ago could not for any sum purchase a morsel of white bread at Calais. *We* have horse-room and cart-room for being as mad as we please. Loutherbourg, the painter, is turned an inspired physician, and has three thousand patients. His sovereign panacea is barley-water. I believe it as efficacious as mesmerism. Baron Swedenborg's disciples multiply also—I am glad of it: the more religions and the more follies the better: they inveigle proselytes from one another. I used to be afraid of the host of methodists, but Mother Church is safe if there is plenty of heresiarchs. . . .

The weather, indeed, tolerates all winter diversions; but then it is too cold to come back between two and three miles in the rain. . . . It struck me thirty years ago that this is the most beautiful country when framed and glazed, that is, when you look through a window with a good fire behind you.

To Miss Hannah More:

July 2, 1789.

I am just infirm enough to enjoy all the prerogatives of old age, and to plead them against anything that I have not a mind to do. Young men must conform to every folly in fashion: drink when they had better be sober; fight a duel if somebody else is wrong-headed; marry to please their fathers, not themselves; and shiver in a white waistcoat, because ancient almanacs, copying the Arabian, placed the month of June after May; though, when the style was reformed, it ought to have been intercalated between December and January.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

July 15, 1789.

Paris was in an uproar; and, after the couriers had left it, firing of cannon was heard for four hours together.

To Miss Mary Berry:

July 31, 1789.

St. Swithin played the devil so, that we could not stir out of doors, and had fires to chase the watery spirits. Quin, being once asked if he had ever seen so bad a winter, replied, "Yes, just such an one last summer!"—and here is its youngest brother! . . .

All accounts agree in the violence of the [French] mob against the inoffensive as well as against the objects of their resentment; and in the provinces, where even women are not safe in their houses. The hotel of the Duc de Chatelet, lately built and superb, has been assaulted, and the furniture sold by auction.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 4, 1789.

For myself, I can say that I am not glad, in your Ladyship's sense of the words, that *Monsieur de la Fayette governs France instead of their*

King; nor do my principles lead me at all to approve of government violently wrenched, or violently exercised by anybody; nor do I believe that Monsieur de la Fayette's government will be lasting. I still less like liberty displayed by massacre, and without legal trials; and abhor the savage barbarity that the French have always shown on all commotions. The factions in the reign of Charles VI, the St. Bartélemi, and the Ligue, were all ferociously cruel; and their bearing the heads of those they have now murdered in triumph, is of a piece with their tearing the heart of the Maréchal d'Ancre with their teeth.

To the Miss Berrys:

Sept. 4, 1789.

Don't bring me a pair of scissors from Sheffield: I am determined nothing shall cut our loves, though I should live out the rest of Methusalem's term, as you kindly wish, and as I can believe, though you are my wives; for I am persuaded my Agnes wishes so too. Don't you ?

. . . You have heard of the destruction of thirty-two châteaus in Burgundy, at the instigation of a demon, who has since been broken on the rack. There is now assembled near Paris a body of sixteen thousand deserters, daily increasing; who, they fear, will encamp and dictate to the capital, in spite of their militia of twenty thousand *bourgeois*.

To Miss Hannah More:

Sept. 1789.

I congratulate you on the demolition of the Bastile; I mean as you do, of its functions. For the poor soul itself, I had no ill will to it: on the contrary, it was a curious sample of ancient castellar dungeons, which the good folks the founders took for palaces: yet I always hated to drive by it, knowing the miseries it contained.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 26, 1789.

In the midst of this anarchy, is it not supremely ridiculous to hear of a young gentlewoman presenting her watch to the National Fund: and a life-guardsman five-and-twenty livres ? Nay, there are some tradesmen's wives appointed commissioners for receiving such patriotic oblations!—In a word, Madam, it is a vertigo of pedantry, and I am surprised they have not yet begun to make songs and epigrams on themselves! . . .

My Straw-Berries are not yet returned, but I expect them next week, and have found a house for them at Teddington very near me. . . .

Did your Parisian intelligencer inform you that in the present reign of everybody there has been such a massacre of all game, that pheasants are sold for a penny apiece?

Oct. 9, 1789.

I was disgusted, like you, Madam, at our pantomimes of the horrors of the Bastile; but they have almost estranged my pity for the exiles, who can go and view such sanguinary farces: without incredible insensibility!

[*Oct.* 13] I can say nothing on the atrocious accounts from France, though the last accounts soften the first. One pities the impatient indiscretion of the King and Queen, but the treatment of them is unexampled! What an odious cowardly nation, to let their prince be seized and carried prisoner to his capital, with the most insulting cruel triumph, by a rabble of fish-women!

Nov. 8, 1789.

Mr. Gibbon never tires me. He comprises a vast body and period of history too; however, I do wish he had been as lucid as Voltaire.

Nov. 26, 1789.

One story will touch you; the little dauphin, who is but four years old, and a beautiful child, was learning fables: the one in waiting ended by saying of the animal that was the subject of it, that, though she had had great misfortunes, she became at last *heureuse comme des reines*. He said, "Hah! toutes les reines ne sont pas heureuses, car maman pleure depuis le matin jusqu'au soir."

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

July, 1790.

How frantically have the French acted, and how rationally the Americans! But Franklin and Washington were great men. None have appeared yet in France.

To Miss Mary Berry:

Oct. 10, 1790.

A friendship so rational and so pure as mine is, and so equal for both, is not likely to have any of the fickleness of youth, when it has none of its other ingredients. It was a sweet consolation to the short time that I may have left, to fall into such a society; no wonder then that I am unhappy at that consolation being abridged.

Oct. 31, 1790.

I have been at Mrs. Grenville's this evening, who had a small party for the Duchess of Gloucester: there were many inquiries after *my wives.*

To Miss Burney:

[*Undated.*]

I would not repine were your situation [at court] either in point of fortune or position equal in any degree to your merit. But were your talents given to be buried in obscurity? You have retired from the world to a closet at court.

To Miss Mary Berry:

Park Place,
Nov. 8, 1790.

The fatal blow has been at last given by Mr. Burke. His pamphlet [*Reflections on the Revolution in France*] came out this day sennight, and is far superior to what was expected, even by his warmest admirers. I have read it twice; and though of three hundred and fifty pages, I wish I could repeat every page by heart. It is sublime, profound, and gay. The wit and satire are equally brilliant; and the whole is wise, though in some points he goes too far: yet in general there is far less want of judgement than could be expected from *him.* If it could be translated,—which, from the wit and metaphors and allusions, is almost impossible,—I should think it would be a classic book in all countries, except in *present* France. To their tribunes it speaks daggers; though, unlike them, it uses none. Seven thousand copies have been taken off by the booksellers already, and a new edition is preparing.

To the Miss Berrys:

Nov. 29, 1790.

Pray worship the works of Masaccio, if any remain; though I think the best have been burned in a church. Raphael himself borrowed from them.

To Miss Mary Berry:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Nov. 18, 1790.

It is entirely out of fashion for women to grow old and stay at home in an evening. They invite you, indeed, now and then, but do not expect to see you till midnight; which is rather too late to begin the day, unless one was born but twenty years ago.

To Miss Agnes Berry:

Nov. 28, 1790.

Correggio never pleased me in proportion to his fame: his grace touches upon grimace; the mouth of the beautiful angel at Parma curls up almost into a half-moon. Still I prefer Correggio to the *lourd* want of grace in Guercino, who is to me a German edition of Guido.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 1, 1790.

One word more about Mr. Burke's book: I know the tirade on the Queen of France is condemned, and yet I must avow I admire it much. It paints her exactly as she appeared to me the first time I saw her when Dauphiness. She was going after the late King to chapel, and shot through the room like an aerial being, all brightness and grace, and without seeming to touch earth—*vera incessu patuit dea!* . . .

All the blessed liberty the French seemed to have gained is, that every man or woman, if *poissardes* are women, may hang whom they please.

To Miss Mary Berry:

Dec. 20, 1790.

Of Mr. Burke's book, if I have not yet told you my opinion, I do now; that it is one of the finest compositions in print. There is reason, logic, wit, truth, eloquence, and enthusiasm, in the brightest colours. That it has given a mortal stab to sedition, I believe and hope.

To Joseph Cooper Walker :

Dec. 21, 1790.

The florid Gothic owes its beautiful improvements to England alone, nor do I know parallel samples but in some few cathedrals in France in places that were subject to us.

To Miss Mary Berry :

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Feb. 4, 1791.

The pleasure you expressed at seeing Florence again, forgive me for saying, is the joy of sight merely; for can a little Italian town, and wretched Italian company, and travelling English lads and governors, be comparable to the choice of the best company of so vast a capital as London, unless you have taken an aversion to England ? And your renewed transports at a less and still more insipid town, Pisa!

Feb. 26, 1791.

Madame du Barry is come over to recover her jewels, of which she has been robbed—not by the National Assembly, but by four Jews who have been seized here and committed to Newgate.

To the Miss Berrys :

March 5, 1791.

A Parisian watch-maker [has] produced the smallest automaton that I suppose was ever created. It was a rich snuff-box, not too large for a woman. On opening the lid, an enamelled bird started up, sat on the rim, turned round, fluttered its wings, and piped in a delightful tone the notes of different birds; particularly the jug-jug of the nightingale. It is the prettiest plaything you ever saw; the price tempting—only five hundred pounds. That economist, the Prince of Wales, could not resist it, and has bought one of those dicky-birds.

[Madame du Barry] is gone, but returns in April. . . .

[The adventuress never returned. She was guillotined Dec. 7, 1793. She showed great cowardice upon the scaffold.]

To Miss Mary Berry:

April 3, 1791.

Mirabeau is dead; ay, miraculously; for it was of a putrid fever (that began in his heart). . . . Here is started up another corsair; one Paine, from America, who has published an answer to Mr. Burke. His doctrines go to the extremity of levelling; and his style is so coarse, that you would think he meant to degrade the language as much as the government.

[This was the first part of Thomas Paine's *The Rights of Man.*]

April 18, 1791.

The town cannot hold all its inhabitants; so prodigiously the population is augmented. I have twice been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly, (and the same has happened to Lady Aylesbury,) thinking there was a mob; and it was only nymphs and swains sauntering or trudging. T'other morning, *i.e.* at two o'clock, I went to see Mrs. Garrick and Miss Hannah More at the Adelphi, and was stopped five times before I reached Northumberland House; for the tides of coaches, chariots, curricles, phaetons, &c. are endless. Indeed, the town is so extended, that the breed of chairs is almost lost; for Hercules and Atlas could not carry anybody from one end of this enormous capital to the other. How magnified would be the error of the young woman at St. Helena, who, some years ago, said to a captain of an Indiaman, " I suppose London is very empty, when the India ships come out."

STRAWBERRY HILL,
April 13, 1791.

The news from India, so long expected, are not *couleur de rose*, but *de sang*: a detachment has been defeated by Tippoo Saib, and Lord Cornwallis is gone to take the command of the army himself. Will the East be more propitious to him than the West?

The abolition of the Slave-Trade has been rejected by the House of Commons, though Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox united earnestly to carry it: but commerce chinked its purse, and that sound is generally prevalent with the majority; and humanity's tears, and eloquence's figures and arguments, had no more effect than on those patrons of liberty, the National Assembly of France; who, while they proclaim the rights of men, did not choose to admit the sable moiety of mankind to a participation of those benefits. . . .

I am now told that our Indian skirmish was a victory, and that Tippoo Saib, and all his cavalry and elephants, ran away; but sure I am, that the first impression made on me by those who spread the news, was not triumphant; nor can I enjoy success in that country, which we have so abominably usurped and plundered.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

BERKELEY SQUARE,
April 30, 1791.

The uproar is begun at Paris, and everybody that can is leaving it. Three or four of their *late* dukes are arrived, and La Fayette is expected. The Duke of Orleans gains ground, for he has some money left; but having neither character nor courage, it shows how little exists of either.

To Miss Mary Berry:

May 4, 1791.

One Paine, an American, has published the most seditious pamphlet ever seen, but in open rebellion: thousands of copies of it have been dispersed; and the Revolution Clubs [in England] threaten further hostilities. [Walpole is mistaken. Thomas Paine was born at Thetford.]

May 12, 1791.

The Prince is recovered: that is all the domestic news, except a most memorable debate last Friday, in the House of Commons. Mr. Fox had most imprudently thrown out a panegyric on the French Revolution. His most considerable friends were much hurt, and protested to him against such sentiments. Burke went much farther, and vowed to attack these opinions. Great pains were taken to prevent such altercation, and the Prince of Wales is said to have written a dissuasive letter to Burke; but he was immovable; and on Friday, on the Quebec Bill, he broke out, and sounded a trumpet against the plot, which he denounced as carrying on here. Prodigious clamours and interruption arose from Mr. Fox's friends; but he, though still applauding the French, burst into tears and lamentations on the loss of Burke's friendship, and endeavoured to make settlement; but in vain, though Burke wept too. In short, it was the most affecting scene possible; and undoubtedly an *unique* one, for both the commanders were earnest and *sincere*.

May 19, 1791.

The Countess of Albany is not only in England, in London, but at this very moment, I believe, in the palace of St. James's—not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed last night at supper at Lady Mount-Edgcumbe's, by that topsy-turvy-hood that characterizes the present age. Within these two months the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London, and the Pretender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain! . . .

Well! I have had an exact account of the interview of the two Queens, from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well-dressed, and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal; but about her passage, the sea, and general topics: the Queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former; who, perhaps, may have met her in Italy.

May 26, 1791.

One of the Empresses of fashion, the Duchess of Gordon, uses fifteen or sixteen hours of her four-and-twenty. I heard her journal of last Monday. She first went to Handel's music in the Abbey; she then clambered over the benches, and went to Hastings's trial in the Hall; after dinner, to the play; then to Lady Lucan's assembly; after that to Ranelagh, and returned to Mrs. Hobart's faro-table; gave a ball herself in the evening of that morning, into which she must have got a good way; and set out for Scotland the next day. Hercules could not have achieved a quarter of her labours in the same space of time.

June 2, 1791.

Well! I have seen Madame d'Albany, who has not a ray of royalty about her. She has good eyes and teeth; but I think can have had no more beauty than remains, except youth. She is civil and easy, but German and ordinary.

June 8, 1791.

I returned a quarter before seven; and in the interim between my Gothic gate and Ashe's nursery, a gentleman and gentlewoman, in a one-horse chair and in the broad face of the sun, had been robbed by a single highwayman, *sans* mask. . . .

The Prince [of Wales] was gorgeous too: the latter is to give Madame d'Albany a dinner. She has been introduced to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

[The Prince, afterwards George IV, had married Mrs. Fitzherbert, a devout Catholic. He denied it later, but the denial was a lie.]

There will soon be one street from London to Brentford; ay, and from London to every village ten miles round! Lord Camden has just let ground at Kentish Town for building fourteen hundred houses—nor do I wonder; London is, I am certain, much fuller than ever I saw it. I have twice this spring been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly, to inquire what was the matter, thinking there was a mob—not at all; it was only passengers. Nor is there any complaint of depopulation from the country: Bath shoots out into new crescents, circuses, and squares every year: Birmingham, Manchester, Hull, and Liverpool would serve any king in Europe for a capital.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 14, 1791.

The contents of an English June are, hay and ice, orange-flowers and rheumatisms! I am now cowering over the fire.

June 23, 1791.

The patriarchess of the Methodists, Lady Huntingdon, is dead. Now she and Whitfield and Wesley are gone, the sect will probably decline: a second crop of apostles seldom acquire the influence of the founders.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

June 28, 1791.

The escape of the King and Queen of France came merely time enough to double the shock of their being retaken.

To Miss Mary Berry:

July 26, 1791.

Lady Cecilia tells me, that her nephew, Mr. West, who was with you at Pisa, declares he is in love with you both; so I am not singular. . . . There has not been another riot in any of the three kingdoms. The villain Paine came over for the Crown and Anchor; but, finding that his pamphlet had not set a straw on fire, and that the 14th of July was as little in fashion as the ancient gunpowder-plot, he dined at another tavern with a few quaking conspirators. . . . The rioters in Worcestershire were not a detachment from Birmingham, but volunteer incendiaries from the capital; who went, *according to the rights of men*, with the mere view of plunder, and threatened gentlemen to burn their houses, if not ransomed. Eleven of these disciples of Paine are in custody.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Aug. 8, 1791.

I have made no vow against going to church; it is not so tempting since this last experience as to make it necessary to tie myself up. I have always gone now and then, though of late years rarely, as it was most unpleasant to crawl through a churchyard full of staring footmen and apprentices, clamber a ladder to a hard pew to hear the dullest of all things, a sermon, and croaking and squalling of psalms to a hand-organ by journeymen brewers and charity children. As I am to go soon to church for ever, I do not think it my duty to *try on* my death beforehand.

To Miss Mary Berry:

Aug. 8, 1791.

There is to be a ball at Windsor on Friday for the Prince's birthday. . . . Lord Lorn and seven other young men of fashion were invited to it. It seems they now crop their hair short and wear no powder, which not being the etiquette yet, the youths, instead of representing that they are not fit to appear so docked, sent excuses that they were going out of town or were unavoidably engaged—a message one would think dictated by Dr. Prynne or Tom Paine, and certainly unparalleled in all the books in the Lord Chamberlain's office.

Aug. 10, 1791.

Set not your feet on French ground. [The Berrys were in Italy.] . . . You cannot have a lower opinion of that whole nation than I have: the residents are barbarians, the exiles have wanted spirit, and neither have any sense.

Aug. 17, 1791.

Mrs. Harte, Sir William Hamilton's pantomime mistress, or wife, acts all the antique statues in an Indian shawl. I have not seen her yet, so am no judge; but people are mad about her wonderful expression, which I do not conceive; so few antique statues having any expression at all, nor being designed to have it.

[This was Lord Nelson's Lady Emma Hamilton.]

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Aug. 23, 1791.

On Saturday evening I was at the Duke of Queensberry's (at Richmond, *s'entend*) with a small company: and there were Sir William Hamilton and Mrs. Harte; who, on the third of next month, previous to their departure, is to be made Madame l'Envoyée à Naples, the Neapolitan Queen having promised to receive her in that quality. Here she cannot be presented, where only such over-virtuous wives as the Duchess of Kingston and Mrs. Hastings—who could go with a husband in each hand—are admitted. . . . But I forget to retract, and make *amende honorable* to Mrs. Harte. I had only heard of her attitudes; and those, in dumb show, I have not yet seen. Oh! but she sings admirably; has a very fine, strong voice; is an excellent *buffa*, and an astonishing tragedian. She sung Nina in the highest perfection; and there her attitudes were a whole theatre of grace and various expressions.

Sept. 5, 1791.

The terror lest you should be scalped by the French savages has constantly haunted me.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Sept. 11, 1791.

Sir William Hamilton has actually married his gallery of statues, and they are set out on their return to Naples. I am sorry I did not see her attitudes, which Lady Di. (a tolerable judge!) prefers to anything she ever saw: still I do not much care.

Sept. 25, 1791.

I am sorry you were disappointed of going to Valombroso. Milton has made everybody wish to have seen it; which is my wish, for though I was thirteen months at Florence (at twice), I never did see it. . . . They who are industrious and correct, and wish to forget nothing, should go to Greece, where there is nothing left to be seen, but that ugly pigeon-house, the Temple of the Winds, that fly-cage, Demosthenes's lanthorn, and one or two fragments of a portico, or a piece of a column crushed into a mud wall.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 30, 1791.

Old Q. [Queensberry] presented Madame du Barry to the King on the terrace at Windsor, and the King of England did not turn the same side that the late King of France used to turn to her, but the reverse, as he told Lord Onslow himself.

Berkeley Square,
Nov. 23, 1791.

Lady Craven received the news of her Lord's death on a Friday, went into weeds on Saturday, and into white satin, and *many* diamonds, on Sunday, and in that vestal trim was married to the Margrave of Anspach by my cousin's chaplain, though he and Mrs. Walpole excused themselves from being present. The bride excused herself for having *so few* diamonds; they had been the late Margravine's, but she is to have many more, and will soon set out for England, where they shall astound the public by living in a style of magnificence unusual, as they are richer than anybody in this country.

Dec. 10, 1791.

[Dec. 5, 1791, George, Earl of Orford, the third and mad earl, died. Thereby his uncle, Horace Walpole, became the fourth earl. The title died with him.]

Years ago, a title would have given me no pleasure, and at any time the management of a landed estate, which I am too ignorant to manage, would have been a burthen. . . . As, however, I owe it to you and to my poor nephew, I will just say that I am perfectly content. He has given me the whole Norfolk estate, heavily charged, I believe, but that is indifferent. I had reason to think that he had disgraced, by totally omitting me—but unhappy as his intellects often were, and beset as he was by miscreants, he has restored me to my birthright, and I shall call myself obliged to him, and be grateful to his memory.

To Miss Mary Berry:

Dec. 13, 1791.

[Newspapers had accused the Misses Berry of interested motives in accepting Walpole's adoration of them.]

My dearest Angel:

. . . Is all your felicity to be in the power of a newspaper? . . . Are your virtue and purity, and my innocence about you; are our consciences no shield against anonymous folly or envy?

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Dec. 26, 1791.

I have not yet been able to go out of my house to return visits, but as I am never called *My Lord* but I fancy I have got a bunch on my back, I must go and leave my hump at fifty doors.

To Miss Hannah More:

Jan. 1, 1792.

For the other empty metamorphosis that has happened to the outward man, you do me justice in concluding that it can do nothing but teaze me; it is being called names in one's old age. I had rather be my Lord Mayor, for then I should keep the nickname but a year; and mine I may retain a little longer, not that at seventy-five I reckon on becoming my Lord Methusalem.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Jan. 18, 1792.

I was rich as a commoner, for I was always content with my fortune, even when I had lost 1400 *l.* a year by my brother Sir Edward's death: I am not vain of being the poorest earl in England, nor delighted to have outlived all my family, its estate, and Houghton, which, while it was *complete*, would have given me so much pleasure; now it will only be a mortifying ruin, which I will never see.

Feb. 4, 1792.

That scribbling trollop Madame de Sillery, and the viper that has cast his skin, the Bishop of Autun, [Tallyerand] are both here, but I believe, little noticed; and the woman and the serpent, I hope, will find few disposed to taste their rotten apples.

April 10, 1792.

I know no news, Madam; there has not been a king murdered these two days, but the Jacobins promise themselves good sport yet!

May 29, 1792.

[The Berrys] are extraordinary beings, and I am proud of my partiality for them; and since the ridicule can only fall on me, and not on them, I care not a straw for its being said that I am in love with one of them—people shall choose which: it is as much with both as either, and I am infinitely too old to regard the *qu'en dit on.*

I know not a word of politics, Madam, except seeing with horror that the cowardly cannibals, as their own La Fayette calls his countrymen, and he is no democrat, are driving on the murder of their King and Queen.

June 27, 1792.

Almost half a century of gout, with the addition of a quarter of one, would undermine a stronger frame than mine; and if I live to have another fit, it will probably for the remnant confine me to my own house. . . . Three coaches coming in society, with a horseman besides, from the play at Richmond, were robbed last week by a squadron of seven footpads, close to Mr. Cambridge's. If some check is not put to the hosts of banditti, Mr. T. Paine will soon be able to raise as well-disciplined an army as he could wish.

. . . I still crawl about with my pair of horses, and will not add a postillion, till at the end of the year I shall know whether I really am to receive anything or not.

Aug. 18, 1792.

I have lived too long! I confess I did not conceive how abominable human nature could be on so extensive a scale as from Paris to Marseilles; nor indeed so absurd. I did not apprehend that you could educate and polish men, till you made them ten times worse than the rudest ignorance could produce.

To Miss Hannah More:

Aug. 21, 1792.

My dear Saint Hannah:

. . . This *second* massacre of Paris has exhibited horrors that even surpass the former. Even the Queen's women were butchered in the Tuileries, and the tigers chopped off the heads from the dead bodies, and tossed them into the flames of the palace. The tortures of the poor King and Queen, from the length of their duration, surpass all example; and the brutal insolence with which they were treated on the 12th, all invention. They were dragged through the Place Vendôme to see the statue of Louis the Fourteenth in fragments, and told it was to be the King's fate; and he, the most harmless of men, was told he is a monster; and this after three years of sufferings. King, and

Queen, and children, were shut up in a room, without nourishment, for twelve hours. One who was a witness has come over, and says he found the Queen sitting on the floor, trembling like an aspen in every limb, and her sweet boy the Dauphin asleep against her knee! She has not one woman to attend her that she ever saw, but a companion of her misery, the King's sister, an heroic virgin saint, who, on the former irruption into the palace, flew to and clung to her brother, and being mistaken for the Queen, and the hellish fiends wishing to murder her, and somebody aiming to undeceive them, she said, "*Ah! ne les détrompez pas!*" Was not that sentence the sublime of innocence?

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Sept. 10, 1792.

For the hosts of assassins at Paris I think them palpable devils; and a little worse than the spiritual ones, of whom we are told.

To the Bishop of Dromore:

Sept. 18, 1792.

I am much obliged and gladly accept, my Lord, your kind offer of sending me, at your return to Dromore, a copy of the title-page of the Countess of Northumberland's volume of prayers, of which I never heard before. My friend Lady Suffolk, her niece by marriage, has talked to me of her, having on that alliance visited her. She then lived in the house, now White's, at the upper end of St. James's Street, and was the last who kept up the ceremonious state of the old peerage: when she went out to visit, a footman bareheaded walked on each side of her coach, and a second coach with her women attended her. I think, too, that Lady Suffolk told me that her [grand] daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset, never sat down before her without her leave to do so.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Oct. 8, 1792.

I was certain of the capture of Dumouriez's army. Alas! echo has responsed in a very different tone! It is the Duke of Brunswick who has retired! What a thunder-clap! The cannibals triumph, and unless they devour one another, behold a republic of 20,000,000 of assassins!

Dec. 7, 1792.

I quitted and abjured Parliament near thirty years ago: I never repented, and I will not contradict myself now. It is not in the House of Lords that I will *rise* again; I will keep my dry bones for the general review day. A good lady last year was delighted at my becoming a peer, and said, " I hope you will get an Act of Parliament for putting down faro." As if *I* could make Acts of Parliament! and could I, it would be very consistent too in me, who for some years played more at faro than anybody.

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Jan. 8, 1793.

The poor King I have long thought the best-natured and most inoffensive of men; and what a recompense for restoring the ancient parliaments, without which he might have remained despotic to this hour! On that recall somebody wrote under the statue of Henry Quatre, on the Pont Neuf, this beautiful word, *Ressurexit*. Henry was stabbed in the midst of that vile town. *Resurrexit* is forgot, and Louis has been tortured for above three years, and may be torn to pieces in the same shambles!

To Miss Hannah More:

Feb. 9, 1793.

My holy Hannah:

. . . I thought a year or two that this paper-mint would soon blow up, because I remembered that when Mr. Charles Fox and one or two more youths of brilliant genius first came to light, and into vast debts at play, they imparted to the world an important secret which they had discovered. It was, that nobody needed to want money, if they would pay enough for it. Accordingly, they borrowed of Jews at vast usury; but as they had made but an incomplete calculation, the interest so soon exceeded the principal, that the system did not maintain its ground for above two or three years. Faro has proved a more substantial speculation. But I miscarried in applying my remembrance to the *assignats*, which still maintain their ground against that long decried but as long adored corrupter of virtue, gold.

. . . Sublime indeed, . . . was the sentence of good Father Edgeworth, the King's confessor, who, thinking his royal penitent a little dismayed just before the fatal stroke, cried out, " Montez, digne fils de St. Louis! Le ciel vous est ouvert." The holy martyr's countenance brightened up, and he submitted at once.

. . . If to your numerous readings of little pamphlets you would add one more, called *Village Politics*, infinitely superior to anything on the subject, clearer, better stated, and comprehending the whole mass of matter in the shortest compass, you will be more mistress of the subject than any man in England. I know who wrote it, but will not tell you, because you did not tell me.

[*Village Politics*, a little work which Miss More had just published anonymously. The sale of it was enormous. Many thousands were sent by Government to Scotland and Ireland. Several persons printed large editions of it at their own expense, and in London only many hundred thousands were circulated.]

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

Strawberry Hill,
July 17, 1793.

It is much cooler to-day, yet still delicious; for be it known to you that I have enjoyed weather worthy of Africa, and yet without swallowing mouthfuls of musquitos, nor expecting to hear hyaenas howl in the village, nor to find scorpions in my bed. Indeed, all the way I came home, I could but gaze at the felicity of my countrymen. The road was one string of stage-coaches loaded within and without with noisy jolly folks, and chaises and gigs that had been pleasuring in clouds of dust; every door and every window of every house was open, lights in every shop, every door with women sitting in the street, every inn crowded with jaded horses, and every alehouse full of drunken topers; for you know the English always announce their sense of heat or cold by drinking. Well! it was impossible not to enjoy such a scene of happiness and affluence in every village, and amongst the lowest of the people; and who are told by villainous scribblers, that they are oppressed and miserable. New streets, new towns, are rising every day and everywhere; the earth is covered with gardens and crops of grain.

How bitter to turn from this Elysium to the Temple at Paris! The fiends there have now torn her son from the Queen!

To the Miss Berrys:

Sept. 17, 1793.

My beloved Spouses:

Whom I love better than Solomon loved his one spouse—or his one thousand.

. . . Consider, that I have been threescore years and ten looking for a society that I perfectly like; and at last there dropped out of the clouds into Lady Herries's room two young gentlewomen, who I so little thought were sent thither on purpose for me, that when I was told they were the charming Miss Berrys, I would not even go to the side of the chamber where they sat. But, as Fortune never throws anything at one's head without hitting one, I soon found that the charming Berrys were precisely *ce qu'il me fallait*; and that though young enough to be my great-grand-daughters, lovely enough to turn the heads of all our youths, and sensible enough, if said youths have any brains, to set all their heads to rights again. Yes, sweet damsels, I have found that you can bear to pass half your time with an antediluvian, without discovering any *ennui* or disgust; though his greatest merit towards you is, that he is not one of those old fools who fancy they are in love in their dotage.

To Miss Mary Berry:

Sept. 25, 1793.

The Duchess of York arrived punctually at twelve, in a high phaeton, with Mrs. Ewert and Budé on horseback. . . . On the step of the gate was a carpet, and the court matted. I received the Princess at the side of her chaise, and, when entered, kissed her hand. . . . To-morrow I shall go to Oatlands, with my thanks for the honour; and there, probably, will end my connections with courts, begun with George the First, great-great-great-grandfather to the Duchess of York! It sounds as if there could not have been above three generations more between her and Adam.

Oct. 6, 1793.

Home news from Richmond. Your friend Mr. Dundas was robbed this morning at eleven o'clock at Cranford Bridge. . . . [He] happened to tell them he is a surgeon; on which they insisted on his giving them his case of instruments. I suspect they are French surgeons, and will poison the instruments for the first wound they dress.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Nov. 10, 1793.

When I was last at Paris, I had observed how rarely I met a monk or friar about the streets, and made the remark to a very intelligent

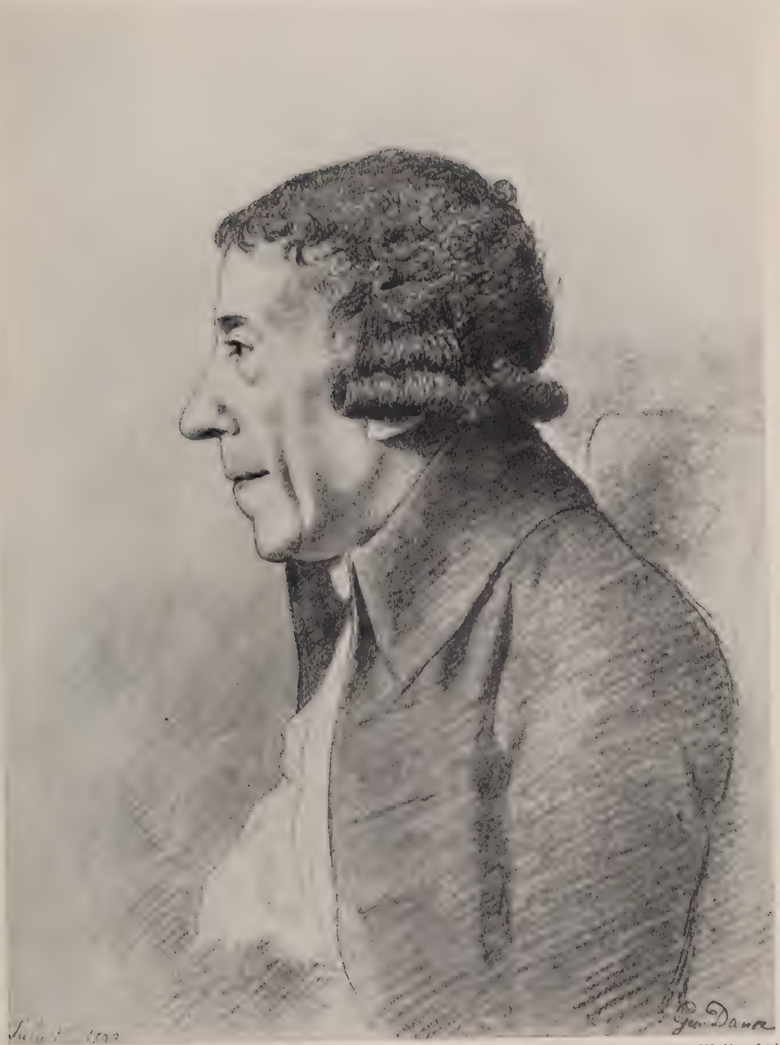

July 1 1793
Geo Dance

Photo: Emery Walker Ltd.

HORACE WALPOLE.

From a crayon drawing by George Dance. In the National Portrait Gallery.

person, asking him whether the writings of Voltaire and the philosophers had made the religious ashamed or unwilling to appear in public? "No," said he, "but those writings have done much more: they have so damped professions, that few men make the vows. In that convent," said he, pointing to a very large one in the Rue St. Denis, "there are literally but two friars." This is a curious fact, Madam.

To Miss Mary Berry:

Berkeley Square,
Dec. 14, 1793.

If Lord Howe has disappointed you, will you accept the prowess of the virago his sister Mrs. Howe? As soon as it was known that her brother had failed, a Jacobin mob broke her windows, mistaking them for his. She lifted up the sash, and harangued them; told them that was not the house of her brother, who lives in the other part of Grafton Street, and that she herself is a widow, and that *that* house is hers. She stilled the waves, and they dispersed quietly.

To Lady Douglas:

July 16, 1794.

I sit for my picture! I, an unfinished skeleton of seventy-seven, on whose bones the worms have left just so much skin as prevents my being nailed up yet.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Strawberry Hill,
July 22, 1794.

I little thought I should live to complain of the violence of an English summer, but this has been so torrid as to make me seriously ill—though I believe less from its warmth than from my own extreme weakness.

Aug. 3, 1794.

I am not at all surprised at Lord Macartney's miscarriage; nor can help admiring the prudence of the Chinese. They would be distracted to connect with Europeans, and cannot be ignorant of our usurpations in India, though they may be ignorant of Peruvian and Mexican histories, and the no less shocking transactions in France.

[China declined to receive Macartney, sent as Ambassador by England.]

To Miss Mary Berry:

Sept. 27, 1794.

I wish you had seen Canterbury some years ago, before they whitewashed it; for it is so coarsely daubed, and thence the gloom is so totally destroyed, and so few tombs remain for so vast a mass, that I was shocked at the nudity of the whole.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Oct. 6, 1794.

Here I am living to see the opening of a court of a fourth George, though I was ten years old when I kissed the hand of the First, which young people must think was soon after the deluge, and perhaps be desirous of asking me how soon there were any races after the waters had subsided.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway:

July 2, 1795.

Your daughter will have told you in what a bustle I am, preparing —not to resist, but to receive an invasion of royalties to-morrow; and cannot even escape them like Admiral Cornwallis, though seeming to make a semblance; for I am to wear a sword, and have appointed two aides-de-camp, my nephews, George and Horace Churchill. If I *fall*, as ten to one but I do, to be sure it will be a superb tumble, at the feet of a Queen and eight daughters of Kings; for, besides the six Princesses, I am to have the Duchess of York and the Princess of Orange! Woe is me, at seventy-eight, and with scarce a hand and foot to my back!

July 7, 1795.

I am not dead of fatigue with my Royal visitors, as I expected to be, though I was on my poor lame feet three whole hours. Your daughter [Mrs. Damer], who kindly assisted me in doing the honours, will tell you the particulars, and how prosperously I succeeded. The Queen was uncommonly condescending and gracious, and deigned to drink my health when I presented her with the last glass, and to thank me for all my attentions.

. . . You will have stared, as I did, at the Elector of Hanover deserting his ally the King of Great Britain, and making peace with the monsters. But Mr. Fawkener, whom I saw at my sister's [Churchill's] on Sunday, laughs at the article in the newspapers, and says it is not an unknown practice for stock-jobbers to hire an emissary at the rate of five hundred pounds, and dispatch to Franckfort, whence he brings forged attestations of some marvellous political event, and spreads it on 'Change, which produces such a fluctuation in the stocks as amply overpays the expense of his mission.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

July 12, 1796.

My fingers are rather worse than they were, and my ankle so weak that I cannot rest upon it a moment, though held up by two servants. But I have all my playthings about me; and, when one is arrived at one's second childhood, is not one fortunate enough in having them and being able to be amused by them?

To Miss Mary Berry:

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Aug. 9, 1796.

The Duchess of Devonshire has been in great danger of losing her sight, by catching cold very indiscreetly. They have saved her eyes by almost strangling her with a handkerchief and forcing all the blood up into her head and then bleeding her with leeches.

Aug. 16, 1796.

Next arrived Dr. Burney, on his way to Mrs. Boscawen. He asked me about deplorable *Camilla*. Alas! I had not recovered of it enough to be loud in its praise. I am glad, however, to hear that [Miss Burney] has realized about two thousand pounds; and the worth, no doubt, of as much in honours at Windsor; where she was detained three days, and where even Mons. Darbelay [her husband] was allowed to dine.

To Miss Hannah More:

Aug. 29, 1796.

You are not only the most beneficent, but the most benevolent of human beings. Not content with being a perfect saint yourself, which (forgive me for saying) does not always imply prodigious compassion for others; not satisfied with being the most disinterested, nay, the reverse of all patriots, for you sacrifice your very slender fortune, not to improve it, but to keep the poor honest instead of corrupting them; and you write politics as simply, intelligibly, and unartfully, not as cunningly as you can to mislead.

. . . I will only reply by a word or two to a question you seem to ask; how I like *Camilla*? I do not care to say how little. Alas! she has reversed experience, which I have long thought reverses its own utility by coming at the wrong end of our life when we do not want it. This author [Miss Burney] knew the world and penetrated characters before she had stepped over the threshold; and, now she has seen so much of it, she has little or no insight at all.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:

Nov. 13, 1796.

For my part I know nothing, but have made one remark as a great novelty in the present times; there is both a King and a Queen dead without being murdered.

To Miss Mary Berry:

BERKELEY SQUARE,
Dec. 15, 1796.

The House of Commons sat till half-an-hour after three this morning on Mr. Pitt's loan to the Emperor; when it was approved by a majority of above two hundred. Mr. Fox was more temperate than was expected; Mr. Grey did not speak; Mr. Sheridan was very entertaining: several were convinced and voted for Mr. Pitt, who had gone down determined against it. The Prince came to town t'other day ill, was blooded twice, but has now a strong eruption upon his skin, which will probably be of great service to him.

To the Countess of Upper Ossory:
(Perhaps)

Jan. 15 [?], 1797.

MY DEAR MADAM,

You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honour me with writing, but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have anything particular to say; I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything, and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houses, consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about four-score nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me once a year, to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family, and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats and balls. Must not the result of all this, Madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent? And can such letters be worth showing? or can I have any spirit when so old and reduced to dictate?

Oh, my good Madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shown. Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel and stuck on twelfth-cakes that lie on the shop-boards of pastry-cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then, pray, Madam, accept the resignation of your

Ancient servant,

O.

[This was probably the last letter Horace Walpole wrote. He died at his house in Berkeley Square, London, March 2, 1797. Only *a few words* at the beginning and end are in his writing.]

THE END.

INDEX

Adam, Mr., 249, 350.
Addison, died of brandy, 136.
Akenside, 42.
Albani, Cardinal, 5.
Albany, Countess of, flees from her husband, the Young Pretender, 302 ; Alfieri, 339 ; presented at English Court, 372 ; German and ordinary, 372 ; introduced to Mrs. Fitzherbert, 373.
Albemarle, Lady, dreams of husband's death, 105.
Albemarle, Lord, gets £140,000 loot at Havana, 158.
Alfieri, 339.
Almack's, 181.
American War, 214 ; bad news, 240, 243 ; minutemen, 245 ; Battle of Lexington, 250 ; Bunker Hill, 252 ; Washington in command, 252 ; war fashionable, 253 ; mistakes of Ministry, 256 ; Hessians sent, 257 ; Montgomery killed at Quebec, 258 ; retreat from Boston, 260 ; Declaration of Independence, 261 ; defeat at Charleston, 261 ; American agent at Versailles, 263 ; Lord Howe occupies New York, 262 ; English victories, 263 ; Benjamin Franklin in France, 263 ; Ticonderoga taken, 262 ; Burgoyne surrenders, 269 ; Lord Howe occupies Philadelphia, 269 ; Lord North proposes peace, 269 ; American treaty of alliance with France, 271 ; Paul Jones on Scotch coast, 272 ; Philadelphia evacuated, 275 ; Spain allied with United States, 283 ; Americans surprise Stony Point, 285 ; Cornwallis defeats Gates, 299 ; Tarleton defeated, 306 ; Cornwallis surrenders, 312 ; peace, 325.
Ancaster, Duchesses of, last three always drunk, 284.
Arnold, Benedict, 299, 315.
Articles, the Thirty-Nine, clergymen ask abolition of, 224.
Astley, 332.
Australia, 229.
Austria, Emperor of, sells pictures and jewels of Flemish convents, 347.
Balloons, 334, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 344, 345, 346.
Balmerino, Lord, his trial, 59 ; execution, 60.
Barré, Col., speech, 180 ; "sees" Lord North, 357.
Bath, Lord, forced to pay debt, 44.
Beaumarchais, 258.
Beckford, his home burned, 107 ; his wealth, 107.
Bedford, Duke of, fourth richest man in England, 119 ; house attacked by weavers, 183.
Bengal, annexed, 196.
Berkeley, Lord, shoots highwayman, 244.
Berry, the Misses, 361, 367, 376 ; extraordinary beings, 377 ; beloved spouses, 381.
Bettina, opera dancer, poisoned ? 19.
Blackburne, Archbishop, 300.
Bland, Sir John, ruined by gambling, 106 ; kills himself, 115.
Bolingbroke, Lord, loves Lady Coventry, 100, 119 ; pretends grief at her death, 144.
Bolton, Duke of, suicide, 185.
Bootle, Sir Thomas, his absurdity, 80.
Boston, Mass., turbulent, 206 ; tea-party, 234.
Boswell, James, 201 ; quintescence of busybodies, 307 ; zany, 350.
Bracegirdle, Mrs., 19.
Braddock, Gen., character, 111, 112 ; defeat, 112 ; killed, 112 ; liked at Gibraltar, 113.
Brook, Lord, his impartial voting, 11.
Bruce, arrives from Abyssinia, 238, 250.
Buckingham, Duchess of, her dress, 11 ; her pride, 11 ; dying, 29 ; who was her father ? 29 ; her funeral, 29.
Burgoyne, Gen., takes Ticonderoga, 266 ; history of, 267 ; surrenders, 269.
Burke, Edmund, 212 ; paymaster, 327; his *Reflections*, 367, 368 ; weeps over breach with Fox, 371.
Burney, Miss, 349, 359, 367 ; her *Camilla* deplorable, 385, 386.
Byng, Admiral, executed, 124.
Byron, Lord, kills Chaworth in duel, 179 ; convicted, 183.

CAGLIOSTRO, 354.
Camera-obscura, 266.
Cameron, Dr., executed, 97.
Canterbury Cathedral, whitewashed, 384.
Carlisle, Lord, gifts from Cardinal Ottoboni, 6.
Carlton House, most perfect palace in Europe, 349.
Cellini, Benvenuto, Life of, 210; H. W. buys a silver bell by him, 224.
Chaplainships, usually sold, 117.
Charles I., relics of, 84.
Chartres, Duc de, dirty and indecent, 329.
Chatham, Lord, his last speech, 271; death and public honours, 272, 273.
Chatterton, 265, 276.
Chesterfield, Lord, Ambassador to the Hague, 41; hears Whitfield, 67; his descent from Adam, 80; dies, 227; jokes in will, 227; his Letters, 236.
Chetwynd, Will, duel with Horace Walpole, senior, in House of Commons, 28.
Choiseul, Duchess of, clothes, 175.
Chudleigh, Elizabeth, naked Iphegenia, 69; King in love with her, 70; kissed by King, 81; his mistress, 95; kicks and shrieks, 101; sued for divorce by Earl of Bristol, 208; marries Duke of Kingston, 208; he leaves her his fortune, 231; tried for bigamy, 259; convicted, 260.
Churchill, the poet, dies, 177.
Cibber, at 84, 115.
Cibber, Mrs., 61.
Clive, afterwards Lord Clive, 128; offers to pay National Debt, 142; annexes Bengal, 196; brings loot home, 200; cleared by Parliament, 228; suicide, 244.
Clive, Mrs. Kitty, 103; H. W. sups with her, 110; robbed, 273, 278; enjoyments, 323; dies, 351.
Cobham, Lord, spits in hat, 75.
Cock Lane ghost, 154.
Colliers' fighting troops, 149.
Commons, House of, a contested division, 13; corruption, 41, 148; cost of Westminster election, 75; election mobs, 104; 17-hour session, 171.
Comyns, Mrs., procuress, 45.
Conway, the Hon. H. S., H. W. offers him half his fortune, 37; offers him £6,000, 174; he carries motion for peace with America, 317.
Cook, Captain, his *Voyages*, 337.
Cope, Gen., routed by Young Pretender, 49.
Copyright, 234.
Cornwallis, Lord, drunk at opera, 169; seizes Red Bank, 269; defeats Gen. Gates, 299; savage executions, 299; surrenders, 312; returns to England, 315.
Correggio, 35, 223, 368.
Corsini, Cardinal, 5.
Coventry, Lady, loves her husband, 88; at Paris, 91; lies in, 93; dances before King, 100; at ball, 106; blunder, 118; with Duke of Cumberland, 119; drinks, 119; dines with H. W., 136; her clothes, 138; at Ferrers' trial, 141; dies, 143, 145.
Coventry, Lord, misuses his wife, 91; ill-bred, 91; gentleman-in-waiting, 100.
Craon, Prince and Princess, 22.
Craven, Lady, widowed Friday, married Sunday, 376.
Crawford, Lord, suicide, 74; his servant's gallantry, 74.
Culloden, Battle of, 57.
Cumberland, Duke of, wounded at Dettingen, 31; wins Battle of Culloden, 57; given £25,000 per year, 57; fat and half-blind, 66; savage temper, 72; amours, 72; at Newmarket, 94, 95; his new seraglio, 106; plays hazard, 109; head of Regency, 109; with Lady Coventry, 119; called Royal Idiot, 215.
Czar dethroned, 155; murdered, 176.
Czarina, vaccinated, 207; buys Houghton picture-gallery, 284.

DAMER, Mrs., sculptor, 351.
Darwin, Dr. Erasmus, his *Botanic Garden*, 363.
Dentist, 86.
D'Eon, runs away, 178.
Dettingen, battle of, 31.
Devonshire, Duchess of, aids Fox in Westminster election, 336; barbarous medical treatment, 385.
Devonshire, Duke of, art-critic, 31.
Dinner-hour, 99, 362.
Divorces, 314, 316.

Dodd, Dr., dismissed as King's Chaplain, 234.
Dogs, slaughter of, 143.
D'Olbach, Baron, 192.
Douglas, Duchess of, carries servant's embalmed body, 187.
Downing St., No. 10, given Sir R. W. personally, but refused, 20.
Drinking, 9, 30, 44, 138, 205, 214, 235, 243, 284, 287, 381.
Du Barry, Comtesse, 207, 210, 369; presented at English Court, 376.
Du Deffand, Madame, 190; description of, 194, 209, 210, 253; died at 84, 298.

EARTHQUAKE, at London, 76; flight from, 77; at Lisbon, 116; elsewhere, 117, 327, 332.
East India Co., faction and gaming, 209; Parliament to consider, 225; a crew of monsters, 227.
Edinburgh, No-Popery riots, 279.
Edward I., his new cerecloth, 237.
English, mad, 4; small towns surpass Italy's, 7; curiosity of, 46, 330; support House of Hanover, 50; butchers rallied, 51; lawyers volunteer, 53; a grave nation, 82; celebrate Frederick the Great's birthday, 128; slaughter dogs, 143; the low people knaves, 152; studied by Helvetius, 172; dearness of living, 199; nation without principles, 230; private houses, 33, 249; financial distress, 274.
Extravagance, 80, 84, 128, 152, 214, 223, 230, 272, 345.

FARREN, Miss, 355.
Ferrers, Earl of, tries to murder his wife, 129; excommunicated, 129; murders his steward, 139 tried, 140; hung, 140.
Fielding, as justice, 70; profits o *Tom Jones*, 71; burned in No-Popery riots, 295.
Fitzherbert, Mrs., 352.
Fitzwalter, Lord, his diet, 116.
Fox, Charles, Lord of Admiralty at 21, 213; mobbed, 218; reactionary leader, 218; loses £11,000 gambling, 224; eloquence, 225; owes £100,000, 230; father pays his debts, £130,000, 232; dismissed as Lord of the Treasury, 235; attacks Lord North, 270; his voice, 270; moves Lord Sandwich's removal, 282; furniture seized by creditors, 308; Secretary of State, 318; should be Prime Minister, 318; Prince of Wales dines with him, 320; resigns as Minister, 320; in love, 322; contests Westminster, 336; attacked in caricatures, 337; praises French Revolution, 371; weeps at Burke's attack in reply, 371.
Fox, Henry, *see* Lord Holland.
France, poverty of, 88; indecorums, 92; encroaching upon North American colonies, 102; prosperity, 186; dirty, 187; grave, 190; actresses ugly, 187; robbery of travellers, 187; atheism, 188; Louis XV.'s court, 189; pedantic talk, 188; bad manners, 189; eager to destroy, 191; indelicacy, 192; Paris ugly, 191; no gaiety, 192; discomfort, 193; ignorance about England, 210; dinner at Court, 211; King despised, 217; distress, 217, 221, 222; houses, 220; ruined palaces and pictures, 222; fickle, 254; famishing, 250; destruction of châteaus, 365; demolition of Bastille, 365; the Dauphin, 366; flight of King and Queen, 373; barbarous, 374; massacres, 378; the King guillotined, 380.
Franklin, Benjamin, in France, 263, 271, 306.
Frederick, Prince of Wales, *see* Prince of Wales.
Frederick the Great, defeats Austrians, 121, 127; verses to Voltaire, 128; birthday celebrated in England, 128; promised £2,000,000 by England, 129; loses Berlin, 145; defeats Marshal Daun, 147; has his ears boxed, 174.
French theatre in London, 73.

GAINSBOROUGH, 307.
Gambling, 45, 65, 80, 94, 104, 106, 109, 122, 136, 139, 170, 212, 232, 233, 238, 244, 250, 289, 300, 307.
Garrick, David, 19; produces English opera, 107; intimate with H. W., 110; titled acquaintances, 110; abroad, 165, 166, 211, 220, 232, 233, 266; dies, 277; buried in Westminster Abbey, 278.
Genlis, Madame de, 329, 347.

George II., receives his son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, 15; goes to Ranelagh, 20; kind to fallen Minister, 21, 23; falls himself, 24; Battle of Dettingen, 31; welcomed back, 33; snubs Prince, 33; at masquerade, 69; in love with Miss Chudleigh, 70; meanness, 73; gives Sir Robert cracked diamond, 75, 335; kisses Miss Chudleigh, 81; has Lady Coventry dance, 100; ill, 131; dies, 144; funeral, 146.
George III., created Prince of Wales, 83; his good qualities, 145, 146; at theatre, 147, 170; married, 150; coronation, 151; unpopular, 170; public hatred of his mother, 213; recovers from lunacy, 362.
George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., 156; Carlton House, 349; Mrs. Fitzherbert, 352; buys £500 snuff-box, 369; eruption on his skin, 386.
Ghost, Cock Lane, 154.
Gibbon, his *History*, 258; quarrels with H. W., 303; returns to him, 304; 305, 358, 366.
Gloucester Cathedral, aviary, 99.
Gloucester, Duke of, rumours of marriage, 212; marries Lady Waldegrave (Maria Walpole), 226; robbed during No-Popery riots, 295.
Goldsmith, Oliver, *She Stoops to Conquer*, lowest of farces, 227; Goldsmith silly, 228; fool, 233; dies, 236; idiot, 262.
Gordon, Duchess of, entertains Poniatowski, 101; a typical day, 372.
Gordon, Lord George, 289, 291; Selwyn refuses to re-elect him, 293; flees after No-Popery riots, but caught, 295; tried, acquitted, 304.
Gordon, Sir William, risks life to vote, 13.
Gosfield House, 66.
Gothic, florid, English best, 369.
Grafton, Duke of, flaunts his mistress, Nancy Parsons, 176.
Granville, Lady, lies in, 48.
Granville, Lord, defeated, 42; drunkenness, 42; jovial, 56; second marriage proposed, 95.
Gray, Thomas, worst company in the world, 67, 113; H. W. prints Gray's Odes, 125; death, 222; views on Voltaire, 222, 252, 257.
Greece, nothing to see in, 375.
Grenville, George, would tax America, 201.
Gunnings, the, 84; married, 86; world mad about them, 87; *see* Lady Coventry and Duchess of Hamilton.

HACKMAN, Rev. Mr., shoots Lord Sandwich's mistress, 281; hung, 282.
Handel, his oratorios, 28; his jubilee, 354.
Hamilton, Duchess of, married, 86; presented at Court, 87; mobs of admirers, 87; pride, 91; lies in, 93; in London, 122; marries Col. John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, 132; dines at Strawberry Hill, 136; lies in, 161.
Hamilton, Lady (Emma Harte), acting, 374; sings admirably, 375; marries Sir William Hamilton, 379.
Hamilton, Sir William, describes Italian earthquake, 332; sells Portland Vase, 347; marries Emma Harte, 379.
Hastings, Warren, 352, 353, 354, 355.
Havana, captured, 158.
Hawley, Gen., fierce, 55; refuses bribe, 55; makes Prince of Hesse call upon him, 55; refuses to treat with Scotch rebels, 55; loses Battle of Falkirk, 56.
Helvetius, in England, 172; Bishop Warburton refuses to meet him, 172.
Herschell, 346, 356.
Hervey, Tom, 97.
Hessians, hired to serve in England, 121; in America, 257.
Highway robberies, 73, 74, 79, 80, 103, 129, 241, 243, 244, 260, 261, 294, 311, 322, 323, 324, 325, 328, 331, 346, 372, 378, 382.
Hogarth, arrested at Calais, 67; his *Art of Beauty*, 99; portrait of Theodore, King of Corsica, 79; of Fox, 149.
Holland, Lady, dies, 239; her will, 239.
Holland, Lord, his runaway marriage, 36; ball, 62; tries to bribe H. W., 159.
Honour, standard of, in France, 2; in England, 23.

Houghton, picture sale, 84; in ruin, 229; remaining pictures sold to Czarina, 284.
Howe, Lord, killed at Crown Point, 130.
Hume, Joseph, venerated in France, 188; quarrels with Rousseau, 197.
Huntingdon, Lady, Methodist, 68; quarrels with Whitfield, 150; dies, 373.
Hutchinsonians, sect of, 99.

Ilchester, Lord, daughter marries actor, 173; she is given 40,000 acres on the Ohio, 175.
Inoculation of cattle for distemper, 104; of the Czarina for small-pox, 207.
Ireland, calmed by Conway, 114; insurrection, 225, 286, 287, 340, 341; little less estranged than America, 318.
Irish Register, list of unmarried women of fashion, 19.
Italy, journey to, 3; H. W.'s dog Tory seized by wolf, 3; statues at Florence, 3; dullness of life, 4; cold, 4; banditti, 6; wedding at Florence, 7; H. W.'s purchases, 7; small towns inferior to those of England, 7; H. W.'s love of Italy, 23; inns, 32.

Jests, 8, 9, 12, 14, 16, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 29, 30, 31, 36, 38, 42, 62, 63, 67, 70, 75, 79, 81, 85, 86, 88, 89, 92, 93, 98, 100, 102, 103, 104, 108, 118, 120, 123, 125, 127, 128, 129, 136, 138, 139, 142, 151, 160, 163, 167, 172, 182, 186, 194, 196, 202, 217, 226, 231, 241, 246, 247, 248, 251, 254, 257, 258, 270, 277, 291, 293, 298, 309, 310, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 322, 331, 337, 351, 356.
Johnson, Dr., bombastic, 228; fustian, 240; *Tour*, 245; brutal, 257; no taste, 303; *Lives of the Poets*, 303, 304; *Life of Pope* trumpery, 306; a babbling old woman, 306; an uncouth idol, 315; bigot, 349; mountebank, 351; ignorant, 353.
Jones, Paul, on Scotch coast, 272.
Junius, 211, 216.

Keene, Bishop of Chester, 92.
Kempenfeldt, Admiral, and *Royal George* lost, 321.
Kendal, Duchess of, death, 30; sold offices, 68.
Kent, Duke of, born, 201.
Keppel, Admiral, acquitted, 279; public rejoicing, 280; defeated at Windsor, 297; elected for Surrey, 298; First Lord of the Admiralty, 318.
Kilmarnock, Lord, captured, 57; tried, 59; executed, 60.
Knowle, 89.

Lamballe, Princesse de, 356.
Lempster, Lord, loses £12,000 gambling, 80; kills officer in duel over play debt, 87.
Letters opened in P.O., 175, 233, 311.
Levi family and Noah, 72.
Lincoln, Lord, kicks drunken officer at opera, 18.
Liotard, 94.
Lisbon, earthquake, 116.
London, opera, 8, 9, 12, 18, 19, 26, 27, 30, 61, 99, 101, 117; theatres, 19, 61, 64, 73, 161; balls, 9, 95, 134, 172; masquerades, 15, 20, 64, 69, 164, 215, 250, 282; Ranelagh, 18, 19, 37, 64, 68; Vauxhall, 65, 208; constables, 21; cost of living, seventeenth century, 22; oratorios, 28; epidemics, 29, 63; pantomimes, 40; earthquake, 76, 77; ten days' snow, 101; sultry February, 132; illness, 137; slaughtered dogs, 143; capital of the world, 150; subscription ball, 170; Almack's, 181; riots, 183, 184, 203, 218, 219, 279; extravagant, luxurious, 209; subscription masquerade, 213; regatta, 251; growth of, 260; mobs, 293; newspapers, 322, 333, 351; city too big for sedan chairs, 370.
Lottery, government, 27.
Louis XV., changes mistresses, 26, 39; his amusements, 88; hated, 124; Damien tries to kill him, 123; unpopular, 124; Damien tortured, 125; despised, 217; dies, 237.
Louis XVI., 237; economical, 238; adored, 238; quarrels with Parliament, 250; besieged at Versailles, 251; crowned, 251; gives Bastille survivor a pension, 255; is guillotined, 380.
Lovat, Lord, trial, 61; anecdotes of, 61; beheaded, 61.
Lowther, James, income, 119.

MACARTNEY, Lord, 297 ; in China, 382.
Maccaronis, 227, 229, 234, 235 ; short hair, 375.
Maintenon, Madame, *Letters and Memoirs*, 120.
Malesherbes, 255.
Mann, Sir Horace, unpaid, 45.
Mansfield, Lord, attacked by Junius, 216 ; house burned in No-Popery riots, 292.
Maria Theresa, given £500,000 by England, 17 ; loses Tuscany, 38 ; beaten by Frederick the Great, 121.
Marie Antoinette, beautiful, 253 ; disliked, 254.
Marlborough, Sarah, Dowager Duchess, wouldn't die, 10 ; her opinion of Lady Sundon, 12 ; dies, 39 ; her will, 39, 41.
Maryland, bought for red paint and Jews'-harps, 110.
Masaccio, 217, 368.
Matson, 239.
Matthews, Admiral, mad, 39.
Maynard, Lord, who married Nancy Parsons, kills himself, 278.
Meredith, Sir William, on taxation, 277.
Mereworth, 90.
Methodism, fashionable, 67, 68 ; its principles, 72 ; decayed at Oxford, 99.
Middlesex election, 76.
Middlesex, Lord, married, 39.
Minden, Battle of, 137.
Mirabeau, 370.
Mirepoix, cousin of the Virgin Mary, 72.
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, 6, 7, 153 ; her son, 81 ; her dishonesty, 85 ; dies, 156 ; leaves son one guinea, 157.
Montaigne, his *Travels*, 237.
Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois*, 73, 76.
Montford, Lord, suicide of, 104.
Montreal taken, 143.
More, Hannah, 337, 364 ; Holy Hannah, 378 ; her *Village Politics*, 380, 381, 386.
Muffs for men, 178.
Murrain, 52.
Murray, Fanny, eats money, 67.
Music, 234.
NEWCASTLE, Duke of, Chancellor of Cambridge, 71 ; blubbers, 100 ; cries and spies, 147 ; all his friends turned out of office, 160.
Newspapers, English, barred in France, 342 ; common sewers, 351.
Newstead Abbey, 143.
Norfolk, Duchess of, ball, 117, 119.
New York, opulent and proud colony, fears French attack, 127 ; occupied by Lord Howe, 262.
No-Popery riots, 291 ; trials of rioters, 296.
North, Lord, mobbed, 219 ; robbed, 243 ; proposes peace, 269 ; attacked by Fox, 256, 270 ; defeated, 317 ; resigns, 317 ; blind and in retirement, 357.
Northumberland, Earl and Countess, dinner for Lady Yarmouth, 129.
Northumberland, Countess of, her state, 379.

OGLETHORPE, Gen., young at 95, 344 ; dies at 97, 347.
Opie, 316.
Orford, first Earl of, *see* Sir Robert Walpole.
Orford, third Earl of, mad, 229 ; wastes estate, 230 ; his mistress, 264 ; dies, 376.
Orloff, 256.
Ossian, 248, 265.
Osterley Park, 275.
Ottoboni, Cardinal, his gifts to Lord Carlisle, 6.
Oude, annexed, 290.
Oxford, Lord, sale, 16 ; H. W.'s purchases, 17.
Oxford, the Colleges, 98 ; dinner-hour changed from twelve to one, 99.

PAINE, Tom, coarse style, 370, 371 ; villain, 373.
Pantheon, Roman, disliked by H. W., 122 ; London one admired, 218.
Paoli (of Corsica), 201, 211.
Paris, gallantry, 1 ; life in, 1 ; de Tresmes' funeral, 2 ; gambling, 2.
Patagonia, giants, 196.
Peace of 1749 celebrated, 68 ; peace of 1762 unpopular, 158 ; peace with America, 325.
Penn, Lady Juliana, 83, 360.

Penn, William, wounded, 83.
Penshurst, 90.
Petersham, Lady Caroline, 91, 106.
Pictures, prices of, 31, 35, 128, 214, 227, 236.
Piozzi (Mrs. Thrale), 352.
Pitt, Miss, gambling, 233.
Pitt, William, the elder, in opposition, 115; gout, 148, 168; increases National Debt, 142; speech, 168; £200,000 left him, 179; declares against taxing America, 195; popular idol, 195, 197; *see* Lord Chatham.
Pitt, William, the younger, Secretary of State at 22, 320; motion to reform House of Commons beaten, 328; extraordinary, 335; raw boy, 342.
Pomfret, Lord, dies, 98; his heir's crimson mourning, 98; duels, 299.
Pompadour, Madame, 88; her husband forbidden to keep a mistress, 92; becomes devout, 118; dies, 172.
Poniatowski, entertained by Duchess of Gordon, 101; loved by women of fashion, 223.
Pope and the Prince of Wales, 8; his dropsy, 36; dies, 36.
Portland, Duchess of, buys Portland Vase, 347.
Portland Vase, 347.
Powell, actor, 166.
Pretender, the Young, 34; recognised by France as Prince of Wales, 41; at Edinburgh, 46; offers reward for George II.'s head, 48; routs Gen. Cope, 49; calls Scotch Parliament, 50; enters England, 52; flees from Derby, 53; routed at Culloden, 57; at Florence, 215; tries to strangle his wife, 302; she flees, 302; acknowledges natural daughter, 339.
Prideaux, 17.
Pritchard, Mrs., 61, 204, 278.
Prince of Wales (Frederick) and Pope, 8; avoids seeing his father, 9; his political activity, 13, 25; attends King's levée, 15; H. W.'s presentation to him, 17; at Ranelagh, 19; not made Regent, 30; snubbed by King, 33; writes ballad, 44; opposes King in Middlesex election, 76; gambles, 78; dies, 82; his character, 83.
Prince of Wales, George, *see* George, Prince of Wales.
Princess of Wales, her borrowed diamonds, 15; at the King's feet, 15; receives upon her lying-in, 34; birth of her fourth son, father of Queen Victoria, 201.

QUEENSBERRY, Duchess of, masquerade, 64; at Court in red flannel, 181; verses to her, 219.
Queensberry, Duke of, dines Princesse de Lamballe, 356.
Queen's Necklace scandal (France), 348, 354.

RAGLEY, 130.
Raphael, offered for £1,000, 31; offer refused, 31.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 248; his finest portrait, 249; paints the three Walpole girls, 291, 307, 345.
Richardson, William, his *Sir Charles Grandison*, 99; his *Clarissa*, 178.
Richmond, Duchess of, her beauty, 9, 76; at masquerade, 15, 164; her 27th conception, 76; Prince Edward woos her, 164.
Richmond, Duke of, in love with his wife, 9; at masquerade, 15.
Rigby, angry at Fielding, 71; proud and insolent, 169; his retort to Prince of Wales, 331.
Robberies, 156.
Rockingham, Lord, sister marries footman, 177; Prime Minister, 318; dies, 319.
Rodney, Admiral, captures French flag-ship, 319; rejoicings, 319.
Rohan, Cardinal de, arrested in Queen's Necklace scandal, 348; insufficiently punished, 354.
Rome, decay, 5; mean economy, 5; dismal life, 5.
Rousseau, on Education, 157; goes to England, 193; quarrels with Hume, 197; H. W.'s contempt for him, 197; dies, 275; his *Confessions* disgusting, 346.
Rumbold, Sir Thomas, ex-waiter, nabob, tried for corruption, 328.
Russians, destroy Turkish fleet, 215.

SANDWICH, Earl of, attacks Wilkes for *Essay on Woman*, 168; removal moved by Fox, 282; nearly killed in No-Popery riots, 293.

Schouvaloff, at Strawberry Hill, 184.
Selwyn, George, at Lord Lovat's execution, 62 ; falls asleep gambling, 104 ; canvassing, 240 ; defeated at Gloucester, elected at Ludgershall, 298.
Seymour, Sir Edward, his pride, 39.
Shebbeare, Dr., 123.
Sheffield plate, 143.
Sheridan, his *School for Scandal*, 265 ; *Critic*, 287 ; speech against Warren Hastings, 355, 358, 359.
St. Albans, Duke of, extravagance, 128.
St. John, Lord, buys office, 68.
Siddons, Mrs. Sarah, 324, 326, 357.
Slavery, 102.
Slave-trade, 76.
South Sea Company, speculation, 200.
Spain, captures English merchant ships, 297.
Spencer, Jack, 57.
Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, 140, 149 ; *Sentimental Travels*, 202 ; *Letters*, 255.
Stilt-walking, 18.
Stone, Primate of Ireland, dies of drink, 178 ; Reynolds's portrait of him, 249.
Stosch, the soul a little glue, 17.
Strawberry Hill, 62, 66, 93, 95, 131, 136, 165, 175, 184, 219, 330.
Stuart, Charles, *see* the Young Pretender.
Suicide, 11, 104, 105, 115, 185.
Sundon, Lady, sells offices, 12 ; her ambition, 12.
Swedenborg, 363.
Swift, Dean, a wild beast, 288.

TALLEYRAND, a viper, 377.
Tariff, 150 per cent. on French china, 255.
Tar-water, 36.
Tea, proposal to tax, 27.
Temple Bar, new heads upon it, 59.
Tessier, French actor, 256.
Theatre, English, *see* London.
Theodore, King of Corsica, 27 ; wishes to marry, 29 ; in London, 68 ; imprisoned for debt, 78 ; H. W. raises £50 for him, 95 ; dies, 123 ; H. W. erects monument to him, 126.
Thrale, Mrs., *see* Mme. Piozzi.
Tournay, Battle of, 43.
Townshend, Lady, arrested for debt, 179.
Townshend, Admiral, captures French fleet, 54.
Travel in England, 89, 90, 113, 121 297.
Trial of rebel Lords, 58.
Turgot, 254.

VACCINATION, of Czarina, 207.
Vallombrosa, 87, 375.
Van Dykes, sold for a song, 84.
Vane, Lady, 9 ; amorous adventures, 20 ; Memoirs, 20, 81.
Vane, Lord, 9.
Vestris and son, dancers, benefit yielded £1,400, 305 ; outstayed their welcome, 309.
Vesuvius, eruption of, 286.
Voltaire, his *Pucelle*, 120 ; on Admiral Byng, 125 ; his Universal History, 125 ; Frederick the Great writes verses to him, 128 ; his *Peter the Great*, 147 ; H. W. writes him, 206 ; Gray's views, 231 ; attacks Shakespeare, 262, 266 ; apotheosis, 272 ; dies, 273, 274 ; as mean and dirty as he was envious, 312.

WADE, General, a story of, 74.
Waldegrave, Lady Betty, mobbed in Hyde Park, 103.
Waldegrave, Lady, *see* Maria Walpole.
Walpole, Horace, his dog, Tory, carried off by wolf, 3 ; in Lord Rockingham's lap, 19 ; at King's levée, 25 ; dislikes country, 33 ; shudders at country squires, 32 ; loves London, 33 ; marriage for love a mistake, 34 ; offers half his fortune to his friend Conway, 37 ; sighs for Florence, 65 ; his dog, Patapan, 43; wins 1,023 for 1, 65 ; gardening, 66 ; describes Methodism, 72 ; attacked by highwaymen, 73 ; praises Montesquieu, 73 ; plans "little Gothic castle" at Strawberry Hill, 74 ; abhorrence of slavery, 102 ; erects monument to his mother in Westminster Abbey, 102 ; enjoys going to fires, 107 ; always at House of Commons, 107 ; gambles, 108 ; sups with Kitty Clive, 110 ; intimate with Garrick, 110 ; likes Mrs. Garrick, 110 ; a republican, 121 ;

outbid for Cromwell's nightcap, 117; dislikes Roman Pantheon, 122; prints Gray's Odes, 125; erects monument to King Theodore, 126; versatility, 130; matchmaker, 133; dinner of beauties, 136; favoured by Prince Edward, 139; dislikes *Tristram Shandy*, 140; gout, 141; his *Anecdotes of Painting*, 142; visited by Duke of York, 141; electioneering, 149; approves strikes, 155; servants, 156; charities, 157, 171; dislikes Rousseau on Education, 157; attempt to bribe him, 159; attacked by Wilkes, 160; his Turkish sheep killed by dogs, 164; 17 hours in Commons, 171; Christopher Wren and Shakespeare lacked taste, 175; offers Conway £6,000, 174; despises Richardson's *Clarissa*, 174; his *Castle of Otranto*, 181; a typical day, 185; hopes to fly, 186; presented at French Court, 189; dislikes racing, 195; his first physician, 198; afraid of old age, 199; declines re-election to Parliament, 200; his tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, 204; writes Voltaire, 206; buys Benvenuto Cellini bell, 224; loses at loo, 232; his letters opened in post office, 175, 233, 311; musical, 234; buys child's cradle, 239; abhors Frederick the Great, 241; likes Germans, dislikes Italians, 242; never regretted leaving Parliament, 249; strips before blind Mme. du Deffand, 253; praises Washington, 264; his gardener, 268, 355; buys house in Berkeley Square, 285; has Mme. de Sévigné's cabinet, 287; visits Royalty, 288; *Castle of Otranto* dramatized, 288; sinecures, 295; quarrel with Gibbon, 303; on orthodoxy, 310; gout again, 312; had seen George I., 316; opposes reform of House of Commons, 328; opposes Catholic voters, 340, 341; immortality, 333; servants, 334; reconciled to his brother's death, 335; cannot admire Dante, 339; would aid chimney sweeps, 342; knew seven generations of one family, 344; wishes to marry the two Misses Berry, 361; dines at four, 362; has hair of Edward IV., 362; likes Darwin's *Botanic Garden* and *The Arabian Nights*, 363; becomes fourth Earl of Orford, 376; poorest earl in England, 377; receives Royalty, 382, 384; his last letter, 386.

Walpole, Horace, senior, duel in House of Commons, 28.

Walpole, Lady, 327.

Walpole, Maria, beauty, 131; marries Lord Waldegrave, 133, 134; mobbed in park, 136; widowed, the handsomest woman in England, 162; marries H.R.H., Duke of Gloucester, 226; pregnant, 226; painted with her sisters by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 291.

Walpole, Sir Robert (later Earl of Orford), breaking up, 8; speech, 10; defeated in Commons, 10; campaign, 11; youth in age, 12; becomes Earl of Orford, 13; his impeachment proposed, 14; gets rank for his illegitimate daughter, 14; gives up pension, 14; unmusical, 20; lends his coachman to his successors, 21; at Levée, 21, 26; asks and gets pension again, 36; rumoured return to power, 40; dies, 42; his impaired fortune, 43.

Walsingham, Lord, avarice, 313.

Wanstead, 109.

Washington, George, fanfaron, 103; General-in-chief, 252, 264, 315; *see* American War.

Wesley, John, 199.

West, Sir Benjamin, 214, 249.

Westminster election, cost £7,000, 78.

Whist, 27, 178, 189, 193.

Whitfield, his preaching, 67; recanting or canting, 70; quarrels with Lady Huntingdon, 150; arch-rogue, 204.

Wilkes, John, attacks H. W. in *North Briton*, 160; sent to Tower, 162; duel with Lord Talbot, 163; released, 163; duel with Martin, 167; *Essay on Woman*, 168; popular, 169; *North Briton* burned by hangman, 169; attempt to kill him, 169; expelled from House, 170; in Paris, 190; Middlesex election riots, 202; imprisoned, 204; discharged, 205; rearrested, 205; expelled from Parliament, 207; re-elected and refused his seat, 208; City of London protests to King, 213; Sheriff of London, 221;

speech in Parliament, 264; Chamberlain of London, 287.
William IV., 330.
Woffington, Peg., 8, 84, 127.
Wolfe, Gen., 132; captures Quebec, 138; killed, 138.
Women, mean, 38; better letter-writers than men, 85, 334; novelists and poets, 359.
YARMOUTH, Lady, ague, 73; dinner for, 129.
York, Archbishop, speech against the Young Pretender, 51.
York, Duchess of, at Strawberry Hill, 382.
York, Duke of, at Strawberry Hill, 141; received by Pope, 166.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 10026 038 7

DAUGHTERS OF EVE

By Gamaliel Bradford

How much Eve really acquired of the knowledge of good and evil by her little adventure in the apple-orchard may be a matter for theologians to discuss. But she certainly left her daughters many puzzling and charming qualities, which are well illustrated in the group of ladies gathered together in this book.

There is the sprightly and fascinating Ninon de Lenclos; the subtle, elusive, enigmatic Madame de Maintenon; the passionately mystical Madame Guyon; Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, summing up the eternal duo of love; Catherine the Great, with the woman's desire and the sovereign's glory; George Sand, blending the author's ambition with the lover's despair; and Sarah Bernhardt, concentrating past and future in the absorbing intoxication of immediate theatrical success. There could hardly be a more intensely human series, or one in which any woman would be more likely to find something of what she is, or has been, or would like to be.

Illustrated

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES W. ELIOT

By Henry James

LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS, 1858–1891

Edited by Worthington C. Ford

TALE OF A VANISHED LAND: Memoirs of a Childhood in Old Russia

By Harry E. Burroughs

EMILY DICKINSON: Notes and Reminiscences by Her Niece

By Martha Dickinson Bianchi

BACKGROUND WITH FIGURES

By Cecilia Beaux

THE LIFE AND ART OF DWIGHT WILLIAM TRYON

By Henry C. White

AMIEL'S PHILINE

Translated by Van Wyck Brooks

GEORGE EASTMAN

By Carl W. Ackerman

WASHINGTON: COMMANDER IN CHIEF

By Thomas Goddard Frothingham

ROOSEVELT: His Mind in Action

By Lewis Einstein

PORTRAIT OF A DIPLOMATIST: Being the Life of Sir Arthur Nicolson and a Study of the Origins of the Great War

By Harold Nicolson

FRONTIER TRAILS

The Autobiography of Frank M. Canton

A YANKEE TRADER IN THE GOLD RUSH

The Letters of Franklin A. Buck, 1846–1880

SIXTY YEARS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Harris Newmark

DAUGHTERS OF EVE

By Gamaliel Bradford

THE DIARY OF LADY MARGARET HOBY

Edited by Dorothy M. Meads

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY